Collier's

JUNE 3, 1944 **TEN CENTS**

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FREE SPEECH *The* OWI *Fights for It*

By WALTER DAVENPORT

3, 1944

Armour ideas make the most of meat

Armour's
STAR
ARMOUR'S
Highest Quality
BACON
SELECTED SLICES
ARMOUR AND COMPANY GEN'L OFFICE CHICAGO, ILL.

Two Wonderful Ways to Serve

America's Finest Bacon

Plus Helpful Hints for Making the Most of the Armour's Star Bacon You Buy

Do you know how much rich, satisfying flavor you can get from just a few slices of Armour's Star Bacon? The recipes on this page will show you. They come from the Armour kitchens . . . and they do wonderful things for mealtimes.

Buy the *best* bacon for these dishes . . . buy Armour's Star! Then you'll get the three advantages Star Bacon brings. Three *real* advantages:

1. Choice bacon to begin with . . . 2. The mellow, "just right" flavor that comes from sugar curing and careful slow-smoking . . . 3. Less shriveling and curling in cooking, and bigger slices on the table!

Your dealer is proud to provide you with Armour's Star Bacon. And remember that this point-saving meat is a main course favorite with everyone who likes good food!

Buy the best . . . then cook it right and use it all!

Here are four ways to make the most of every slice of America's Finest Bacon that you use:

1. **Keep Bacon Fresh.** Keep well wrapped in original wrapper, with the ends and sides of the wrapper closed. Store the bacon in a cold part of your refrigerator.
2. **Bake Your Bacon.** Put slices (slightly overlapping) on rack in a shallow pan, and bake on top oven shelf. Temperature: 425° F. Time: 12-15 minutes. Results: straight, evenly crisp slices! And no turning, no pouring off fat is necessary!
3. **Use the Drippings** to season vegetables, to brown bread crumbs for toppings or scalloped dishes; in cream sauces; as shortening. Bacon drippings add fine flavor to lots of foods.
4. **Leftover Bacon,** crisp and tasty, is fine in cream soups or chowders. Equally good in your favorite sandwich fillings. Don't waste a bit of this flavorful meat.

Armour's Star Bacon with Corn Cakes

½ lb. Armour's Star Bacon
Cakes:
1 cup all-purpose flour
1½ tsps. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1 Cloverbloom Egg

¾-1 cup milk
2 tbsps. bacon drippings
2 cups cooked whole kernel corn

Sift dry ingredients together. Beat egg slightly and add milk and bacon drippings. Add dry ingredients, stir until smooth and add corn. Drop by spoonfuls onto hot griddle brushed with bacon drippings. When brown, serve with jam, jelly or syrup.

To cook bacon: Place in cold frying pan over low heat and cook slowly, until crisp but not brittle (about 5 minutes). Pour off fat as it accumulates.

Armour's Star Bacon Tomato Burgers

8 strips of Star Bacon (about ½ lb.)
4 hamburger buns cut in half

8 thick slices of tomato
Salt
4 oz. pkg. Cloverbloom Cheese

Place tomato slices on top of buttered bun halves. Season with salt. Grate cheese and sprinkle over tomatoes. Place under broiler until cheese is melted and buns are toasted. Cut strips of bacon in half and fry until crisp but not brittle. Place 2 half strips of bacon on top of open faced sandwiches. To serve, arrange on platter and garnish with radishes.

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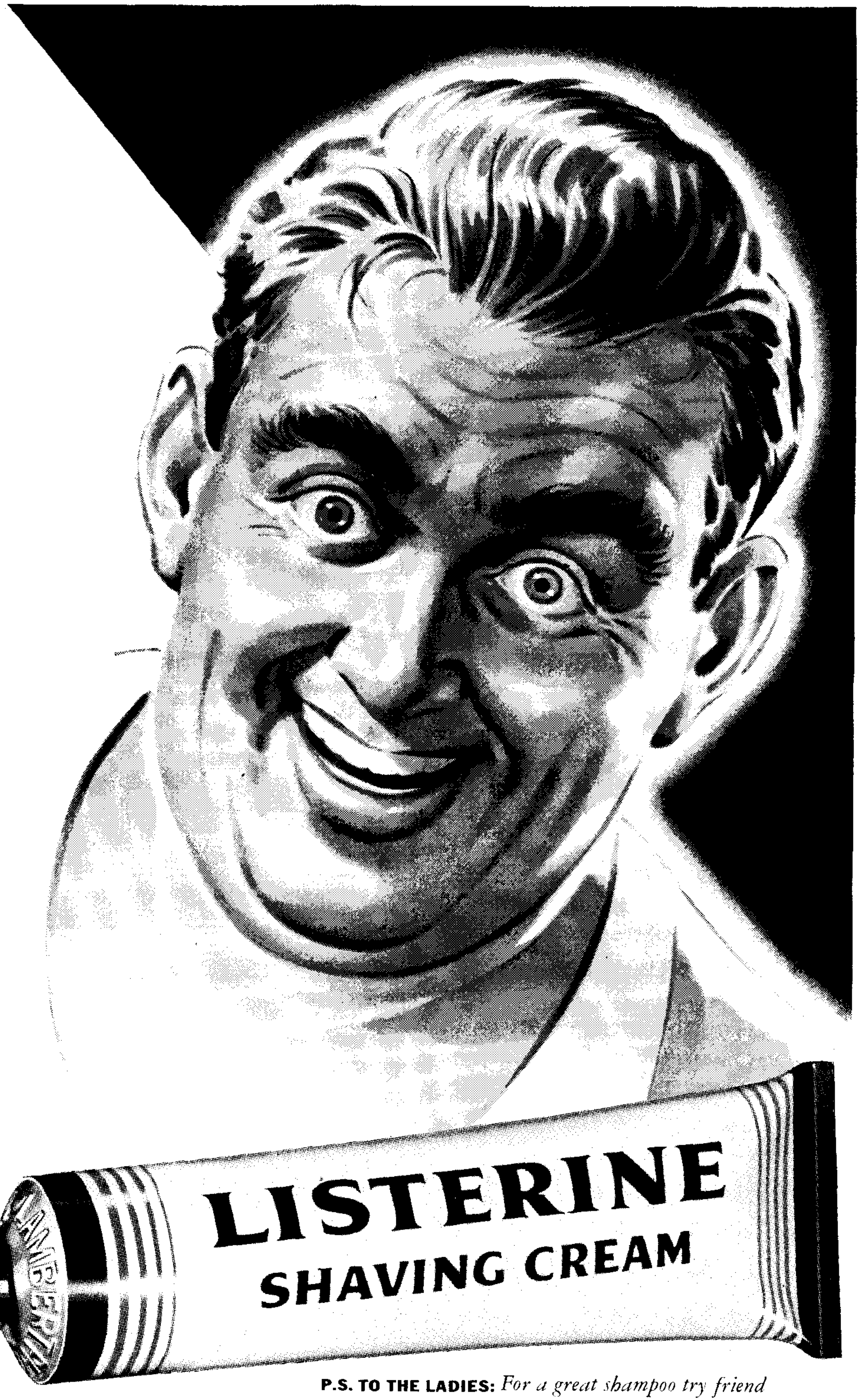

You may be surprised to learn that our courts of law countenance a certain amount of exaggeration in advertising.

They call it "permissible puffery"; but we're not having any, thank you. This is why:

Not a single one of our so-called shaving scientists has been able to prove that shaving is anything but a chore and a bore. And our peripatetic researchers have thus far discovered no man who will admit there is any pleasure in shaving, except that in having the job over and done with.

But, you may ask, is there no help for men with rough stubble on the chin and fairway? The answer is our Listerine Shaving Cream.

We call it a *sensible* shaving aid because in every fraction of an inch of this quality cream there is lots and lots of good rich lather. Add plenty of water, and it makes big billows of beard-softening lather. Please note that it's the water that does most of the softening; and softening wiry whiskers is what does most to relieve the scrape and sting of shaving.

If these reasonable, unpuffed claims for our *quality* product appeal to you, why not meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face? Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

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Conceived and developed by Motorola Electronics Engineers, the Handie Talkie is "the fightingest radio in the war". Your radio will be better after the war and Motorola Radio will be a superb Electronic instrument.

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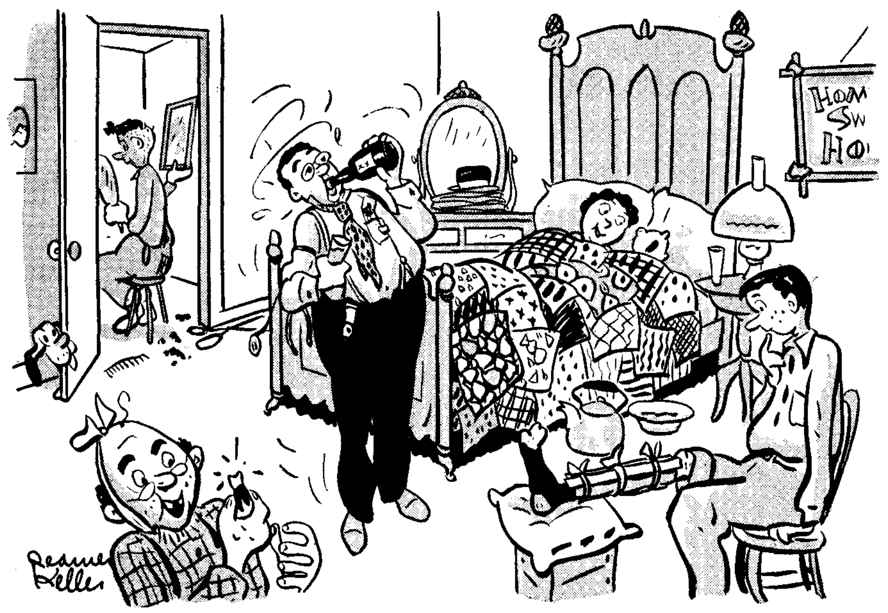
ANY WEEK



WE HAVE an offer of a "country" story, which, the author says, will put an end to all stories about country doctors, country lawyers, country parsons and country ballplayers. "This is about a country doctor," he warns us, "only sensational. This doctor drove thirty miles to deliver a baby. While there, he set her husband's leg, pulled her father's tooth, cut the hired man's hair, and got drunk, all for one dollar."

MISS AMY PORTER of this staff has been in her native state, Kentucky. While there, she learned that a former schoolmate of hers had murdered a fellow citizen and had been sentenced to jail for five years. He had been in about a year, and his mother was circulating a pardon petition in his behalf. "What does he say about the treatment he's getting?" asked Miss Porter. "Food good?" His mother said: "Yes, right good, he says." Miss Porter: "His bed comfortable?" The mother: "Yes, bed's nice. Still we got to get him out because he's awful bad dissatisfied."

HERE'S a brief one which lacks only a signature and address to make it a complete letter: "Dear Sir: Enclosed find ten cents. Put my name down." And a gentleman "well out of the reach of the draft" writes from Minneapolis, Minnesota: "I have decided to be a printer. Do you need a good printer? How do I go about it to be a printer?" Our mail also fetches the real reason why the Russian armies win. Mr. A. A. Throbb writes from Upper Darby, Pennsylvania: "I have just learned that in Russia there is a law that says where if the army don't win, it don't get any dinner by orders of Stalin. That is Communism for you."

JUST why Mr. Albert McNamara of Sea Cliff, Long Island, New York, was reading the Kent News of Chestertown, Maryland, we can't even guess. Anyway, in that newspaper he discovered this: "Men are scarce in some of our Kent churches. Recently there was not a man present at the public service, and the pastor had to call on a married lady, who did gracefully."

A TERRIBLE thought popped into the mind of a postwar planner in the Department of the Interior. Aided by a large corps of clerks, this gentleman had been working for six weeks on such problems as worker relocation, veterans' rehabilitation and similar toss-offs. One evening he said to his secretary: "Miss Arburthnot, we shall have to start all over again. In our postwar planning we have omitted making provision for the most important group of workers in the country." Miss Arburthnot was alarmed. She wanted to know whom. "Us," said her boss.

FROM Italy, Pfc. Alonzo Buffem writes wistfully: "We guys are trying hard to be as heroic as the guys in your short stories, but it ain't as easy as you think. Please be patient." And a soldier and a sailor were discussing the coming elections. "Does this new law mean that you guys in the

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SUPER JEEP
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"Jump in, Stranger, We've got State farm Mutual!"

Even the youngsters know nowadays about State Farm Mutual's *get-rid-of-worry* auto insurance. They can even tell you who the friendly "stranger" is.

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These motoring little madcaps know their Dad's got nothing to worry about because he just invested in State Farm Mutual's new "Full Service" auto policy. Henceforth, the "stranger" will take over as their Dad's insurance counsel, lawyer, doctor, and bank book all in one.

New, Simplified Policies Offer Still Broader Protection

We sincerely believe that our new policies not only give you the most protection for the money, but, in their new, simplified form, are far easier to understand than any comparable auto insurance written today. You don't have to be an insurance expert to know how you're covered.

With a "Full Service" coverage, you and your wife receive thorough protection against liability or loss when you drive *any* private passenger auto, as well as medical payments up to $500 per person for every one in your car, and pedestrians, *even though you are not responsible for the accident.* Damage to or loss of your car due to fire, theft, collision and thirty other causes, are likewise thoroughly covered, as well as emergency road service.

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There are good reasons why State Farm Mutual has become the world's largest auto insurance company, not the least of which are non-assessable policies, prompt payment of claims, 7000 representatives in the U. S. and Canada, management economies, the pioneering of "80% collision" insurance and six-month renewal policies. Your State Farm Mutual agent will be glad to go over each and every benefit you get as a member of the world's largest auto insurance company. And he'll also be glad to show you how the new, low-cost "Full Service" policy applies to you. Consult with him about your fire and life, as well as your auto insurance—and *get rid of worry today!*

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Keep up with the world

Only ten states have laws requiring a license for the purchase of a pistol or revolver: Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina and Texas.

For regular sessions, some 7,600 members of the 48 state legislatures receive annual salaries totaling no more than $4,900,000, which is eight per cent less than the $5,310,000 paid to the 531 members of the Congress of the United States. While the average compensation for all state legislators throughout the Union is about $645 a year, their salaries range from $2,500 in New York to $150 in Connecticut and Kansas.

A recent nation-wide survey discloses that slum and blighted districts, which comprise 20 per cent of metropolitan residential areas, produce six per cent of the real-estate taxes while taking 45 per cent of the municipal appropriations for fire and police protection, hospitals, sanitation and other services.

Between July 1, 1942, and December 31, 1943, the War Damage Corporation received $242,800,000 in premiums and was required to pay $4,572 in claims, or only 94 cents for every $50,000 collected from its policyholders.

From 1860 to about 1900, probably a billion copies of some 125,000 different dime novels were sold in this country. Yet copies are so scarce today that they have become collectors' items. Even 22 years ago, the Huntington Library in California had to pay $15,000 for 2,000 Beadle & Adams titles, or 75 times their original value.

In the film, The Pride of the Yankees, right-handed Gary Cooper, who played the part of left-handed Lou Gehrig, was made to appear a southpaw in close-ups by reversing the initials of his club on his uniform, photographing him at third base instead of at first, and then reversing the negatives.

The Odyssey of Tryphiodorus is the world's greatest lipogram, or literary work composed only of words not having a certain letter. In each of these 24 books, the writer successively omitted one of the 24 letters of the Greek alphabet.—*By L/Bdr. A. W. Roberston, British Army, Central Mediterranean Forces.*

Although a large proportion of the articles lost in New York City are turned over to the Police Department, so many are kept by the finders—often employees in bars, night clubs and hotels—that the city recently passed a law which makes it mandatory for anyone finding an article that is worth $10 or more to deposit it with the police within ten days or be liable to a one-year jail sentence, a $1,000 fine, or both.

Although the seventy girls who announce the time over the telephone every fifteen seconds in New York City have been trained by professional voice teachers and are veterans in this work, the volume of their voices is under constant check by an automatic monitor, which flashes a blue light when the girls speak too low and an orange light when they speak too loud.

One of the few disease germs that have never been found growing outside of the human body is the bacterium of leprosy, and all attempts to develop it in a wide variety of animals have failed to give conclusive results.

Singing voices vary considerably in number of vibrations per second, or wave length, as exemplified by the following groups, each singing an octave apart. On the G note above the treble clef, voices of sopranos produce sound waves 1.4 feet in length; those of contraltos 2.8 feet; those of tenor 5.6 feet; and those of basses 11.1 feet.

The only agency of the League of Nations in which the United States maintains membership is the International Labor Organization, whose wartime offices are in Montreal.

Breathing is deeper and slower at the seashore than in the city because dust-free air permits relaxation of the respiratory mechanism that constantly filters and propels such particles back and out through the nose. One study of city children showed that the average vital capacity of their lungs had increased from 82 to 113 cubic inches during a two months' vacation at the seaside.

In American coal mines, the time spent daily by the men in going from the mouth to the working face and back averages 55.82 minutes, although ranging from 10 minutes to two hours.

On one recent day in New York City, radio station WQXR announced a ban on all singing commercials, while at station WOR the recording of one of these 15-second jingles set a record by requiring several hours' work by thirty-two individuals—fifteen musicians, a chorus of twelve, two announcers and three members of the sponsoring firm.

The red flag of Zanzibar has the unique distinction of bearing no emblematic design or distinguishing mark of any kind.—*By Bessie M. Park, Des Moines, Iowa.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

The doctor talks to Mrs. Roberts about Rheumatic Fever

THE DOCTOR says Jimmy has rheumatic fever. The boy's anxious mother wants to know all about this illness . . . the most serious disease of childhood years.

Mrs. R.: ***Is rheumatic fever catching, doctor?***

Doctor: No, it isn't catching like measles or chicken-pox, but it seems to run in families. We don't know the exact cause, but children between the ages of 5 and 15 are its chief victims.

The great danger lies in the damage it can do to the heart. Fortunately nowadays the majority of children who receive good medical care are leading normal, useful lives.

Mrs. R.: ***But I didn't notice any unusual symptoms!***

Doctor: That's just the danger! Early rheumatic fever symptoms are sometimes very slight—a sore throat, a slight fever, nosebleed, poor appetite . . . perhaps rapid heart action and fleeting pains in muscles and joints. Any of these may or may not mean the beginning of rheumatic fever.

Mrs. R.: ***How long will Jimmy have to stay in bed?***

Doctor: As long as the disease is active. He may be up in a few weeks, but I have known cases to last for a year or more. The only way to lessen the possibility of damage to Jimmy's heart is *complete rest in bed* until all symptoms and signs disappear.

Mrs. R.: ***How active can he be when he is able to get up?***

Doctor: Children can usually resume normal activity gradually. I don't know why Jimmy should be an exception. Of course, I will want to examine him at regular intervals, even though he appears well.

Mrs. R.: ***Is he likely to have another attack?***

Doctor: It's very possible. In fact, this attack shows Jimmy is susceptible to the disease. You can help prevent recurrence by keeping his general health at a high level. He will need to eat well, dress warmly, and get lots of sleep. And since sore throats, colds, and other respiratory infections frequently precede an attack, you must take *extra* precautions against them. *Protect him from others who have colds!* If he gets a cold, put him to bed immediately . . . and let me know.

Doctors hope that it will not be long before there are surer ways to prevent recurrences. Medical experiments are now being made with small, regular doses of certain drugs for this purpose. These drugs seem to show great promise, but should be used only under the direction of a physician.

For additional information, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 74-X, entitled, "About Rheumatic Fever."

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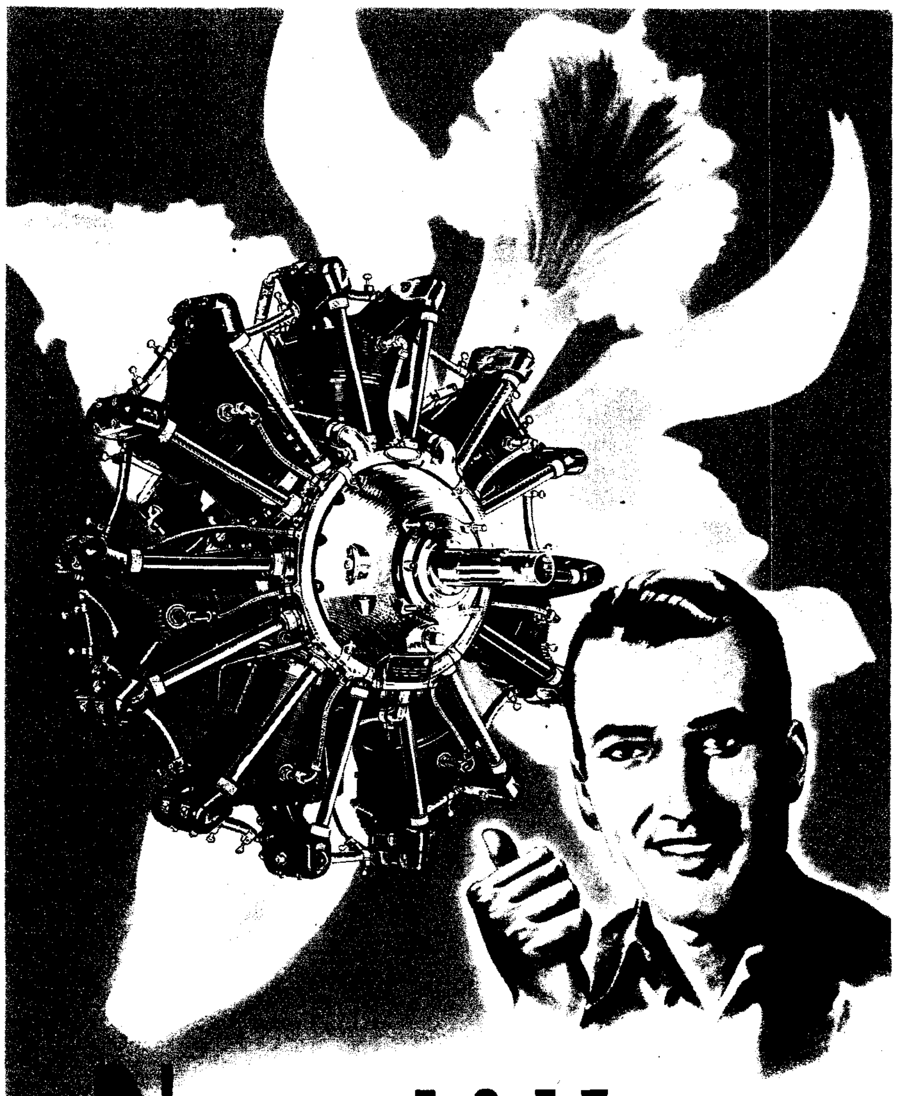

No orchid!

THIS JACOBS ENGINE is no war baby, hot-house developed at high speed, with cost no object.

It was born before aviation was Big Business . . . or even a business; developed in Depression years when the world was on the breadline.

It was built for pilots who bought their own, out of their hard-earned charter hours, and the prize money perilously won by close shaving the pylons and coming down alive.

It was a bread and butter job for ships that had no spares, no check stands, no ground crews; and owners who couldn't afford the luxury of shop time and frequent overhaul.

It had to be simple enough so when anything went wrong, a tool kit, an instruction book and a little savvy could make it right, soon.

It had to be an orphan child on upkeep, easy on gas and parts . . . a hog for performance and payload. And it still is!

WHEN the war came, the Jacobs was a sure thing in its power class . . . tested by years of hard use and hard guys who knew their stuff . . . And the Jacobs engine was ripe for quantity production, ready for the tough job of toting twin-engine training planes that turn hot pilots into Big Operators.

Jacobs stand up under student handling, varied climates, diverse terrain . . . take more take-offs and full throttle time than engines in combat service . . . *deliver more than a thousand hours of service between major overhauls*—performance three times the original prescription!

Jacobs engines were a good buy for the U. S. Air Forces—and U. S. taxpayers. And when the war is over, these engines will not be so much military matériel for the junk pile—but peacetime power plants fit for operations at peacetime costs.

JACOBS had a lot to offer for the war effort . . . And Jacobs will have even more to offer in worry-free, dependable delivery of packaged power at low cost for the postwar period . . . for both aviation and industry. Inquiries are invited, now. Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company, Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

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WING TALK

THE SPERRY CORPORATION

Dr. Elizabeth Newkom performing Scholander test to determine whether pilot's breath is pure oxygen or oxygen and nitrogen combined. If it is the latter, then he is given more oxygen

OUT at the Sperry Gyroscope Company's Long Island plant, there's a new High Altitude Research Laboratory where they test aeronautical instruments up to 60,000 feet and down to 73 degrees below zero, in a massive bomblike chamber.

Watching over the high-flying technicians is Medical Supervisor Doctor Elizabeth Newkom, a native of New York City. Doctor Newkom is personable, professional and practical. Whenever anyone is in the test chamber, she watches the actions through glass portholes and listens intently through earphones to the goings-on. More often she is right in there, too, dressed up for all the world like a bomber pilot. She even wears long-handled underwear, on stratospheric flights.

Once she noticed that the behavior of two scientists working at 30,000 feet was a little abnormal, though from a previous physical examination, she knew it was safe for them to work that high. She had them brought down to sea level, gave them a deck of cards, and ordered them back up to 35,000 feet to play gin rummy for a while. They became so involved in the game that they shed completely all their little abnormalities symbolic of oxygen deprivation on their previous "flight."

"Purely psychic," concluded Doctor Newkom happily as she went back to her cardiograph.

PILOTS in general are extremely sensitive to snoopers and checker-uppers. They have the same attitude of authority and possessiveness as the captain of a boat. Their reasoning is logical: They are either qualified to fly and enjoy the respect and confidence of the people who send them out, or they aren't. Particularly is that attitude true of airline pilots. That's why they've objected to suggested devices and methods to record what's going on in the cockpit, just in case they don't come back some day.

There are a few unexplained airline accidents in the federal pending files. Both the government and the airlines wish they could be closed, but they never will be. If some word had been left behind, it would do more than satisfy curiosity, it would prevent future accidents, either by regulation or by further engineering study. The closest we've come to knowing what went on just prior to a crash is through a device tucked away in the end of the airliner's tail, which records the altitude, primarily to show any abrupt change from the authorized flight level. And even though it did survive an airliner crash out West in December, 1942, there is no explanation for the abrupt descent by the plane, as shown by the barograph.

Now comes a suggestion that a voice recorder be installed to preserve the utterances of pilot, copilot and anyone else up front during an emergency. It's technically possible, in the form of a handy little machine developed by the Armour Research Foundation of Chicago, which records voices on a steel wire only four thousandths of an inch in diameter. The recorder can be loaded with a spool of wire five miles long and can preserve several hours of conversation. Already it has been used in recording flight instruction and has improved the technique of the instructor in his commands to the student. For the duration, it is pretty much impounded by the Army and Navy.

The government knows that airline pilots would never stand for an unseen snooper in their sacred compartment. Suppose the copilot, who is always in love with the stewardess, proposed to her high over the Bad Lands of Wyoming? Or that the pilot told a cute story to the copilot; or that the radio was exceptionally good, and the pilot decided to have some fun with his pal 2,000 miles away who is equally bored with the excellent flying conditions? To record all these intimacies would be an invasion of their constitutional rights—worse than wire-tapping.

But here's the solution: It will be proposed that the pilot own the spool of wire. He will never be required to submit it for playback. If he can walk away from the crash, it's his.

EMERGENCY landing conditions prevailed as the Curtiss C-46 Commando came over the field at Trinidad with one prop feathered. Even the ambulance and its surgeon were standing by. Pilot H. W. Sherwood, of TWA's Intercontinental division, flying the Army's contract cargo run to India, was particularly anxious to get down safely, repair his fuel pump and continue on his mission. His C-46 was to be part of the India-China life line.

As he pulled up to a stop and cut the switch on his remaining engine, he relived for a brief moment his flight down from Puerto Rico and that hour when, at 9,000 feet over the Caribbean and with his plane weighing a total of 50,000 pounds, one engine quit.

He recalled his battle to keep the ship aloft on the remaining engine and of his necessary decision to toss overboard precious starters, brake assemblies, automatic pilots and hydraulic fluid. By the time he had reduced his excessive load to 44,000 pounds, he was down to 800 feet, but the ship was flying on the one engine.

The airport doctor met Captain Sherwood at the door of the Commando.

"I'm all right," said the pilot. "I just feel kind of funny. Trip was a little rough."

But to the doctor's trained eye, Captain Sherwood wasn't all right. He had broken out with German measles. . . . F.R.N.

PROFESSOR ROBOT, D.Sc.

Q. You stated that you are able to analyze complicated mixtures of hydrocarbons with exceptional facility, Professor. Will you amplify that?

A. Yes. A graduate in chemistry would need 5 hours to do what I do in 15 minutes.

Q. Astounding! In what fields do you operate, Professor?

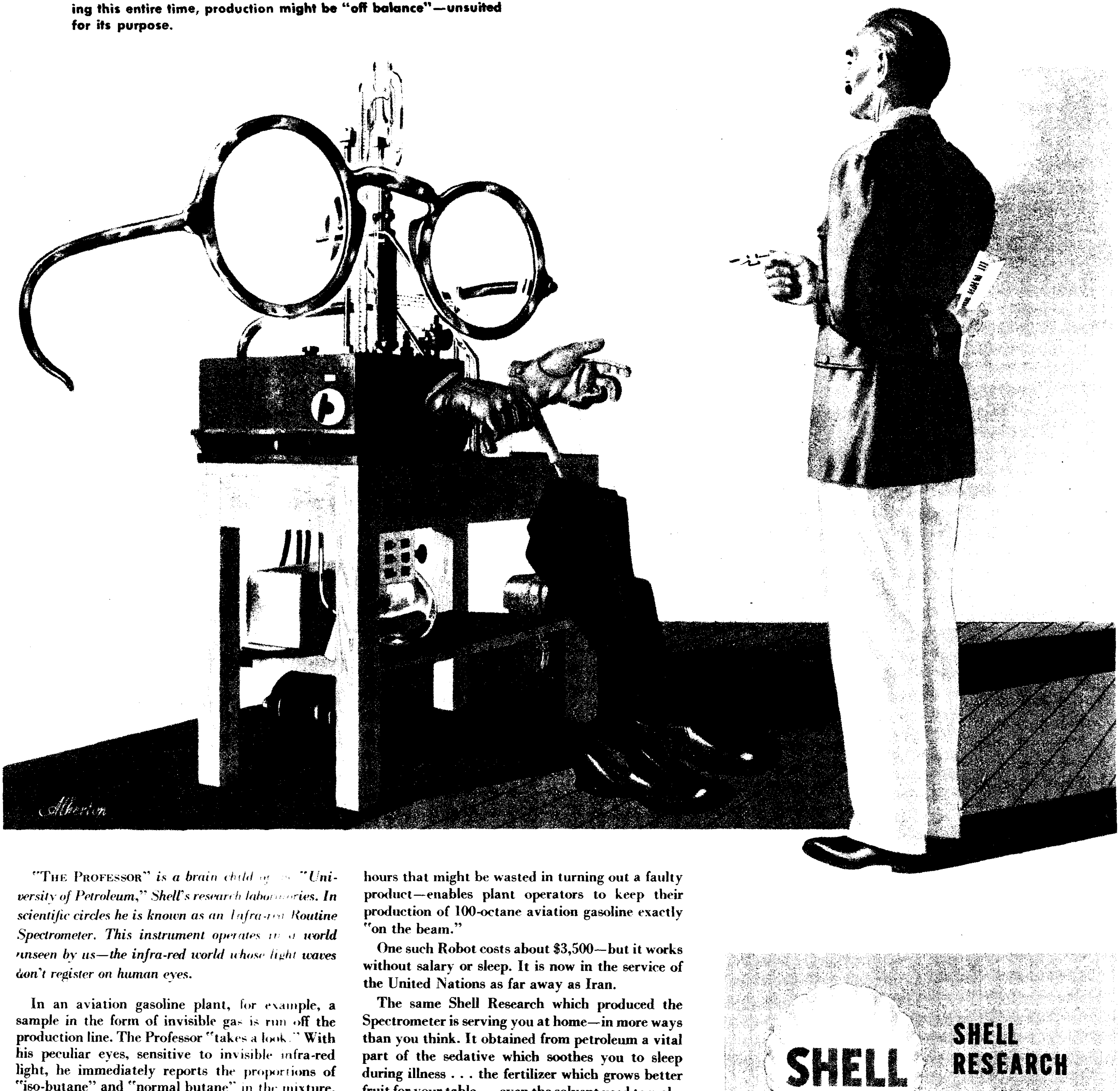
A. At present, in plants producing aviation gasoline, butadiene for synthetic rubber, and toluene for TNT. In some of these plants, analysis was lagging as much as 20 days behind production. During this entire time, production might be "off balance"—unsuited for its purpose.

Q. You have been able to correct this?

A. Yes. In the 60 plants where I am in control, the lag in chemical analysis of production has been reduced to one hour or less.

Q. Certainly such an achievement is of great value in our war effort, Professor . . . May I make a personal observation? You appear to be somewhat near-sighted. Would your work benefit if you were fitted with proper glasses?

A. No. I see very well—in the dark.



"THE PROFESSOR" *is a brain child of the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories. In scientific circles he is known as an Infra-red Routine Spectrometer. This instrument operates in a world unseen by us—the infra-red world whose light waves don't register on human eyes.*

In an aviation gasoline plant, for example, a sample in the form of invisible gas is run off the production line. The Professor "takes a look." With his peculiar eyes, sensitive to invisible infra-red light, he immediately reports the proportions of "iso-butane" and "normal butane" in the mixture.

This information saves all the plant- and man-hours that might be wasted in turning out a faulty product—enables plant operators to keep their production of 100-octane aviation gasoline exactly "on the beam."

One such Robot costs about $3,500—but it works without salary or sleep. It is now in the service of the United Nations as far away as Iran.

The same Shell Research which produced the Spectrometer is serving you at home—in more ways than you think. It obtained from petroleum a vital part of the sedative which soothes you to sleep during illness . . . the fertilizer which grows better fruit for your table . . . even the solvent used to make the material for your glamorous new evening wrap.

First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy "E"— Shell's Wood River Refinery.

SHELL

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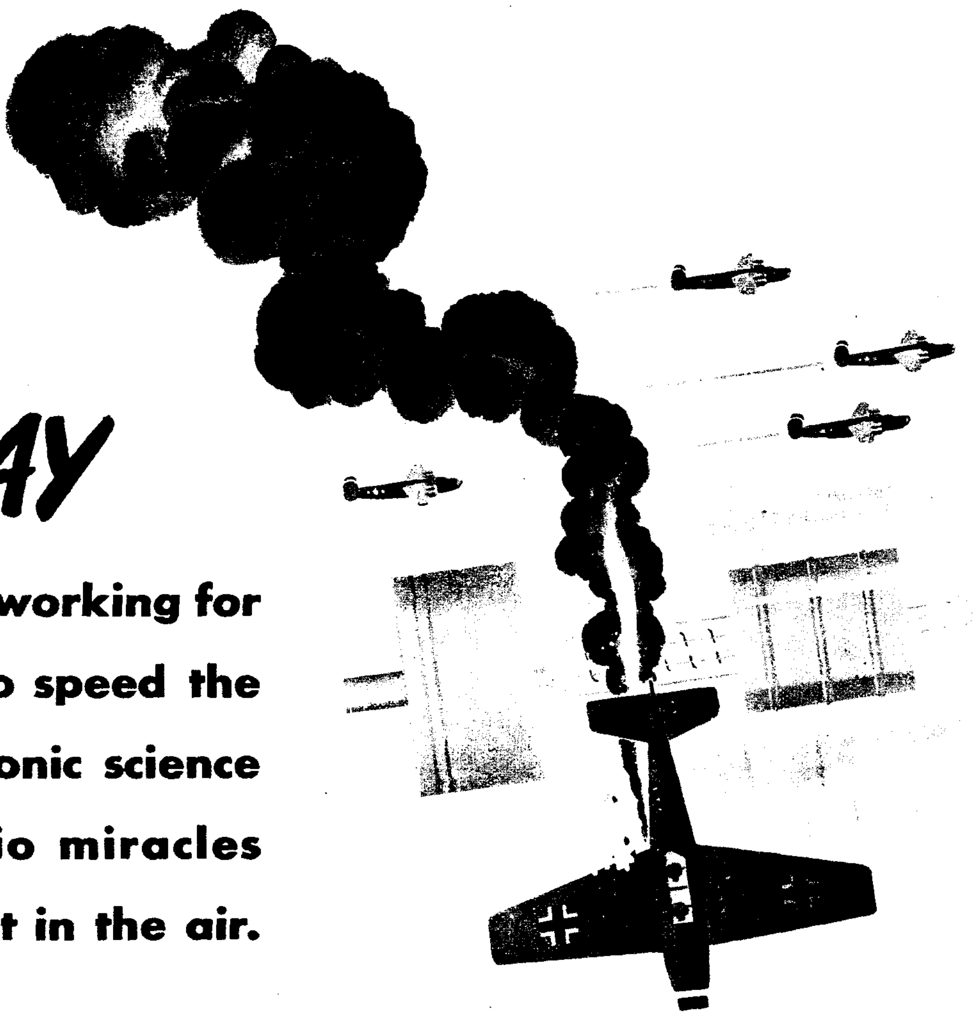
Plowshare of Tomorrow



TODAY

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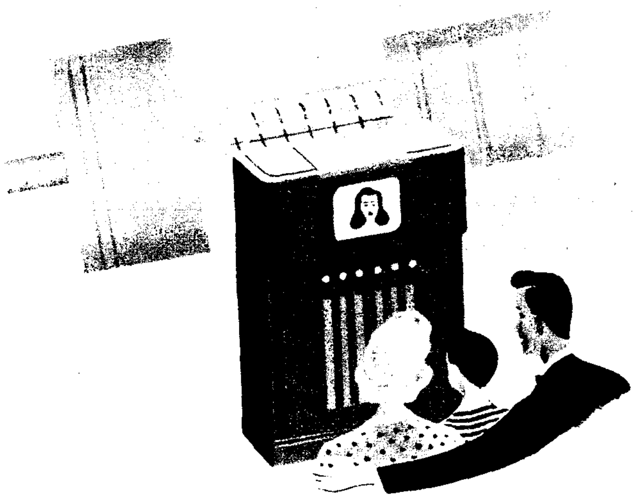
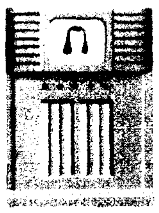
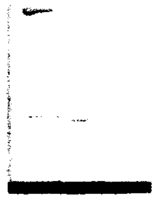
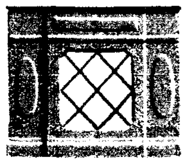
TOMORROW

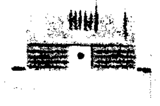


Greater peacetime joys, born of war research . . . television, finer radios, phonographs and refrigerators . . . are coming under the famous Philco name.









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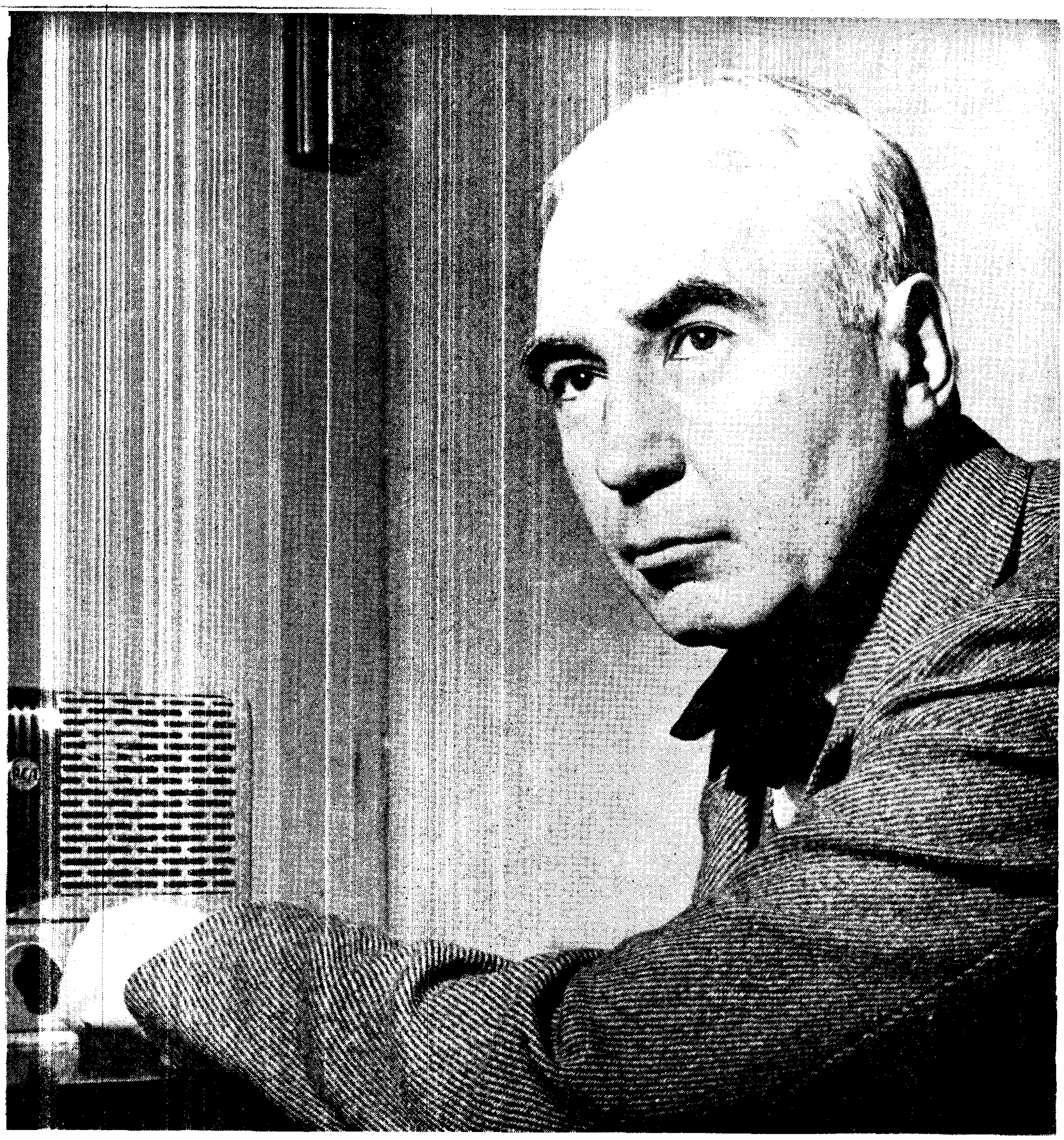
PHILCO CORPORATION

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JUNE 3, 1944



Elmer Davis: His idea is to bring to Americans at war all the truth that can safely be told

Free Speech—and Mr. Davis

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

A day with the OWI and its hapless boss, Mr. Elmer Davis. How he retains his sanity, let alone his calm, is one of Washington's major mysteries

AFTER you've spent a day with Mr. Elmer Davis and his Office of War Information, you have several convictions, the clearest of which is that you're glad you haven't his job. You've started at eight in the morning, pondering on last night's tidings from Chungking to Cape Town and the latest bellyaches from Seattle to Teheran.

At noon, there's a news-release battle with the War, Navy and State departments with, perhaps, the White House and No. 10 Downing Street thrown in. All afternoon, Congress has been calling Mr. Davis names. Dinner is snatched from a tray. Until nine (when there's a private preview of a completely superfluous Russian or Chinese propaganda movie), you read the newspapers only to find that if the OWI represents democracy, then there are a lot of editors who think we need a change.

In general, it's a typical day in that, no matter what happens, someone is sure to blame it on OWI. Mr. Davis' job is like a country editor's; you may accuse him of everything up to willful murder, threaten him with anything from taking away his money to arrest for sedition, call him anything you want. And you can get away with it. That's what he's there for. He has scores of bosses—presidents, prime ministers, exiled kings and queens, ministers, Cabinet secretaries and on down to international factional snoops, industrial cartel lobbygows, empire shills and hungry politicians in search of an issue.

All Mr. Davis wants is quite a little more free speech. Washington is choked with statesmen who give it lip service, but Mr. Davis, a practical man, wants to give it publicity. Before we're through, we'll give you an idea what he's up against. He's not easily discouraged. Much of his time is spent in battle with armies, navies, governments and factions who (for political and less easily defined reasons) demand that news be suppressed, long delayed or at least half told. He fights—as too loosely interpreted—the Army's and the Navy's favorite alibi for withholding bad news—security.

In detail, no OWI day is typical. What was perfectly dandy yesterday is a threat to inter-Allied unity today. Yesterday the country nodded in gloomy agreement with an OWI warning that the worst was still to come on every battle front. Last night a three-star general grabbed a microphone thousands of miles from Washington and predicted peace before election or something equally unlikely.

This, in the opinion of Republicans, is fourth-term propaganda, and Elmer Davis is to blame. The Administration calls such hallelujahs ill-advised. War-industry workers quit working. Draft boards throw up their hands in despair. And the blame settles inevitably upon Mr. Davis, who is as surprised as the next man.

In OWI, there are about 6,000 men and women of a wide variety of age, size, shape, training, ability and political opinion. Mr. Davis says that there are no Communists that he or his Security Officer, Rear Admiral R. P. McCullough, knows of. Every time he says this, the Russians get sore. And if he doesn't say it, Congress gets sore.

The High Cost of Propaganda

OWI spends a hundred thousand dollars a day and is eager to make it a hundred and twenty-five thousand. Millions of Americans protest that it's much too much, that it all amounts to a permanent government news control, that we're Lend-Leasing propaganda that's anti-American, pro-British Empire and in favor of the restoration of the prewar status quo, paving the way for World War III. Millions more condemn OWI's appropriation as barely sufficient, complain that it's being misspent. They want propaganda doubled and trebled in behalf of the bewitched, bothered and bewildered racial minorities—the Jews and the Negroes and such tyrannized masses as the Chinese.

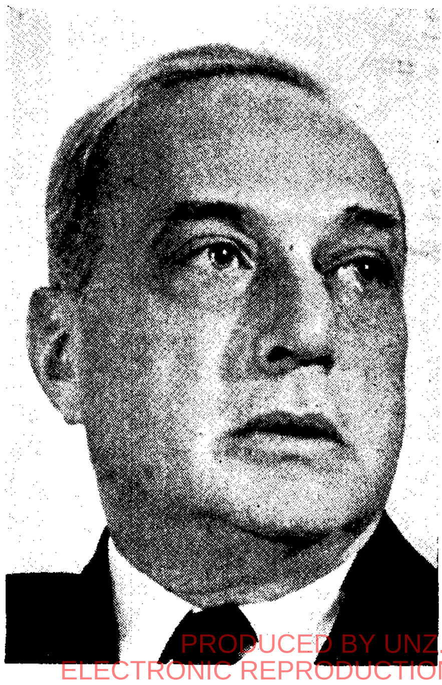
Like the State Department, whose conveniences and expedients he must always consult, Mr. Davis' OWI has principles but no fixed policy. If, for example, this were a nice private war between us and the Japs, with Europe sitting at the ringside calling both boys bums, Mr. Davis' job would be childishly simple.

As it is, he can have no hard and fast policy. Directly and indirectly, what OWI may say and what it may not say is either dictated or influenced by more than fifty of our own standard agencies of government, war-emergency boards and surviving New Deal alphabeticals. Similarly, it must shape its activities to conform to but never embarrass the policies of thirty-odd more-or-less United Nations who are with us in our desire to win the war, though anything but unanimous on a postwar program if any.

Numbers of their fellow citizens have told Mr. Davis and the Director of the Overseas Branch of OWI, Mr. Robert Sherwood, that when this is all over, they should write books about it. Unless they do, pulling no punches, we'll never know the story.

It all started so simply, too. From a loosely worded executive order dated June 13, 1942, Mr. Davis has ivied the world with Americana until now if there's a Kurd, a Kaffir, a Tatar or a Tahitian who doesn't know all about Jim Hogg County, Texas, he simply hasn't been paying attention. The executive order aimed (Continued on page 62)

Sharing the rap with Elmer Davis are, left to right: Edward Klauber, chief deputy; Robert Sherwood, director of the Overseas Branch; George Healy, Jr., head of the Domestic Branch



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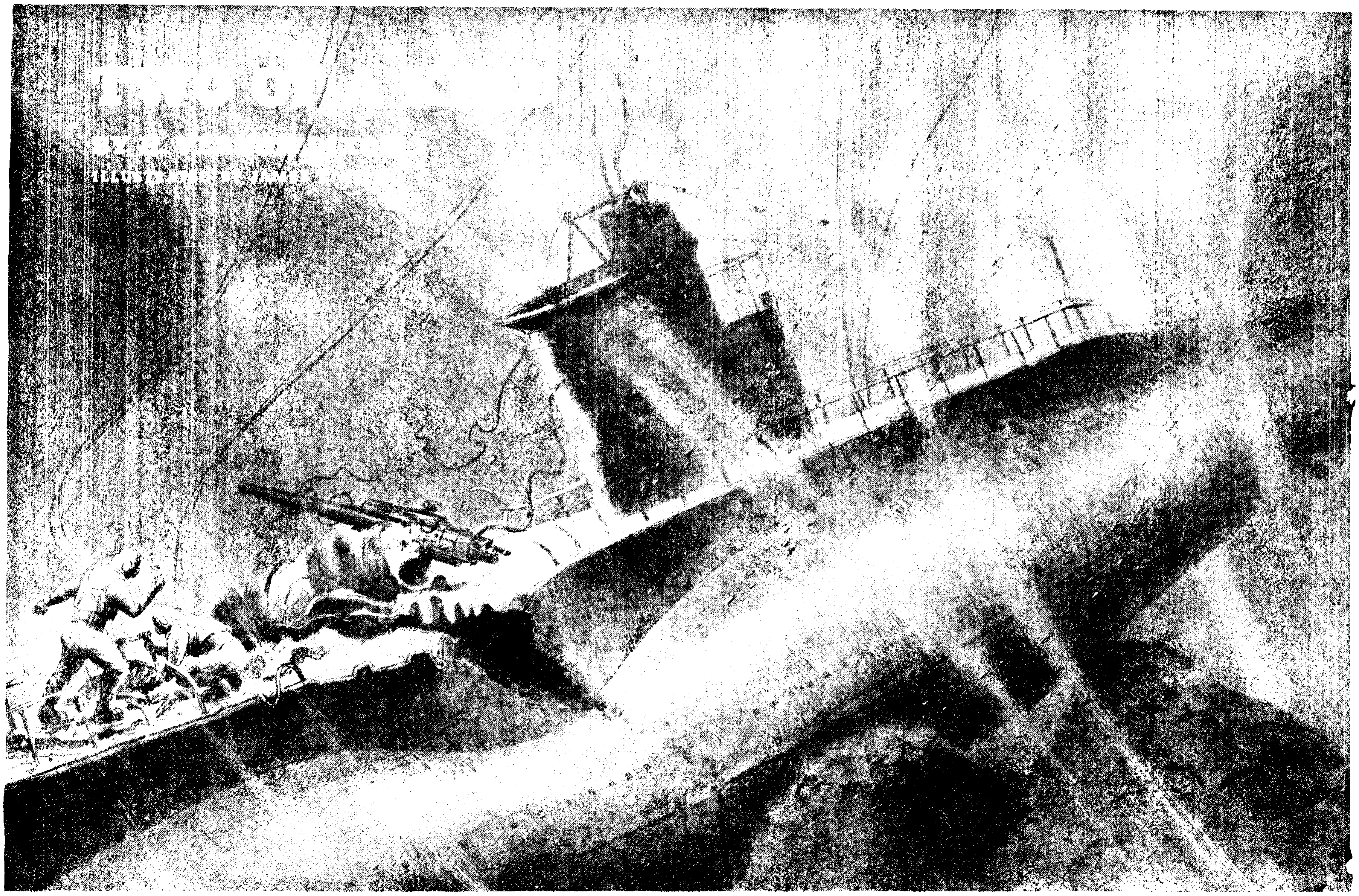


Destiny lay twenty-four fathoms below the icy waves of Puget Sound—and the question was whether John Wilson was man enough to face it

A SUNKEN submarine was about the furthest thing from my mind as I prepared to turn in that night. I was still shaky from winding up the last job, a mine sweeper wrecked in San Francisco Bay, and was all set to turn in early for some much-needed rest. I had notified the hotel desk that I was not to be disturbed, so that when the telephone began ringing insistently, I started swearing loud and long. It had to be important. It was.

Seattle was calling, then the Navy Yard at Bremerton, and finally a gruff voice was on the line identified as Admiral Ross Staley. He asked crisply, "Ward Moran?"

"Yes," I said. "Moran speaking."

"The diver and salvage engineer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. You're the man." There was a momentary silence, then the admiral said, "This is confidential, mister. A submarine of the old S type was sunk in a collision a few hours ago just off the Olympic Peninsula. She lies in about twenty-four fathoms. We have the equipment for you, and a Navy plane will pick you up at the Alameda terminal within the hour."

The admiral's peremptory attitude irritated me, probably more than it should have, so I said, "Look, I'm not in the Navy. Don't start ordering me around. Anyway, what's wrong with your own divers?"

"Most of them are down in the South Seas. We haven't even a properly equipped trawler here. You'll have to work from a destroyer."

"I don't know—"

"Listen," the admiral shouted; "I haven't time to argue with you, man. You have an excellent reputation. Perhaps you can save the men."

"What men?"

"Four men are trapped in a forward compartment, still alive."

"Oh," I said. "That's different. Have everything ready and see if you can dig up a couple of experienced helpers. There should be some around Bremerton."

"Very good." There was another slight pause. Then, in a totally different voice, the admiral said, "There is a man living in the Beauchamp Hotel, there in San Francisco, by the name of John Wilson. Bring him along with you. Don't leave without him. He is an experienced diver and has a thorough knowledge of the S subs."

"I could use a man like that."

"So can we. See you in the morning. Goodby."

I hung up the telephone and scratched my head. Talk about abruptness; that Admiral Staley sure had it. I got dressed, hurriedly threw some clothes into a suitcase, said goodby to any thought of rest and rushed down to a cab in front of the hotel.

A FEW minutes later, the driver dropped me in front of the Beauchamp, a third-rate hotel just out of the tenderloin district skirting North Beach. I went inside and asked the bald-headed clerk for John Wilson.

The clerk grinned and informed me that Wilson was in, but dead drunk. I convinced him it was important that I see this Wilson character, so he led the way down the hall and unlocked a door at the far end.

The light was on in the small room, and Wilson was sprawled out on the bed, fully dressed. He was blond, a bit over six feet tall, with good shoulders and hips and fairly young, but his face was puffy from heavy drinking. There were deep shadows under his eyes. His obviously well-cut clothes looked as if they had been slept in for a month, and there was a week's growth of yellow stubble on his face.

I shook my head. The pressure at twenty-four fathoms on a man in Wilson's condition might kill him. But the admiral had said not to leave without him, so I sent the clerk out for hot coffee and started slapping Wilson awake. In twenty minutes I had him sitting up, drinking steaming coffee until he was conscious and sober enough to make sense.

He finally shoved the coffee aside and said, "All right. What is this all about?"

I told him who I was, and he nodded, saying that he had heard of me. Then I explained about the sunken pigboat and the four men trapped inside.

He stared off into space and mumbled, "Can't understand that. Momsen lungs should get 'em out—even out of the old S boats."

I said, "I don't know enough about submarines to answer that one. Anyway, the men are trapped and still alive, and the admiral seems to think you'd be of some help getting them out."

His eyes swung to mine as he asked, "Admiral who?"

"I think he said his name was Admiral Ross Staley."

Wilson stared at me with incredulous astonishment. "Couldn't be Staley."

"I'm pretty sure that's what it was, though."

"Ross Staley," he whispered. "Well, I'll be—" He started to laugh, but broke it off in the middle as an ugly light crept into his eyes. It was apparent that his mind had turned back to something in the past, but he glanced at me, swung his feet from the bed and said, "Let's go."

He was unsteady for a moment, but he quickly got control of himself; which made me feel a little better about his condition. He was a powerful man and, in spite of his saturated condition, still had tremendous wells of strength to draw upon. He changed to a brown suit in better condition than the one he was wearing, crammed some more clothes into an expensive Gladstone bag and nodded that he was ready. We went out to the waiting cab.

"It's odd," I said, as the cab started, "that I haven't heard of you before. Salvage work is my business. I thought I knew all the good divers."

Wilson shrugged. "I've been on the beach. Anyway, I was never a civilian diver."

"Oh. I see. Navy?"

He grinned and nodded. "That's right. And even then I wasn't known as a diver. That was more or less a side line."

I rapped the knife against the hull and four raps answered me. I heaved a sigh of relief and banged out, "Are you all right?" The answer, in code, returned, *"Air very foul. Please hurry"*

"Have you been down very deep?"

"Plenty. You don't have to worry about me."

"Who's worried?"

He gave me a sharp glance, then leaned back and proceeded to go to sleep. I thought: The devil with him. But he had aroused my curiosity. After all, there was a war on. And what was a former Navy man, a young one at that, doing on the beach? It was possible that he was a 4-F, but not probable. Then I started thinking about the four poor devils trapped in a steel coffin and forgot about Wilson.

WE FLEW up in a Navy transport. The weather was soupy and rough, but the gray stuff blew away just before we reached Seattle, and we landed in a cold dawn. A police car was waiting for us, and motorcycles led the way, their sirens screaming to the Navy docks, where a destroyer was waiting.

We crossed to the deck, and a young ensign led us into the officers' wardroom. We could feel the destroyer getting under way even then, and the forced blowers starting wide out into a high-pitched scream.

There were two men in the wardroom: the destroyer's captain, Commander Brown, a short, heavy-set man, with prominent cheekbones and the wind-narrowed eyes of a man long at sea; and Admiral Ross Staley. He was about as I had pictured him—thoroughly Navy, with a deeply lined and tanned face, a square and unyielding jaw, thinning gray hair and cold blue eyes that looked at and through you.

(Continued on page 51)

DOOMSDAY IN HUNGARY

BY ALDO FORTE

RADIOED FROM BERN

The Wehrmacht marched in at dawn, and in the twilight of early morning the people of Budapest stood stunned and silent, watching this final ruin they had brought on themselves. An eyewitness here tells the story for the first time

THE zero hour was four o'clock Sunday morning, March 19th. At that moment Austrian units of Hitler's war machine strengthened by several divisions from Rumania and Yugoslavia, swiftly moved into Hungary—their ally of the previous year.

All Hungary, especially Budapest, was preparing to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the death of its hero liberator, Louis (Lajos) Kossuth, when column upon mechanized column of the Wehrmacht crossed the borders from three directions in what Berlin termed "a punitive expedition." By daybreak Austrian units, coming from the north, had already taken over beflagged Budapest without firing a shot. While no fighting occurred in northern Hungary, pitched battles raged along the Hungaro-Rumanian frontier where the ancient hatred of the two Axis satellites flared anew at the news of the German occupation. Frontier units of Hungary's crack Honved, which eleven months before had been fighting side by side with German infantry on the Russian front, fiercely opposed the advance from Yugoslavia and were quickly defeated. In a few hours Field Marshal Baron Maximilian von Weichs' divisions had tightened their grip in southern Hungary and had slammed the escape doors into Yugoslavia in the faces of thousand of frantic Jews who had fled to Hungary from Poland, Czechoslovakia and other German-occupied territories. Despite a triple-ringed guard and curfew clamped down on the frontier, numerous Magyar patriots succeeded in slipping through into Yugoslavia and joining Marshal Tito's Army of Liberation.

A neutral engineer, who was in Budapest during the first dramatic week of the occupation, gave an eyewitness version of the capital's reaction to the Nazi penetration. At a luncheon in the swanky Schweizerhof Grill in Bern, Switzerland, he told us:

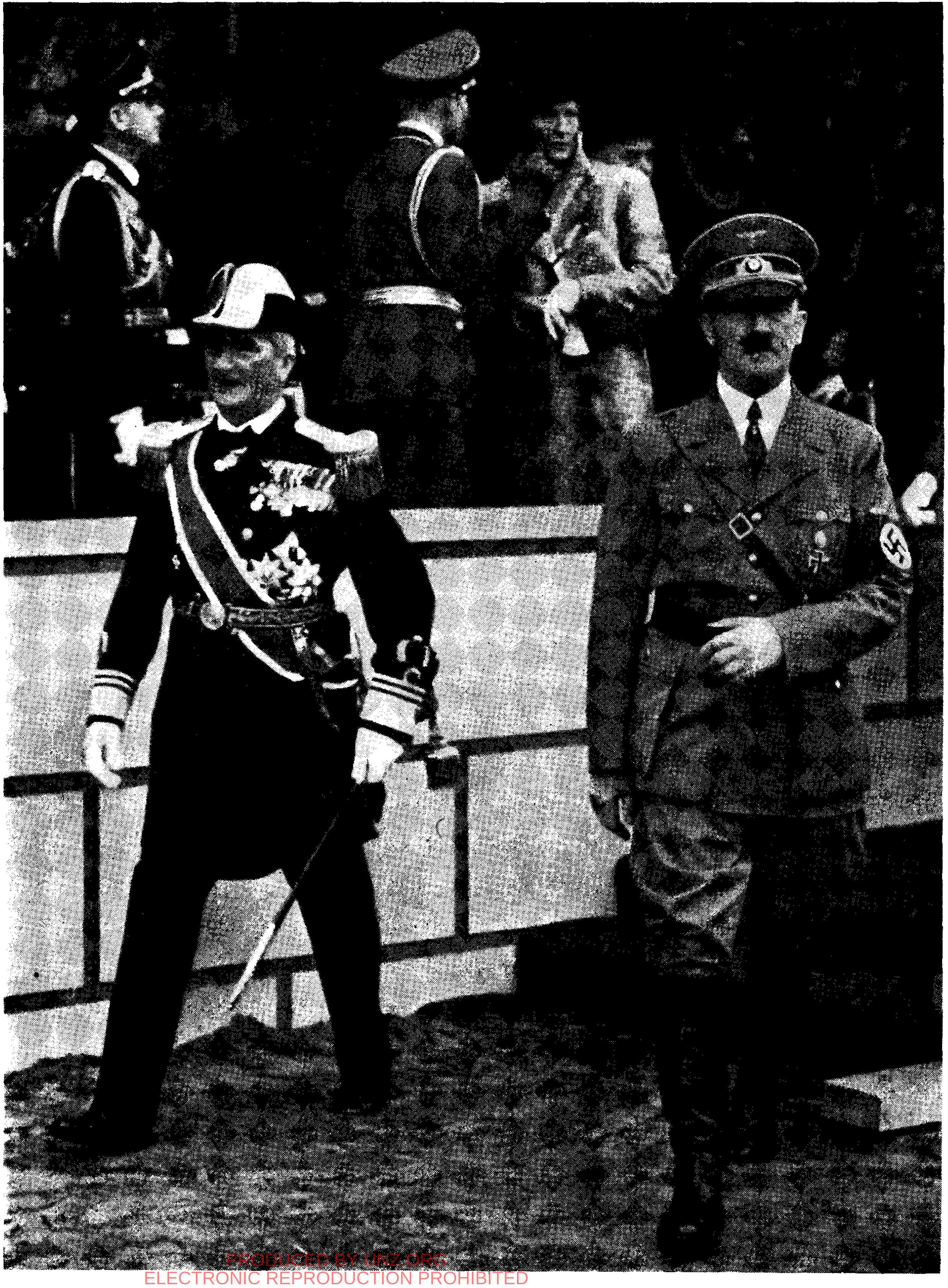
The Ides of March

"On Saturday, March 18th, at nine P. M. I was in the popular Grand Hotel Royal restaurant, located on Elizabeth Ring—Budapest's Great White Way. I was with three old-time Hungarian friends who were heatedly discussing the Kossuth celebration since plenty of rumors had been circulating since Friday noon. There were reports that Regent Horthy, accompanied by various prominent ministers, had gone to Berlin at Hitler's pressing invitation. With the situation on the southern Russian front, such a visit certainly had unpleasant forebodings for Hungary, especially since it was commonly known that Horthy intended to withdraw the few Hungarian troops still opposing the Red army. An acquaintance attached to the Foreign Ministry joined us and confirmed that Horthy had left for Hitler's field headquarters, with Foreign Minister Ghisky, Minister of National Defense General Csatay and Chief of the General Staff General Szombathelyi. The best information indicated, he added, that the purpose of the visit was the immediate withdrawal of Hungarian occupation troops still stationed in Russia. The general belief at the Foreign Ministry, however, was that the Regent would be back for tomorrow's celebration. Shortly after midnight we left for home, little realizing that in less than five hours the first German Panzers would be entering Hungary.

"Next morning around seven I was awakened by the droning of airplanes and rumbling noises coming from the street. I made for the window and saw that our fears of the previous evening had been realized. From my window down to Szabadsag Ter—the Square of Liberty—the street was crowded with green-gray uniformed Germans in full war kit. They marched beside huge Tiger tanks. All were moving south. Hundreds of airplanes bearing the black Swastika were flying low overhead. They were all Messerschmitts. Not a single bomber or dive bomber was visible. A few Budapesters were gazing dumfounded at the helmeted German soldiers who shuffled along, apparently very weary under a drizzling rain. Everything was so calm I was convinced the occupation was taking place with the full approval of the Hungarian government. It was apparent Horthy had succumbed to Hitler's demands.

"I dressed hurriedly, forgetting to shave, and slowly made my way to the central post office. I feared the telephone lines would be cut, but there was still a chance to contact a family of Polish Jews—friends of mine—who were living in Debrecen, down south. Perhaps they could still reach the border of Yugoslavia and make for safety in the hills with Tito's Partisans. I was a little surprised when I saw the post-office entrance flanked by two Nazi uniformed guards with submachine guns on their shoulders and hand grenades in their belts. Without once being halted I turned and went to our favorite hangout, the Café Pilvax. There I slipped into a telephone booth and lifted the receiver. Scarcely had I dialed the number —I really didn't know whom to telephone—when a gruff voice said, 'verbindung unterbrochen'—'connection disrupted.' I went to a table and sat down just as four noncommissioned Wehrmacht officers entered and politely asked for coffee. They were well along in their forties. I afterward noticed that almost all occupation troopers were somewhat on the shady side of forty. These men lacked the customary Nazi swashbuckling attitude, and spoke in low voices. For instance, the first noncoms entering the Pilvax carefully wiped their muddy boots on the door mat before stepping into the café.

(Continued on page 80)



EUROPEAN

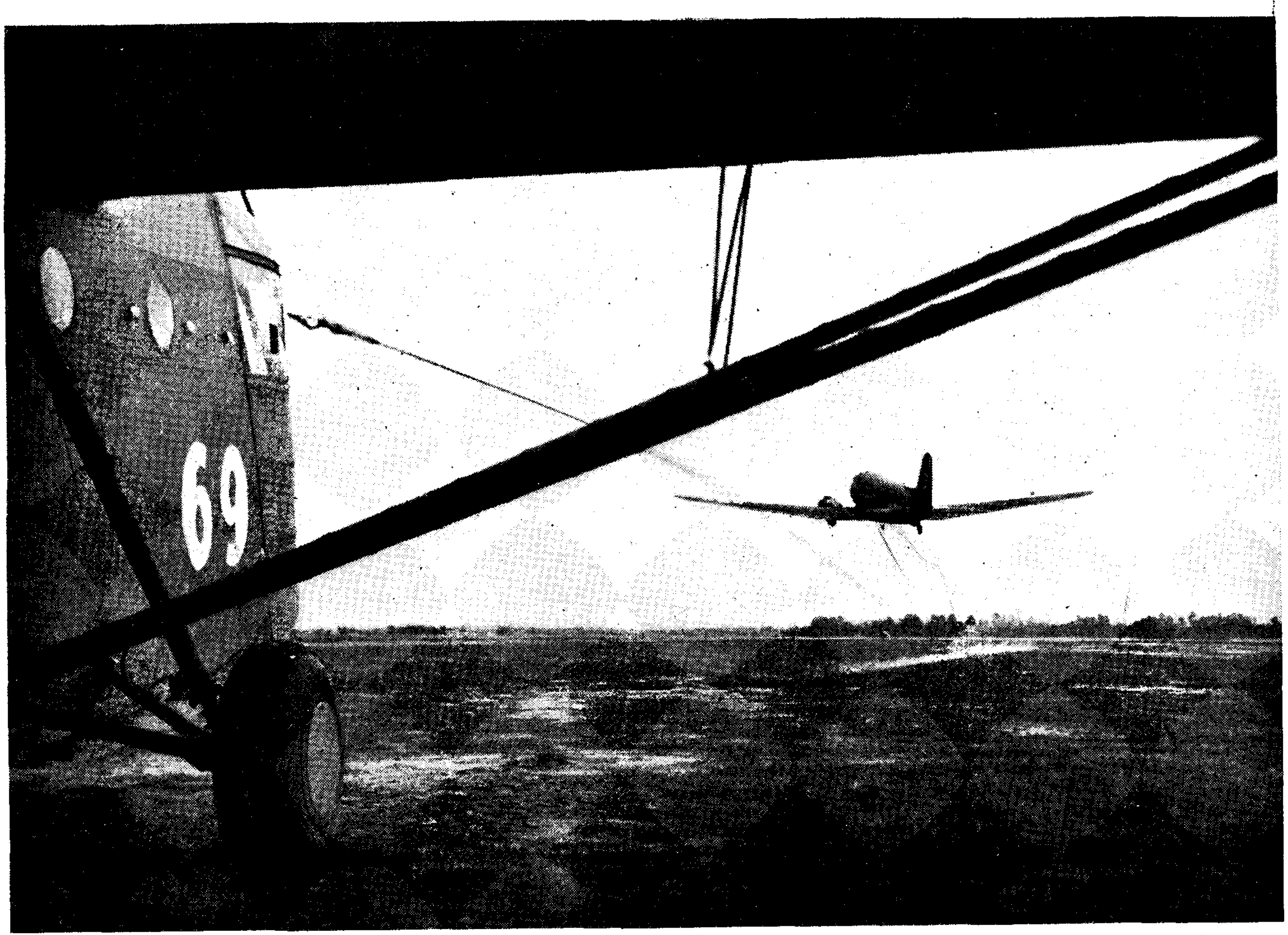
This picture of Regent Horthy and Adolf Hitler is not symbolic. Despite appearances, the two did not go separate ways: Horthy okayed the invasion of Hungary

SILENT INVASION

Glider-borne American troops have already proved their worth in the invasion of Sicily. Here's why we may expect great things from this branch of the Army Air Forces

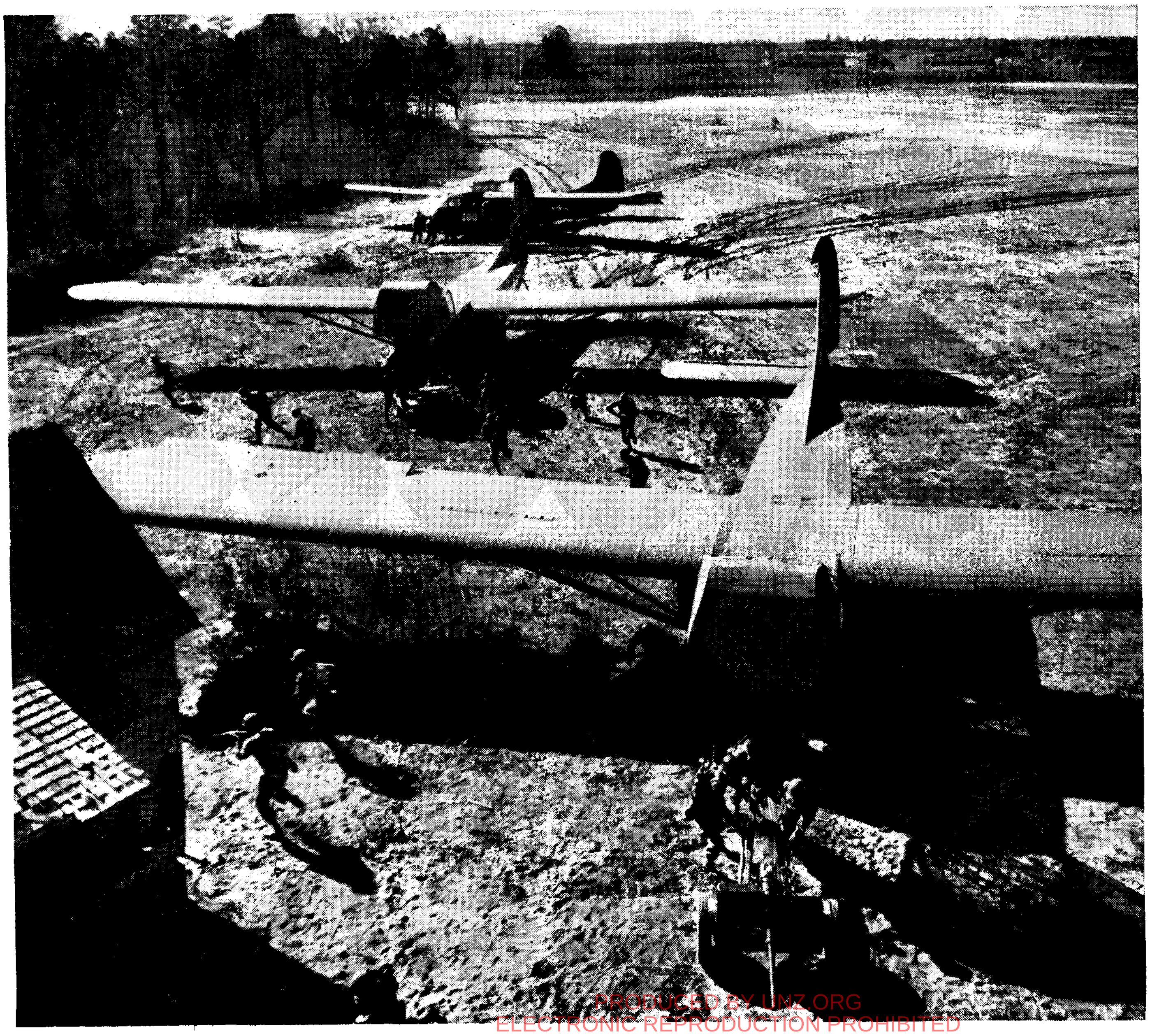
BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT YARNALL RICHIE



A glider is "snatched off" by a C-47 transport. Long hook, visible here under the transport's belly, catches loop of the nylon tow rope. The glider moves with no more jerk than a sudden trolley start

Troops and artillery pour from gliders (below) which have just landed behind "enemy" lines. Already proven in Sicily, U. S. gliders are expected to play a leading part in the coming invasion of western Europe



THE glider pilot gripped the control wheel firmly. His feet were locked to the rudder pedals, and his eyes were fixed on the blue exhaust flames from the big tow ship 350 feet ahead. Behind him, in the silence and darkness of the cabin, were twelve fully equipped airborne troops and an ammunition cart.

It was more than three hours since Flight Officer Samuel Fine, of the Fourth Troop Carrier Squadron, and the other men in the glider had left their base, and the air was now getting very rough. As the Douglas C-47 at the other end of the nylon tow rope bobbed up and down, Pilot Fine prepared to meet the same bumps seconds later. It was one continuous job of precision flying, difficult as holding a tight fighter-plane formation in turbulent air.

Then suddenly: "Glider from tow ship," came a voice from the tug over the interphone. "You're now opposite your point of release. Goodby and good luck!"

Pilot Fine acknowledged, pulled the release and cast off. Below, the enemy began throwing up everything they had, and searchlights swept the sky. Fine was at 2,200 feet and the gliding ratio of his CG-4 (cargo glider) assured him of but five more minutes of flight. The moon was covered by a haze, and visibility was poor. At 1,000 feet, just over the shore line, he still couldn't make out his landing zone, so he just slid on down through the flak and tracer bullets, hoping for the best. At 300 feet, he spotted a small field with some trees in it. When he landed, he hit one with his wing. The glider stopped abruptly, but no one was hurt.

Immediately a burst of enemy rifle and machine-gun fire came from the near-by woods. Fine was hit in the shoulder before he could get out of his pilot's seat, and a trooper was seriously wounded. But he and the flying commandos charged out of the glider and silenced the enemy in short order, after which they established their position on a map and hastened to their rendezvous with other glider-borne troops. Pilot Fine had justified his months of training. He had delivered a fighting force behind the enemy lines. He and 149 other glider pilots had invaded Europe. That was on the night of July 9, 1943, and the place was Sicily.

No Longer a Secret Weapon

Sufficient time has since elapsed to evaluate this Allied application of a highly touted German secret weapon. Of course, everything didn't go off in accordance with the optimistic hopes of the staff planners. They didn't know the wind would shift at the last moment in one area and cause at least one glider to land offshore, with the loss of the fighting equipment and the use of the fighting troops, who were later rescued.

They didn't know, either, that some British glider pilots had been assigned to the invasion without sufficient experience in our CG-4As, or that all the gliders didn't hit their objectives right on the nose. But these are details. Looked at from the over-all results, the High Command concluded that the inaugural use of gliders as an element of an Allied invasion force, was gratifyingly successful.

General Sir Bernard L. Montgomery credited the work of the airborne troops against the bridges south of Syracuse and Catania, coupled with the widespread confusion they created among the enemy throughout the countryside, as being responsible for accelerating his advance by no less than seven days, and Lieutenant General George S. Patton estimated that the swift and successful landings, followed by a rapid advance inland, would not have been achieved at such a light cost or at such speed without the action of his Airborne Division.

The glider enthusiasts are confident that they already excel the Germans in the application of gliders for airborne operations, despite the fact that at the outbreak of the war the Nazis had 186,000 licensed glider pilots against our 384. It's pretty well known by now that this tremendous development in Germany was a direct outgrowth of the Versailles treaty, which forced the Germans into gliders when they were prohibited from developing high-powered aircraft.

Another head start the Germans had on us in 1939 was in tow ships—5,000 of the old, rugged Junkers-52 trimotored, all-metal transports. For tow ships, we had only a score or so of the Douglas DC-3 type the

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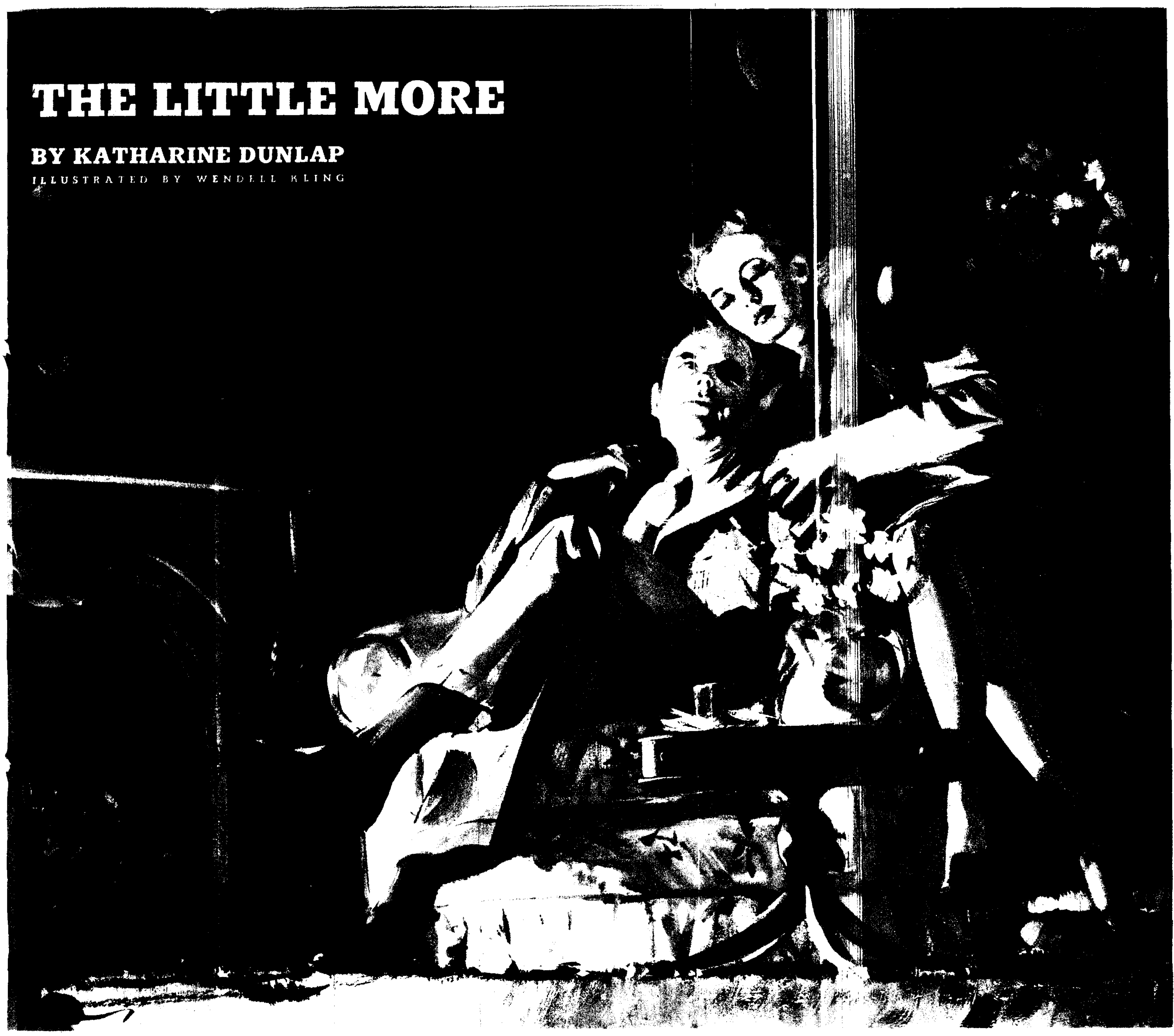
THE LITTLE MORE

BY KATHARINE DUNLAP

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



To have and to hold, the marriage service said, and Audrey had to learn the difference between having and holding

ACTUALLY, of course, there was no reason for her to worry. A man who was a writer must study all types—be interested in all kinds of characters in order to create ones of his own. At least that was what Stuart had told her, again and again, and what, in an effort to be quite fair, she had admitted was perfectly reasonable.

"My dear, you knew what you were letting yourself in for when you married me," said Stuart, with the utmost good humor. "I can't stay away from people and at the same time write intelligently about their reactions and failures, can I?"

And she had answered earnestly:

"I don't want or expect you to stay away from them, Stuart. I'm not the domineering sort—you should know that by this time. Only I can't help resenting it when people become so—so *possessive* about you."

"Meaning, I suppose, Joan Meredith." Stuart said, laughing. "When will you learn to keep up with the times, Audrey? I hardly ever see the girl, but you must realize that it's the fashion, these days, to appear possessive—to call everyone 'darling' and to act as though he were special property."

"I should imagine it's a fashion that suits her very well," Audrey retorted, dryly.

Her husband chuckled. "That's the cattiest thing I ever heard you say. I don't believe you like her!"

Audrey sniffed. "I scarcely know her," she declared loftily.

"Well, there, you see—you shouldn't judge her harshly. By the way, I'm going to put in a long day of steady work in the Sweat Shop, so I won't be home to lunch."

"Oh, but you must have something to eat!"

"I'll run out for a sandwich if I'm hungry, but I must see this thing finished. It's getting me down." He kissed her lightly, and went out whistling It's a Long Way to Tipperary, which was the only tune he could ever remember.

AUDREY looked thoughtfully after him. He was more offhand than usual, and she hadn't been married ten years for nothing. She had lived with his symptoms too long not to recognize them, even though Stuart could never realize that. Taking them all in all, the ten years had been pleasant ones. She didn't want—oh, she most desperately didn't want anything about them to be changed! If sometimes she had to pretend to notice less than she really did—well, it was worth it. And it pleased her beyond measure when her friends remarked, half enviously, what an attractive and devoted husband Stuart was.

Audrey considered that phrase, now, and mentally endorsed it. Stuart really was devoted. He, too, would intensely dislike having the even tenor of their way disturbed by any shadow of suspicion on her part. He would consider it quite unwarranted of her to have such notions, and if she had ever attempted to put them into words he would have been very much upset. Undoubtedly she had spoiled him, and now he took her so much for granted that she was beginning to find it slightly irksome and not at all flattering to her intelligence. Still, he was such an agreeable husband, generally speaking, that she would be very loath to give her suspicions substance by voicing them.

Also it was quite true that she didn't know Joan Meredith well enough to judge her fairly. That, however, could always be remedied. On a sudden impulse she reached for the telephone book, looked up the number and dialed it. It was invariably a wise procedure to take stock of a possible opponent—and then, if Joan were free to come to lunch, it would relieve Audrey's mind of certain unworthy doubts which she had no right to indulge in.

As soon as she had received Joan's acceptance—with a slight tinge of surprise in it—she was sorry she had chosen that particular way to reassure herself. It meant a probable two hours of company that, to say the least, didn't promise to be congenial. She felt a trifle sour about it.

Stuart pulled her down onto the arm of his chair; he was good-humored again. "Little idiot," he said. "When will you ever learn?"

"Now she thinks I'm nothing but a poor, unsophisticated little moron," she told herself. "She'll be dreadfully superior and look down on me. Well—too late now—" and she went to the kitchen to consult with Anna about ration points, and the concocting of a lunch worthy of an enemy.

OF COURSE Joan would be late. No adversary worth her salt would ever arrive in time to permit the serving of a meal at its best. Audrey allowed twenty minutes leeway in mentioning the lunch hour to Anna. Then she made a little excursion to a special cupboard and proceeded to the pantry to decant a bottle of Stuart's best imported sherry—after all, in a certain sense, it was Stuart's party. Acting on this idea she brought out one of his last bottles of a great-year Chablis—it would be nice with the fish, she decided—and gave Anna competent directions on how long it was to be cooled. It was pleasant, for a change, to step out of the role of conscientious wife and just let herself go.

Rather to her astonishment Joan was only ten minutes late—it scored a point for

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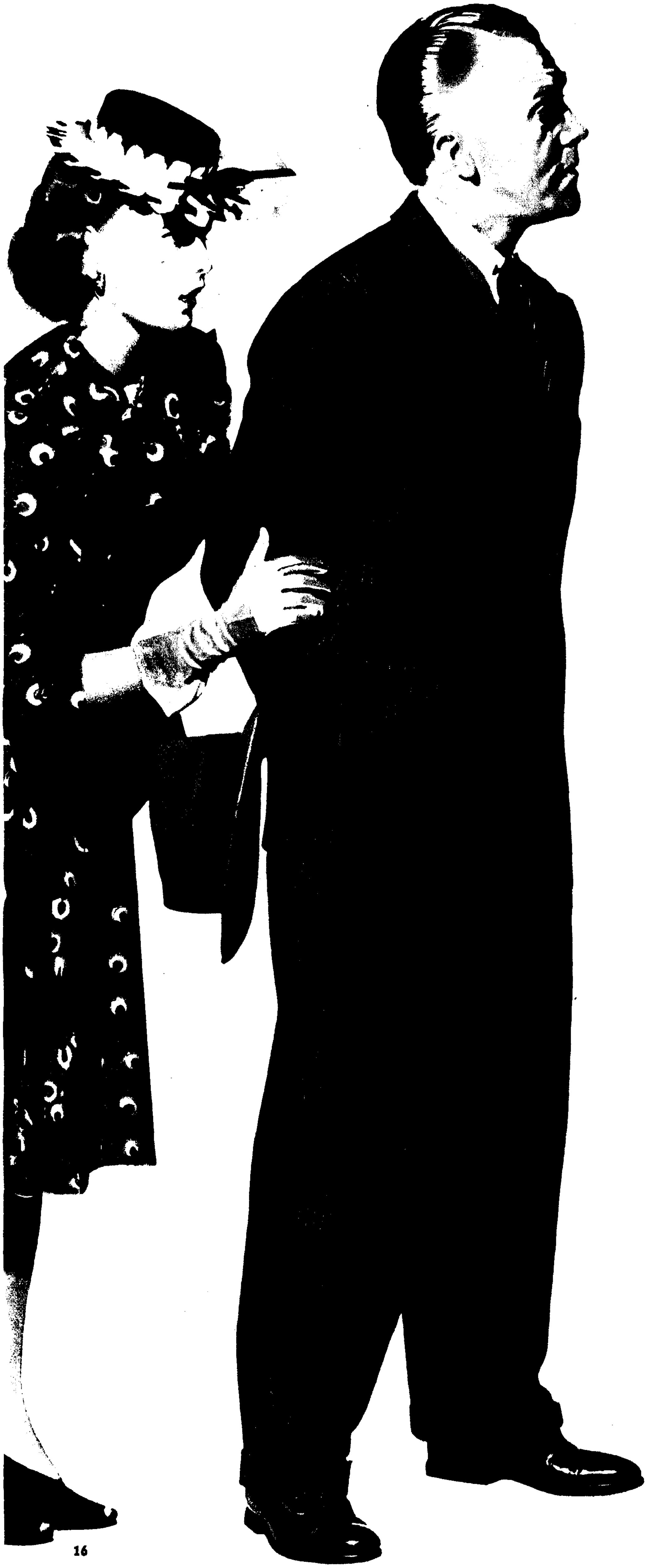

CHANGE OF HEART

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story: **Carol Hillary** is the daughter of famous parents—**Adam Hillary**, who writes best sellers, and **Helen Hillary**, a correspondent who thinks nothing of pursuing a story around the world. Carol seems to lead the perfect life. She has a job on a news magazine, is engaged to **Dudley Lennox**, the brilliant man who publishes it. She senses some conflict between her parents—possibly over her father's attachment to **Jenny Davis**, the actress—but she believes that she has risen above it. Then her mother comes winging back across the Pacific with a high-strung, battle-worn flier, **Major Miles Duncan**. At first Carol finds him tiresome—at least so Miles thinks.

II

MILES came by appointment on the following evening, after dinner. Ole let him in, and Carol came out of the drawing room to meet him. She said, "I'm so sorry, Major Duncan, but Mother isn't here. She had to leave for Philadelphia this afternoon. She tried to get you on the telephone but you were out. I think she wired, however."

He said, "Gosh, I haven't been back at the hotel all day. I left this morning, ran into some fellows I knew, and a bunch of R.A.F. men and we batted around together. We had dinner, finally, six of us." He looked at her, his eyes bright.

It had been a good day, full of good, hard talk. Dinner was good, too, and the liquor which went with it. There had also been a fight. Not too much of a fight because there were too many of them on the right side, and the management had arrived, anxiously rubbing its hands.

He said, "Maybe I look a little out of formation? We got in a brawl. It was beautiful."

"Sit down," said Carol, "if you haven't something better to do. I'll have Ole bring you a drink."

"I've had enough." He sat down. He said, grinning, "I punched a guy in the nose. He sat at the next table. He had plenty of stomach and not much hair. He said, 'I don't care how long this war goes on. I'm making more than I ever made. It's jake with me.'"

Carol said, "I hope you killed him."

"No—worse luck!" said Miles. "There's a hell of a lot of them, though. I've heard of it, but never ran into it before. Guys like that," he said, "and guys that go on strike, and the whole kit and b'iling of 'em." He laughed. "And they ask us: What are we fighting for? We're too busy fighting to answer, maybe even to know. But if we're fighting for termites, I'm a conshie, from now on in. Or maybe I want to get back and just fight to *be* fighting, not caring much for what or who—or is it," he inquired, "whom?"

"Skip the syntax," said Carol. She looked at him warily. He was keyed too high. It wasn't altogether the liquor.

He said, "Well, I suppose I'd better take off."

Carol suggested, on impulse, "Unless you'd rather not. Won't you stay? We could scare up something."

"Where's the boy friend?"

"Washington."

He felt let down, flat as yesterday's beer. Helen wasn't here. He had come tearing to the house as fast as a startled taxi driver could bring him. He had been full of wise words, hot deeds and passable Scotch. He had come tearing up the steps ready to tell her, "I punched a guy in the nose for you, because you're beautiful and desirable, because you know what it's all about." But she wasn't here—just this cool, gray-eyed girl who didn't especially like him.

Well, he could go out and find somebody or other, and they could go on getting drunk or drunker, or he could go back to the hotel, read a good book and wish himself a thousand miles away.

Neither course appealed.

He said hesitantly, "Only if it won't bore you."

She said, "It's latish. We might do a newsreel and then get something to eat."

They walked. It was warm, it was spring. The first two newsreel theaters were full to the doors. The third wasn't. They sat in the back row, and girls and boys sat beside them, chewed gum, held hands, made love. The house was full of uniforms.

They laughed at Goofy, and at a Benchley short. They saw a clever propaganda short, and Carol whispered, "That's Dudley's. He's been making them for a year." They saw a March of Time, and then the battle films came on. She could feel him stir uneasily, beside her. She was deeply sorry for him. Just a kid, and he'd been from hell to breakfast.

Then, suddenly, he himself was on the screen, speaking his few sentences, receiving his decoration.

"Let's get out of here!" he said, in an agony of embarrassment.

But before they reached the street, people had recognized him—first an usher, perhaps, as they went up the aisle. People came out of the little theater, flooded the lobby—kids, wide-eyed, soldiers, soldiers' girls. They thrust programs at him and bitten pencil stubs. Would he sign? Would he autograph this? Would he autograph that?

Carol touched his arm. She said, "Better do it, Miles." And neither noticed that she had discarded a formality to which she had steadfastly clung.

THEY escaped finally, went uptown to 59th Street by taxi and found an obscure table at a high-class restaurant. There weren't too many people there as yet. They ordered coffee, club sandwiches and, finally, ice cream. He couldn't, he told her, get enough ice cream.

He said, "You were swell to see me through."

"Thanks," she said, smiling. "Not at all."

He focused his blue eyes upon her, as if he had never seen her before. In a sense, he had not, as he had never seen her without, somewhere near by, her mother.

He said, "Lennox is a lucky guy."

"You really think so?"

"Sure," he said, "of course. You've got everything."

"Thanks," said Carol again. "I hope I have. It isn't easy being part of the Hillary legend."

Miles considered that soberly. He said, "No, I suppose not. I didn't think of that before. I don't suppose I ever really talked to you. Yet—"

She said, "Yet we keep running into each other on steps and in halls. How's the book coming?"

"Oh, that," he said, looking uneasy. "It's a lot of hooey, probably. If it's any good, it won't be my doing." She was a swell girl and a pretty one. She was Helen's daughter. She was not the rose; the rose was in Philadelphia. But—

He said, "I suppose you think I'm nuts, but the book is mostly an excuse."

Carol nodded. She said, "I assumed as much."

"You did? Well, you know her better than I do," he said, "and how wonderful she is—how kind, and generous! Just being with her has meant a lot to me."

Carol said nothing.

He added, wondering why he had said that, wishing he hadn't, "Now you'll think I'm completely off the beam."

"No."

Miles looked around restlessly. He asked, "Is there some place where we could go and dance? Not a night club."

She knew of such a place. They could have a drink there, she said. It was fair-sized, clean, not too crowded, and housed a mammoth juke box. She told him about it. "Or would you rather we went to a hotel?" she asked.

He liked juke boxes.

It was within walking distance. He took her hand and swung it idly. He said, "Wonderful night. I've thought of nights like this, too many times. Of cities and music and girls. You do, you know, when you never expect to see them again."

"I suppose so," said Carol. Her heart was playing tricks. She didn't like it. She didn't like discovering that, when Miles Duncan touched her, her heart knew it. He had never touched her before except to shake hands, and the time she had danced with him at Jenny's party.

They reached the place and ordered. Miles looked at her, and said smiling, "Let's dance."

He stood up, tall and thin, took her into his arms and they danced, in unity and in silence. He danced very well. So did Dudley Lennox and a hundred men she had known. But not like this. . . .

She thought angrily: It isn't possible.

It couldn't be. She was in love with another man, whom she admired and respected, to whom she responded. His kiss was exciting and his arms about her a refuge. Yet dancing with Miles Duncan was more exciting than any kiss she had ever experienced.

She thought: It's a crazy chemical attraction, an idiotic pull, and it doesn't mean a thing. Involuntarily she pulled herself away, sharply, and Miles asked, looking down, "Hey, what gives?"

He saw her eyes, stormy gray, dark with emotion, and against her sudden pallor, her mouth was violently crimson. He felt that the hand he held was very cold and asked quickly, "What's wrong, Carol? Don't you feel well?"

"I'm all right," she answered, with an enormous effort. "It's nothing. Let's go back to the table."

Nothing? A sudden insanity, a going-blind of the mind. Nothing! A stroke of lightning, an earthquake, a tidal wave. No more than these; no less disastrous!

Her knees shook. They reached the table after what seemed a century, and she sat down abruptly.

Miles said anxiously, "You look all shot. Here, drink your highball."

Her hand closed around the glass and she saw with detachment that it was unsteady. Its cool, smooth rim chattering against her teeth. She drank a little, her color returned, and she smiled dimly.

"Don't look so concerned," she said. "Good heavens! I think I blacked out, just for a second."

He said, "I'll get the check and take you home."

"No . . . please don't fuss," she said. "I'm fine now."

He regarded her in bewilderment. "You don't look like the fainting kind," he said. "You look mighty beautiful as well as quite healthy."

She said, "Well, I'm healthy, at any rate. I put in some strenuous hours at the hospital where I'm a nurses' aide, last night. Maybe it was that—"

He said, "Finish your drink and we'll go."

"How about one more dance?" she suggested and felt herself shaking again, inside. Why not? Just to make sure.

They danced, presently, and it was the same, and worse. Yet when she had adjusted herself to it, when she grew more accustomed—if you ever became accustomed—it was very wonderful.

Dudley's ring was bright on her hand, and she did not know or care.

She thought, with a lunatic, dazzling clarity: Well, this is it. . . .

IT WAS Miles who finally suggested that they go home. He said, restlessly, "Let's duck out, shall we?" and Carol, with her sharper perception, saw that he looked tired and a little bored. She rose and agreed, "All right, let's go."

They walked a block or so, looking for a taxi. At a corner, Miles stopped to buy the first edtion of a morning paper. He looked at the headlines, standing under the dim street lights. War abroad and war at home. The paper was headlining strikes. He swore, not casually, and aloud, and stepped to the curb to beckon a cruising cab. The driver stopped with a loud squawk of brakes and they got in.

Carol asked, "Why the picturesque profanity?"

"Sorry," he said mechanically. "Only I'm getting to the place where I wish I hadn't come home. Sure, news reaches us after a fashion, but you have to be back here, in the middle of the complacency and the pocket-picking, the politics and the commercial patriotism, to realize what's going on. It makes me sick at my stomach."

"I know," she said softly.

"No," he denied, "you don't. Damned few people know . . . or care. Except the guys who are fighting this war in order to get it over. It's a tough proposition. We know that and sweat it out. But you can't expect us to enjoy it. A fight's one thing, but a fight plus an obstacle race is another. And all the obstacles our fellow citizens put in our way are so many booby traps. I should be patting myself on the back. I'm alive. I'm walking around with ribbons on my chest. I can drink good liquor and sleep in a soft bed. I can dance with a pretty girl. A hell of a lot of good guys aren't drinking or sleeping or dancing. A hell of a lot won't, ever again. So what? So I'll hang around here a while, heroic as all get out, and then I'll go somewhere and instruct, and after that it's combat again—"

"Do you want combat again?" she interrupted, and her heart closed like a fist.

HE LOOKED down at her. She could not see his expression very well, but she heard him laugh, abruptly.

"My dear girl," he said, "don't be juvenile. Few who have experienced it and come out alive have any yen to return. We're not half-witted. We're not noble. We're scared stupid most of the time. No, I don't want it, Carol, but if they'll give it to me, I'll take it and say thanks. Because I'd like to be in on the kill. Probably, I won't be."

"Why?" she asked, her voice low.

"Oh," he said impatiently, "you can try your luck too far. And there's no future in that."

"Which is," she said vigorously, "a purely negative attitude."

"Oh, sure," he said tolerantly, as one speaks to an importunate child.

Carol was silent. Then she asked, "What do you intend to do when you come back, for good?"

"If I come back," he amended. "I don't know . . . I wanted to be an architect once. I didn't get very far with it."

"If you come back?" she repeated. "I didn't say 'if,' I said 'when.'"

"You're an optimistic little cuss," he said casually, "but we get out of the habit of talking about the 'if' and 'when'—even the guys who are married, who have wives and kids. Now and then, we sit around and make plans, just for the hell of it. Very few believe in 'em. It's just talking to hear ourselves talk. The future—if we have any—can take care of itself. The job is immediate, it's now. . . ."

The cab stopped, and Miles got out. He paid the driver and walked up the steps with Carol. He said, "It's been fun, thanks a lot." He hesitated. "I suppose Helen will let me know when she gets back."

"I dare say she'll call you," said Carol, feeling extraordinarily tired. "She's supposed to be in before lunch."

"Tell her," he said grinning, "I'm at her service . . . memoirs of a moron."

He gave her a sketchy half-salute, as she put her key in the door and it swung open. "Night," he said and turned away. But he stopped and swung back. He asked, "Sure you feel all right?"

"Swell," she said and was close to tears.

She felt all right, she felt just dandy. She was walking up the familiar stairs. Her heart had wings, and her feet were rooted in cement. She was in love with a man who hardly knew that she existed, who expected to die one of these days and didn't care much; who was, if he were in love with anyone, in love with her mother. And she herself was engaged to be married to a man with whom she had thought herself in love (a lot she'd known about it!) and with whom she should be in love—a man who loved her and who would encase her in security.

She thought: I'm all mixed up. It doesn't mean a thing. I went off the beam tonight. Tomorrow I'll be back on it again.

She went to her room and to bed. She thought resolutely of Dudley Lennox. She thought of his smile, of the way his voice sounded, of his dark face and intent eyes and stubborn chin; she thought of his arms around her and his mouth upon her mouth. She found she had lost the trick of remembering. She felt nothing, neither revulsion nor pleasure, not even indifference.

Then, quite against her volition, she remembered Miles Duncan's arms and her

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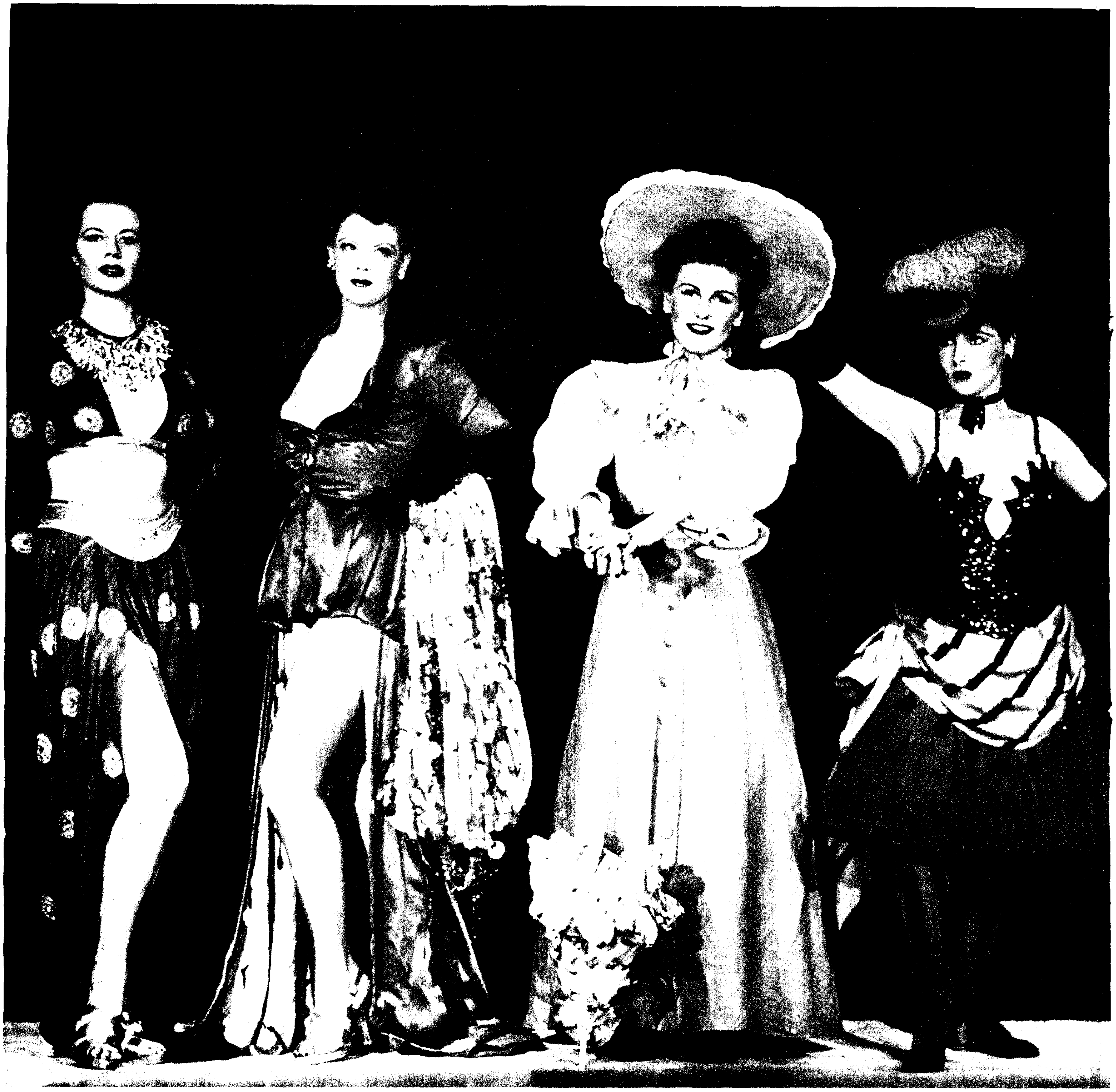
Adam and Carol stopped to regard Helen Hillary crying bitterly in Miles Duncan's arms. Adam cleared his throat and demanded, "What's going on? Are you ill, Helen?"



Left to right, costumes by White worn by Joanne Jaap and Fredi Sears of the Follies; Suzanne Lloyd and Margit Dekova of Oklahoma!; Helen Bennett of Allah Be Praised!; Doris York and Joyce Ring of Early to Bed. On the steps, Doris Brent of the Follies wears a Ziegfeld number that wowed them in the twenties when nudity was something new

Miles White

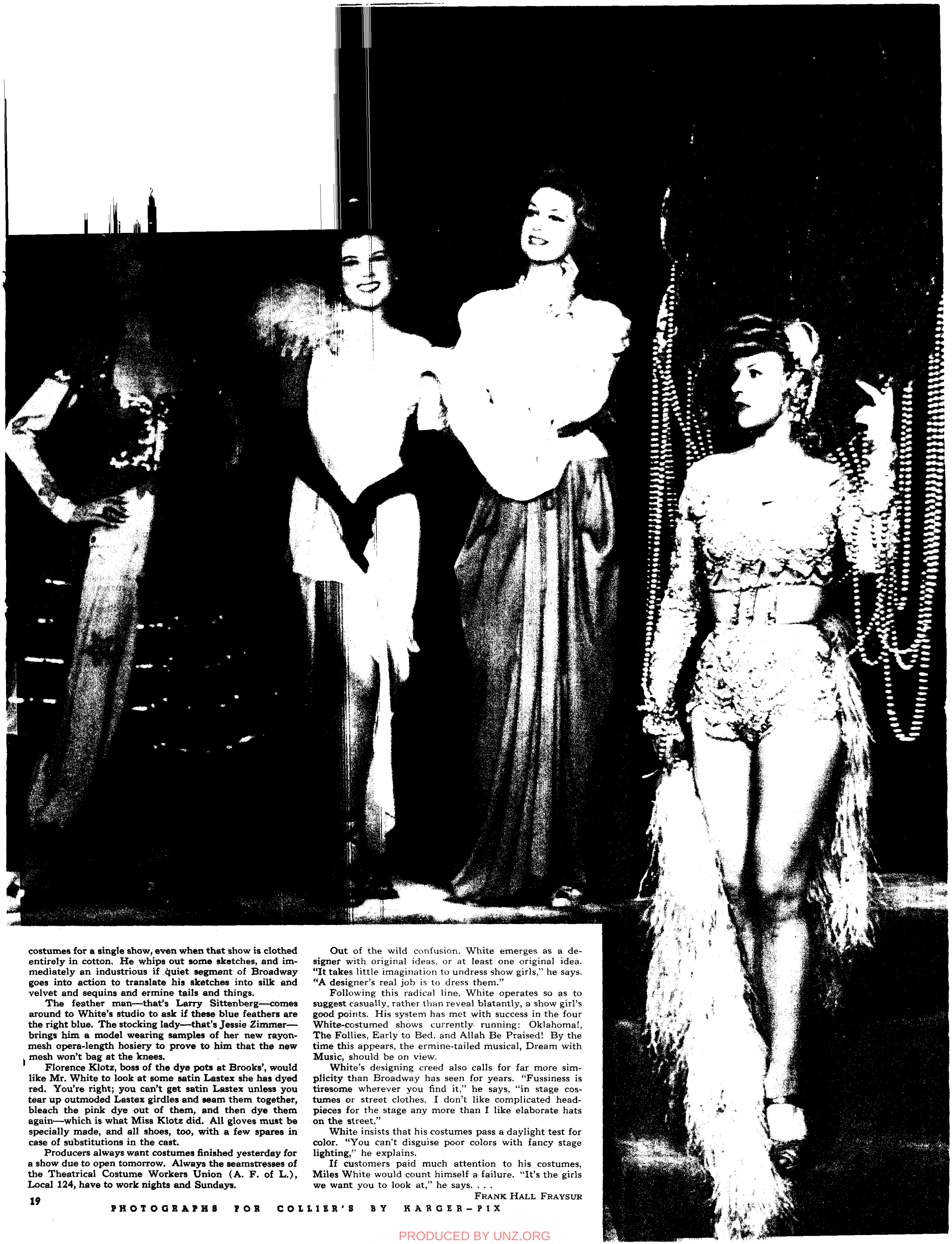
Show Girl Show-off

MILES WHITE, designer of costumes for Broadway shows, closed his eyes, put the tips of his fingers together, opened his eyes and announced, "What we need is three thousand ermine tails."

"Oh, Mr. White!" his assistants protested. "That is too many ermine tails. One or two, yes—even a dozen. But three thousand! Impossible!"

Mr. White, however, remembered reading in a newspaper somewhere that ships returning from Lend-Lease expeditions to Russia carried ermine tails and caviar for ballast. He seeded that thought among his cohorts and went out to lunch. By the end of the day, three thousand ermine tails arrived in the workrooms of the Brooks Costume Company—and soon developed into a black-sequin-studded white chiffon cape for Zorina to wear when she falls into Aladdin's game preserve in a new show called Dream with Music.

It is *tours de force* like this that have helped to make Miles White what he is today, the fair-haired boy among Broadway designers. At twenty-eight, White is the inventor of all costumes worn in five big Broadway musicals, with his second Hollywood contract for technicolor costumes coming up. He spends from $25,000 to $150,000 on



costumes for a single show, even when that show is clothed entirely in cotton. He whips out some sketches, and immediately an industrious if quiet segment of Broadway goes into action to translate his sketches into silk and velvet and sequins and ermine tails and things.

The feather man—that's Larry Sittenberg—comes around to White's studio to ask if these blue feathers are the right blue. The stocking lady—that's Jessie Zimmer—brings him a model wearing samples of her new rayon-mesh opera-length hosiery to prove to him that the new mesh won't bag at the knees.

Florence Klotz, boss of the dye pots at Brooks', would like Mr. White to look at some satin Lastex she has dyed red. You're right; you can't get satin Lastex unless you tear up outmoded Lastex girdles and seam them together, bleach the pink dye out of them, and then dye them again—which is what Miss Klotz did. All gloves must be specially made, and all shoes, too, with a few spares in case of substitutions in the cast.

Producers always want costumes finished yesterday for a show due to open tomorrow. Always the seamstresses of the Theatrical Costume Workers Union (A. F. of L.), Local 124, have to work nights and Sundays.

Out of the wild confusion, White emerges as a designer with original ideas, or at least one original idea. "It takes little imagination to undress show girls," he says. "A designer's real job is to dress them."

Following this radical line, White operates so as to suggest casually, rather than reveal blatantly, a show girl's good points. His system has met with success in the four White-costumed shows currently running: Oklahoma!, The Follies, Early to Bed, and Allah Be Praised! By the time this appears, the ermine-tailed musical, Dream with Music, should be on view.

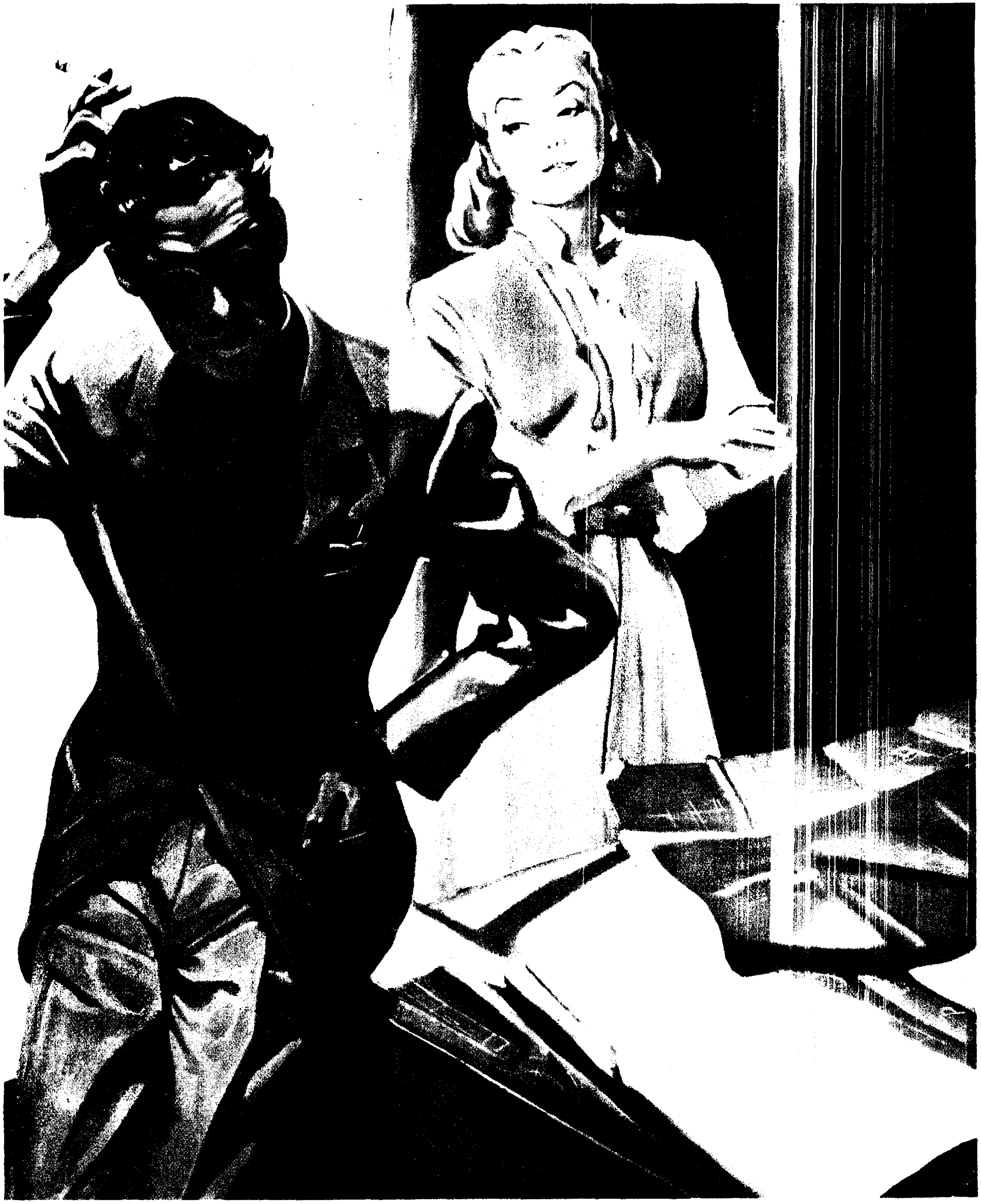
White's designing creed also calls for far more simplicity than Broadway has seen for years. "Fussiness is tiresome wherever you find it," he says, "in stage costumes or street clothes. I don't like complicated headpieces for the stage any more than I like elaborate hats on the street."

White insists that his costumes pass a daylight test for color. "You can't disguise poor colors with fancy stage lighting," he explains.

If customers paid much attention to his costumes, Miles White would count himself a failure. "It's the girls we want you to look at," he says. . . .

FRANK HALL FRAYSUR

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER-PIX



"Okay. So I'm a bad boy," Mike said. "I didn't hide the drawings under the mattress. Maybe I should have carried them in a secret belt." Shep said nothing

BLUEPRINT OF LOVE

BY RICHARD STERN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The best laid plans of mice and men—and even women—go astray, but give the woman a wad of tissue and she'll clean up the mess

MIKE THOMAS wiped his hand reamer carefully and wrapped it in cloth and laid it on the bench. He looked at the big new Atlas transport ship and at the power-plant assembly that was swinging up into place on the hoist, the power-plant assembly that he had built at Southern Airparts. "It'll fit now," he said. "You can use oversize bushings and make them eccentric if you have to. There's enough meat." He rolled down his sleeves slowly, looking at Snuffy, who was the Atlas experimental foreman.

Snuffy said, "You might build it right in the first place. You probably won't fly in it but it might fall on you."

"I'll bet you a dollar, cash," Mike said, "that when you changed that attaching hole location on your drawings up here and changed your tooling, you forgot all about the tooling I have at Southern. You've forgotten about something every time you've made a change. I agreed to build your power plants to the drawings you supply me. If you change your minds and don't tell me, it's a cinch my assemblies won't fit your airplane. That's why I spend half my time up here, patching up work you jugheads have butchered."

Snuffy made an impolite noise.

Mike said, "If it doesn't fit, get a bigger hammer—is that the way you've built all your ships?" He took his coat down from the hook and put it on slowly. "It's three o'clock now. I'm driving a company car and it has a governor. I'll be in San Diego by eight, if I'm lucky. And I'll have to go right out to the plant and get two, three template men on my drill plate, checking it to your new drawings and reworking it so's I won't have a hundred men standing around with their thumbs in their mouths tomorrow or the next day waiting for their tooling. And then, maybe, if you don't change something else, the next installations I send up will fit."

Snuffy was silent.

Van came out of the field office where the telephone was. Van was the Atlas power-plant engineer. He looked at Mike and he looked at Snuffy and his face was uneasy. "We've got a teletype message in from Wright Field," he began slowly, looking at Mike. "They've approved our carburetor air filter drawings—"

"He's gonna explode," Snuffy warned. "He's about ready to bust now."

Mike stood with his hands on his hips facing Van. "Well?"

"Carburetor air filter," Van repeated. "The Army wants it. To keep guck out of the carburetor. We've had our drawings back there for a couple of weeks now. They're approved, and . . . they're approved."

Snuffy took a can of snoose from his pocket and opened it and tucked a pinch into his lower lip thoughtfully.

"It's none of my business," he said, "but if someone was to ask me I'd say that things was going to be strained between Atlas Aircraft and Southern Airparts."

Mike said softly, "Another change." He looked out at the power plant hanging from the hoist on the big ship. "Any resemblance between the production article and what I contracted to build for you birds is purely coincidental."

"It isn't quite that bad—" Van began.

Snuffy snorted.

Mike picked up his hand reamer and put on his hat. "You have drawings I can take back with me?"

Van nodded.

"And somebody to go along with the drawings? To give us the answers we want when we look them over?"

Van nodded again. "Shep is over at the plant, ready to go now." And Snuffy snorted again and filled the air with a braying sound like laughter.

Mike said, "Let's go, before this gourd-headed foreman of yours springs a seam."

"Just remember," Snuffy warned, "just remember that I told you."

WHEN they arrived at the Atlas plant there was only a girl standing in front of Gate 8, guarding a suitcase and a large stack of blueprints. She came forward to the car when she saw Van. Mike got out and walked around the front of the car and picked up the suitcase and the prints and threw the suitcase into the back seat. Ignoring the girl, he said to Van, "Is your idiot engineer going to spend the rest of the week in San Diego? With that luggage it looks like he's planning to live there."

Van coughed. Mike looked at him sharply, saw the corners of his mouth begin to lift in a grin. "What's funny?" Mike demanded.

"Nothing," Van said. "Nothing at all." Then he looked at the girl. "This is Mike Thomas," he said.

Mike really saw the girl then, for the first time. She was tall and slim and her lips were unsmiling and her eyes were cool. She was looking straight at him. "How do you do?" she said.

Mike nodded. "But where's this Shep bird—" he began, and then he saw her badge hooked through the belt loop of her slacks and on it her name: *Elizabeth Shepherd, Design Engineer.* Something popped softly in his mind. He swung his head slowly, like a bear cornered by dogs, looking from Van to the girl and back to Van again. He remembered Snuffy's braying laughter and he held his anger back with an effort. "Are you kidding?"

"Miss Shepherd, Mr. Thomas," Van said.

Mike took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Look," he said, "those drawings represent a change. From the number of them I'd say they represent a hell of a big change. If you want me to make that change, you give me someone who can tell me what's been done to the structure and how it's going to affect my tooling and whether I can go to annealed sheet instead of quarter hard if my hammers won't form the parts properly and

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King OF THE KEGLERS

BY HERBERT ASBURY

Ned Day of Wisconsin is the idol of the 18 million Americans who play on bowling alleys

THE champion bowler of the world, top man among the 18,000,000 Americans who support the country's 15,000 bowling alleys to the tune of almost $250,000,000 a year, is a slim, affable, curly-haired young man named Ned Day. He's thirty-four years old, married (his wife is a good bowler, with a 165 average), weighs a scant 155 pounds when in condition, stands five feet nine inches in his bowling shoes, with socks, and wears the same size hat as when he was a dub. His idea of real fun is about the same, too—rolling a few games with friends in his home town of West Allis, Wisconsin.

In common with most good bowlers, Ned tries to roll a perfect game every time he gets on an alley. He throws a two-fingered ball, and as he addresses the pins he cuddles the ball against his left cheek and blows gently in the thumb hole. Nearly every bowler does something of this sort—pats or rubs the ball, or picks it up in a certain manner, or holds it just so. Consciously or unconsciously, he's trying to get rid of the whammy, which may be anything from the evil eye or a streak of bad luck to a particularly vicious species of gremlin which lives in bowling balls and is always on the alert to ruin a good game.

"Bowlers as a rule," says Ned, "are about as superstitious as baseball players. Many of them, when about to meet tough competition, will sleep only on the seventh floor of a hotel, though I've never seen one who could explain exactly why, and they will go to all sorts of trouble to be assigned to 'hot' alleys on which high scores have been rolled. Some think that a perfect game is bad luck; if they throw eleven strikes in a row, they'll heave the last ball into the gutter. Others believe that a ball has only so many strikes in it, and when they figure it's been exhausted, they'll give it away or sell it.

"Probably the most prevalent superstition is that the use of so-called 'body English' will influence the course of a ball. It never did and never will, no matter how many knots the bowler may tie himself into. Everything he can do to the ball has been done before it has gone a foot beyond the foul line."

Ned insists that, with him, cuddling the ball and blowing into the thumb hole is habit, not superstition. Whatever it may be, once he's done it, his resemblance to other bowlers ceases.

Knees slightly bent, body relaxed and balanced, he makes a graceful four-step approach to the foul line—he's the game's outstanding stylist—lays the ball down with perfect timing and co-ordination, and oftener than not throws a strike. That's perfection, but it takes twelve such shots in a row to make a perfect game with a score of 300.

Rolling Up a Record

To accomplish this feat is extraordinarily difficult; it requires great skill sustained under enormous pressure. Consequently, perfect games are rare—the ratio in competitive bowling sanctioned by the American Bowling Congress, which controls most of the league and tournament play, is about one perfect game to every 450,000. Ned Day has done it nineteen times, on several occasions has rolled two in succession, and has twice thrown thirty-three consecutive strikes (or two perfect games), and nine strikes toward a third.

"It's always a thrill to throw strike after strike," he says, "but along about the twentieth, you begin to feel sort of foolish, and to wonder if you'll ever throw anything but strikes again. Then you run into a split or two and find out."

A split, as you'll know if you're a bowler, is an arrangement of pins, remaining after the first ball has been thrown, in which at least one pin is down between two or more which are still standing. Ned has made most of these bowler's nightmares, including the difficult "Grandma's teeth"—the 4–7 and 6–10 pins. But he has never made the 7–10 split—the two corner pins of the triangle setup standing about 42 inches apart.

In some sixteen years, Ned Day has bowled 50,000 games, an average of about eight a day, Sundays and holidays included. In short, he has lifted, swung and propelled a sixteen-pound bowling ball down a sixty-three foot hardwood lane approximately 600,000 times, thereby knocking down about 6,000,000 pins and producing an incredible volume of noise.

And out of the uproar caused by the hearty smack of Ned Day's ball against the tenpins has come a record never equaled by any other kegler. Incidentally, this term, used principally in the Middle West, is from the German *kegel* (to bowl) and came into the game by way of Milwaukee. Besides the big-shot crown, which he has worn five times in the last six years, Ned has won more than a score of important local and sectional events, including the famed Petersen Classic, and has collected a drawerful of trophies. He has never been defeated in a match-game series of forty games or more, and has a standing offer to meet any bowler in the world in a series of eighty games for a purse of $5,000, with side bets. So far, nobody has accepted the challenge.

Of course, like all great athletes, Ned has his off days. He had one early this year, when he entered the Petersen Classic in Chicago and rolled a meager 1,340 pins in eight games. Characteristically, he offered no alibi. When asked what had gone wrong, he said, simply, "I was lousy."

But such lapses into mediocrity are infrequent, and only emphasize the remarkable performances which stand opposite his name in the record book—the world's tournament mark for three games, 300, 276 and 258, a total of 834 pins and an average of 278; the five-game record of 1,391, an average of 278 plus; the ten-game record of 2,671, an average of 267 plus; the three-game exhibition record of 290, 300 and 289, a total of 879 and an average of 293; and an eight-year exhibition average of 221.

Ned Day's career as a bowler concides pretty closely with the evolution of bowling from a disorganized conglomeration of badly kept alleys to a tremendous, well-organized, highly respectable industry with a capital structure outlay of some $770,000,000. Today you'll find well-ordered bowling alleys everywhere; in the big cities, many are very elaborate establishments, air-conditioned and soundproofed, with bars, lunch counters, and clean, comfortable seats; all of which has made bowling the most popular participant sport in the world.

A few statistics will give you an idea: In Detroit, one out of every three inhabitants bowls more or less regularly; in Milwaukee, Cleveland and St. Louis, about the same ratio prevails; in Chicago, it's one to five. Even in New York, where there is less bowling than in any other large city, the game claims at least the occasional attention of one in every fifty inhabitants; and approximately one sixth of all bowlers are women.

But as late as the middle 1920's when Ned Day was a youngster, women were seldom seen in bowling alleys, which were usually located in cellars and only too recently had been adjuncts to saloons. Most of them were in bad repute; about the worst thing that could be said of a young man was that he "hung around bowling alleys and poolrooms."

The alleys in West Allis, where Ned has lived since he was six years old (he was born in Los Angeles in 1909), were neither better nor worse than those in other cities. But there was one place, run by Harry Ganzel, which was orderly and well kept, and Ned was allowed to visit it occasionally. One night in the winter of 1927, he and another boy wandered into the place just in time to see Ganzel throw the last six strikes of a perfect game.

"I bet I can do that," said Ned Day. "It looks easy to me."

The Making of a Real Kegler

So he picked up a ball, took careful aim at the headpin—and heaved the ball straight into the gutter. But he kept at it for a full game, and managed to knock down 63 pins. Annoyed that he had done so badly, he was back again a few nights later, and within two weeks had managed to break a hundred. In a year or so, he was consistently bowling around 160, and thought he was pretty good. Then Bruno Ryta, one of West Allis' good bowlers, watched him roll a game one night, told him that everything he did was wrong, and set out to make a real kegler of him.

Ned learned the rudiments of bowling from Ryta, but he was brought into big-time competition by Gus Steele, International All-Events Champion in 1904, and Hank Marino, a bowling great who held the world title for four years, retiring undefeated in 1938. As Ned puts it, "Hank put the polish on my game."

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National Champion
Ned Day

KNOPF-PIX

Here is the kind of bowling form that has made Ned Day National Match Champion, with thirteen perfect games to his credit

Missing...

BY LIEUTENANT TOM HARMON

In China, Tom Harmon became a peashooter pilot. In his first combat mission, he's sure he got two Japs, but a third one got him when he wasn't looking. What the Japs didn't know is that Harmon always comes back safely

Conclusion

AFTER the South American experience, I was ordered to rejoin my squadron in North Africa. I was worried. I was worried about my crew members and wanted to talk to the members of the families of the boys who were with me, but I never got the chance. I knew what must have been going through their minds as they spent anxious moments of waiting for word that their sons were safe and I was powerless to give them the word. I prayed with all my heart, but I'm afraid that wasn't much consolation for them.

The experience was a nightmare. Not because of the jungles or the six days without food but because I had lost five of the best friends I ever had. I tried to read on the plane or play cards. But there was always the thought that the boys might still be wandering around that terrible jungle. The fact that the Army sent out a searching party did little to ease my mind. I wanted to help.

It was on the trip to Africa that I vowed I would try to transfer to fighter planes. I don't know of an airplane in the services today that I respected more than the North American B-25, but it is a frightful feeling to know that an airplane is in trouble and you can do nothing about it. Lord knows that I tried everything I knew, but I couldn't help the situation a bit. They didn't come any better than my crew.

In South America, I met Bill Ramsey, an old friend from my home town at Ann Arbor. He, too, had lost his ship in South America. So we went over to Africa together and had long discussions about the merits of bombers and fighters. Bill was first pilot of a B-26 and he lost his ship when he had to make a belly landing, wheels up, on his Marauder. He did a masterful job and he and his crew got out unhurt. I spoke to him about getting into fighters, and Bill thought along the same lines. I guess that every bomber pilot has the urge at one time or another to tangle horns with the fast little fighters. My feeling was different. Bill had his crew and I didn't.

When we arrived at our base in Africa, I was a little on the short side for clothing. I had lost everything in South America. I was given three days to get some. This extension of time in order to try to get some clothing gave me the break that I had prayed for. I had to go to headquarters to see Colonel Allison. When I entered his office, the colonel was in a good-natured argument with some of the bomber boys. The colonel was head of the fighters in that section. He was arguing with some B-25 pilots at the time, and so I joined the argument. I was asked what I thought and I said that the B-25 was as fine a plane as there is in the world, but I would give anything to tangle with the fighters. This helped the colonel out as he was surrounded by bomber pilots, and after a short time the argument broke up.

I then spoke to the colonel about a chance to get some clothing, and he wanted to know where mine was. I told him. Then he wanted to know what happened. After I told him my story, he understood why I wanted to fly fighters. He took me into the office of General Cannon, commanding general of that area. General Cannon asked why I wanted to transfer to fighters. I told him that the boys I had lost could never be replaced. After some discussion, he told Colonel Allison to take me to the Fighter Training Center and "tie a P-38 on his tail and see what happens." When I heard that, I didn't care if I had to fly in my underwear. I was going to fly the ship I had always wanted to punch through a cloud.

The next day Colonel Allison took me to the Fighter Training Center. He turned me over to Colonel Jones, who was the commanding officer there, and at once I knew that this was the place for me. Colonel Jones was very young and a great guy. He had done a tremendous job at this school turning out combat pilots. Colonel Jones took me to Major Patton, the operations officer, for assignment. "Pat" is one of the finest men it has ever been my pleasure to know.

A Leader of Fighting Men

Major Pat assigned me to Major Kirtley's outfit. Bob Kirtley is a little sandy-haired fighter. What he can't do with a P-38 just isn't done anywhere. Kirtley stood for no fooling around, but he would go to bat for you with the intensity of a man weighing 300 pounds, although I doubt if Major Kirtley weighed more than 150 pounds dripping wet. He had the respect and admiration of every man in his gang.

When I met Major Kirtley, he took me to a P-38 and had me sit in it and handed me the tech orders of the ship, with the instructions to know the cockpit. He left then, and came back about a half-hour later and asked if I was ready to go.

I just looked at him and then said, "If you think I am ready, then I'll try it."

"Okay," he said, "let's start it up and get going."

The feeling that I had in my stomach at that time would have made a nine-day hangover seem like the kiss of spring. I taxied out to the runway, checked all the instruments as instructed, and let go. It's like being hit in the fanny with a snow shovel. The feeling is the same.

Afterward I met Bob Schultz. He, too, had transferred. With "Bruce," as we called him, it was not much of a change, since he had been flying photo reconnaissance in a P-38, but now he was fighting with guns instead of cameras. "Schlitz" was an Ohio State boy, and we had great razzing arguments all the time about Ohio State and Michigan. We became very close friends.

After being in Africa for four months, Schlitz and I heard through the grapevine that there was a hot deal cooking. It meant a volunteer deal and we were eager to know more about it. The whispering campaign was great. Some said the deal called for China, some said Russia, and of course the speculation reached all parts of the globe. The tension around camp that day was great when we heard that Major Kirtley was going to lead this new outfit. So far as we were concerned, that settled it. We had to get on it now.

We finally succeeded in this quest and were then told what the deal was. It was to be a volunteer group of pilots from the several fighter squadrons in the African theater, and we were to go to China to be the first P-38 outfit in that theater under General Chennault. To say that we were excited would be putting it mildly.

After about two weeks, we were ready to go, and the day before we left, the first of the bad breaks hit us. Major Kirtley was transferred to the First Fighter Group. To us he was the type of man whom you would fly through hell upside down with. We were sorry to see him go. Captain Sam Palmer was the ranking officer in the group and was placed in command, and we started out.

The flight to China was a great trip. It had its heartbreaks and happy moments. All of the boys were eager to get to General Chennault's gang as we had all heard about him. Schlitz and I talked over the possibilities of the newly formed 449th Fighter Squadron en route. We knew that we had some great pilots in the outfit.

The trip over to China was routine. We lost one boy over the deadly Himalayas. It

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PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Tom Harmon returns from China with gifts. He is shown at Ann Arbor with Mrs. Sally Jensen, his sister; his dad, mother, and niece, Ann

YELLOW COLOR SUIT

BY BERNICE KELLY HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

The four sisters lived remote and lonely. Speak to them of war and they thought of the War Between the States. But an unexpected visitor shattered their isolation and taught them the Civil War and the present war are all of a piece

THE Day sisters were a community. Circumstances had forced them to be a practically self-sufficient community. Haw Island, their home, surrounded by water swamps that could be forded only rarely, was one circumstance; Caleb Day, their father was another.

Caleb Day had been a deserter, his name was despised as far as it was known. Haw Island had been his hide-out when he ran away from the Confederate Army, and there he had moved his wife and baby boy as soon as the war ended, and there had cleared up enough high land for a log house and small farm. All four of the Day sisters had been born on Haw Island, and all four would die and be buried on the hill there, alongside their baby brother and their parents

They had grown up in loneliness. Nobody passed and repassed with them, none claimed kin, there were no neighbors. Later, when those who had known their father died out and another generation tried to make neighborly and Christian gestures toward the queer old maids on Haw Island, it was too late: they did not know how to respond. A knock at the door was the Yankee Army to them. They locked their doors and peeped out from behind window curtains until intruders went away. So, another generation stopped knocking.

The Day sisters went on raising their garden truck and cotton, weaving their cloth making and dyeing their clothes with walnut bark extract and building their own outhouses far into the twentieth century. If each had not had her own secret hold on life, their dreariness would have been complete

Henny's hold by now had relaxed. Though she was the oldest, her grasp had never been very firm since she was fifteen. She had loved a boy, and because Caleb Day was a deserter the boy's folks had taken him 'way off to another part of the country. Henny's brain failed, and she had never been exactly right since. She was around, to bring drinking water from the spring and to take up the slack but that was about all. Often sent to the cotton patch to work, she spent the time rambling over the rows hunting little bits of broken glass and bright rocks, to place in odd squares and circles under the stunted cypress. Even at seventy she was still hunting pretty rocks. Of nights, she put cross-stitches on the bleached homespun robe she was to be laid out in.

Lollie's hold on life had to do with money. As second oldest and head of the family, she held the pocketbook. The scant proceeds from the cotton patch she hoarded, doling out the nickels to her sisters more and more grudgingly with the years. The motive back of her hoarding was confused. It started with the county coffin her mother was put away in and with the chance remark she had heard about deserters' widows who had to look to the county at such a time. As a thirteen-year old girl, she had sensed that it was not right for a deserter's family to depend upon public funds for their burial. The scant hoard though, had come to mean coffins less than dollars to be handled and counted, to be doled out to her sisters in nickels—or to be denied. She learned to enjoy denying.

Eveline's hold on life was in food and in her ability to spell: spelling was a natural gift that gave Eveline pleasure all her life. Even now, at sixty-four, she enjoyed spelling "dollar" and "hundred" for Lollie, or "shroud" for Henny, or "circular" for Ailey. Through the daily grind of the kitchen, she walked in the knowledge that she could spell. Sometimes of nights she sat by the fire silently adding letter to letter and syllable to syllable until she spelled herself to sleep. She could outcook the rest, too: that she knew. Her food was so good that it made her sleepy.

Ailey's secret hold on life was in getting mail. Until she accidentally knew this pleasure, she had been getting so crabbed and ill that the others had started calling her "Harriet." Because she could write and add better than the rest, she had always been the one to do their little trading at the crossroads store. On one of these rare trips across the water swamp, the storekeeper had wrapped an old news journal around her oil can before setting it in her cart. That news journal opened a new world to Ailey. For a penny post card, so much was FREE—free catalogues and free samples and free circulars on how to relieve itchy skin and deafness and getting up nights. The store sold penny post cards. Ailey bought three and dispatched them: she began to walk in the knowledge that mail would be waiting for her at the crossroads, mail with her name on the label.

NOW the war had come, and in it the Day sisters had a new hold on life that was shared and not secret. The first war winter was so severe that Haw Island was practically isolated for three months. All the sisters knew was that the country was at war; the country had been stabbed in the back, the storekeeper had told them in December. They spent the long winter nights anxious for news.

It was late March before Ailey was able to cross the water swamp for word about the war and for supplies. The news was not good. The Day cart began to make the trip to the store more and more often, even when the fording was not safe, and it came to be news it went for rather than supplies. Food got scarce, sugar and then coffee and cheese and coal oil and shoes could not be bought without a slip of paper from the government. The storekeeper said they were entitled to ration books, the country expected for everybody to share and share alike. But the Days refused to apply; they felt they could not ask the country for rations. Although they did not speak of their father to one another, each was thinking of him. Besides, they got the funny notion that the soldiers needed their sugar and coffee and coal oil and shoe leather. Ailey happened to be at the store the day a soldier guard from the river bridge came in for little cakes and candy. She went home worked up, and the sisters hearing about the little cakes and candy were worked up, too. They could not ask for sugar after that

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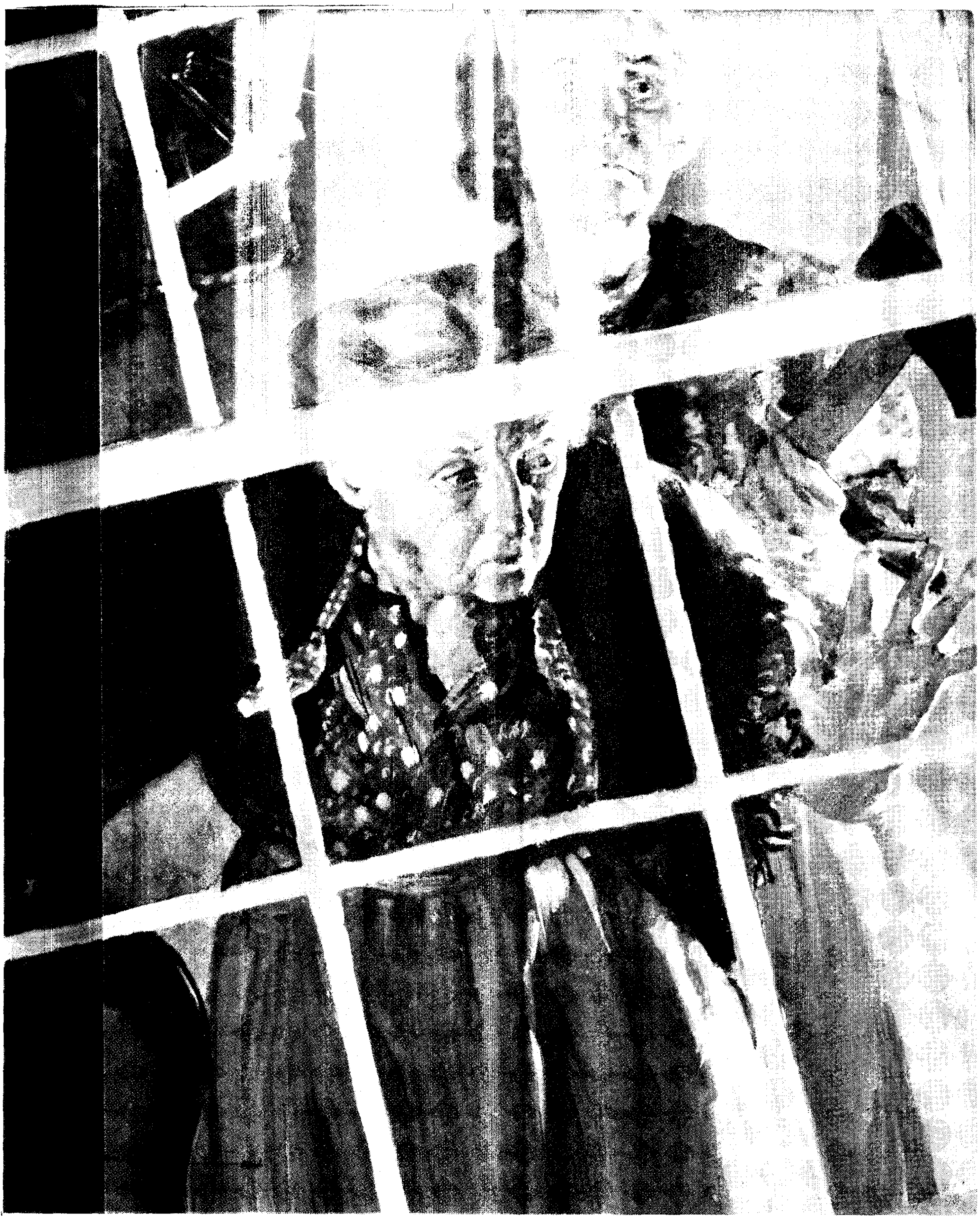
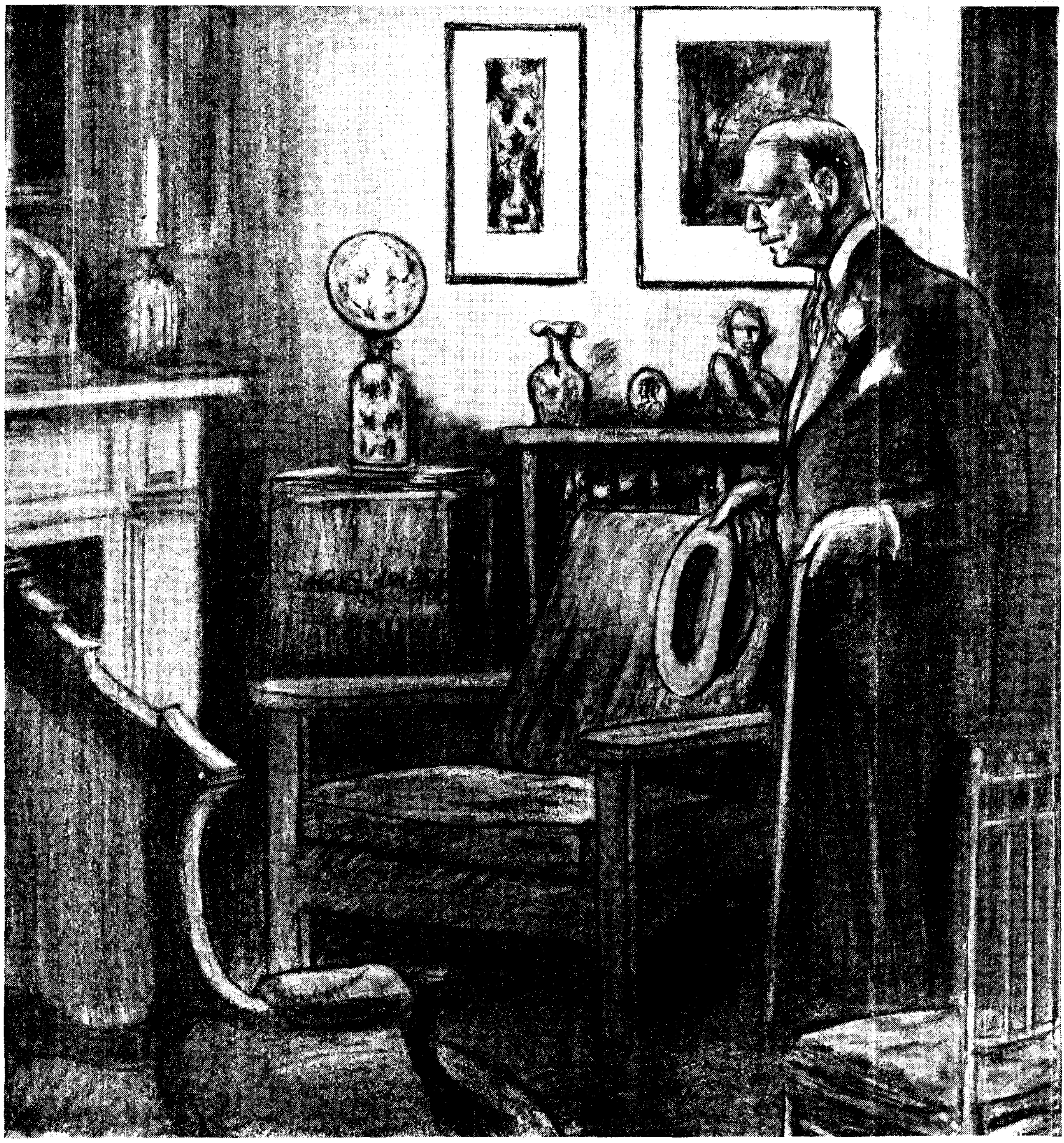


Henny hurried to the front window. Lollie followed, holding the ax. "Somebody fell," Henny said. "He's on our porch. It's the deserter" a short short story complete on this page



An irresistible impulse carried him across the threshold, directly into the front parlor. He stood quite still, feeling a little dizzy, because it seemed as if he had literally stepped back into the past

MR. WILCOX TAKES A WALK

BY DAN WICKENDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

"WHY don't you come along, just this once?" Mrs. Wilcox asked, pulling on her gloves, and then smiled almost mischievously, knowing what he would say.

"And listen to you and Millie jabber for three hours?" Mr. Wilcox grinned back from the Sunday crossword puzzle. "No, thanks. I can't take it any more. Old age."

"Pooh!" said Mrs. Wilcox gaily. "You're a mere child still. Why, you won't even be sixty for two whole weeks! Well, have a nice nap!"

She blew him a kiss, stepped briskly out into the hall and was gone, as trim and agile, as light on her feet, as she had been thirty years ago.

Mr. Wilcox smiled, shut his eyes, and listened to the descending hum of the elevator. After that, there was nothing but silence in the apartment. He sat quite still for ten minutes, for fifteen; but when the chimes in the tower across the court struck three o'clock, he stood up and went on tiptoe to the closet, put on his own coat and hat and, with some stealth, let himself out into the hall.

Instead of taking the elevator, he walked down the two flights of stairs and turned into a long, echoing corridor whose chill and bleakness always made him think of a hospital, heading for a side entrance where he wouldn't be seen emerging by anybody who knew him. The faint sense of guilt with which he took his Sunday-afternoon strolls also spiced them with excitement, turning each of them into a mildly illicit adventure.

Not that the world would end if Delia found out about them. But in trying to explain, with evasions and half-truths, he might give her a clue to the whole truth, and that would spoil everything. Selling the house, moving into the Waverly Arms, had been his idea, and Delia was so happy in the new life that he hadn't the heart to cast a shadow by admitting that he wasn't happy at all.

The apartment, so small and new, had made housekeeping a game for Delia. But he was too old to adjust himself, too old ever to feel that the place was home, or anything except a rather fancy kind of prison.

Well, he'd grow used to it in time, he supposed. The thing to do was not to feel sorry for himself. Perhaps he shouldn't even permit himself these small sentimental journeys each Sunday.

Still he couldn't resist walking, once again, along Elm Street, and pausing to look at the big white house where he and Delia had lived so many years, where their children had been born and reared. Two boys and a girl were romping with a collie on the sloping front lawn, and Mr. Wilcox pretended he was back in the twenties, that the children were his son and daughter and a friend from next door, that the dog was Prince, who had been dust for two decades. He had only to call out and the children would wave to him, the dog run toward him with wagging tail. . . .

Mr. Wilcox walked on. He passed through the shopping district and climbed the hill past the old brick grade school where Rob had got into his first fight and Janey had acquired her first beau. Then came the high school, larger and more impressive. Mr. Wilcox recalled the day Rob had cracked the rib playing football, the day Janey had walked off with first prize in an oratorical contest. . . .

HE MOVED on, into a shabbier part of the town. A few blocks from here was the boxboard plant where he had found his first real job, and where he had continued to work almost until the day he became a vice-president of the firm. Now he sat in a large carpeted office, behind a glass-topped desk, on the top floor of the tallest building in town.

Things hadn't changed so much around here as they had there. Even the people he saw—the children playing in the streets, the old men drowsing in sunny doorways, the young mothers pushing baby carriages—might have been the same ones who'd taken the air on Sundays twenty and thirty years ago. Mr. Wilcox smiled upon them with a deep affection. He and Delia had lived in this part of town, too, in the first year of their marriage.

Once, long ago, when the big white house on Elm Street was still new and something of a miracle to them both, Mr. Wilcox had said, "I tell you what, Delia, when we get old, when the kids grow up and leave us, we'll go back to the little house on Burton Place. It wasn't so bad, after all, was it?" It had been only a joke, of course, but perhaps some part of Delia's mind had taken the suggestion seriously, and she had been worrying about it, just a little, ever since; and that was why she had jumped so eagerly at his notion of moving into the Waverly Arms.

Well, besides being the only sensible thing to do, with Rob and Janey both married and far away, it had set Delia free from responsibility—for she'd always been too zealous a housekeeper; he must remind himself of that the next time he began to feel like a prisoner.

It had been years since he'd seen the house on Burton Place, and he decided to go and look at it now. It had been empty then, and by now it was probably falling to pieces.

HE TURNED the corner by the grocery store, which still had "Mike Giglio" in gold letters on the plate glass, and found himself in Burton Place. He had been thinking of it as almost a slum, but actually it was a trim, self-respecting sort of street—a little shabby, but as bright and cheerful as it had looked to a young couple deeply in love and just starting their life together. *Their* house would disgrace the street, unless somebody had moved in recently.

Apparently somebody had. It shone snowy white under a fresh coat of paint, and there were new green shutters at all the windows. Pickets stolen from the fence to serve as baseball bats had been restored, the tiny, tiny grape arbor was in place again, and the long narrow garden down one side was all rich, dark earth, newly turned and waiting for seeds, tomato plants, onion sets.

Mr. Wilcox half shut his eyes and imagined himself working out there on a mild, still evening; or pushing a lawn mower; or sitting in a hammock on the front porch, placid in the summer heat, with a palm-leaf fan in one hand, a glass of lemonade in the other. Foolishness, senility—that was the long-dead past.

But it would do no harm to cross over and introduce himself to the young couple who must be living there now. They wouldn't mind. You could tell, just from what they had done to the house, that they felt for it what he and Delia had felt once.

After he had pushed the bell, he tried to think what he would say: "This is where I lived with my wife, right after we were married. The house brought us good luck—I hope it brings the same to you." But nobody came, even after he had rung a second and a third time; and when he noticed that the door stood ajar, an irresistible impulse carried him across the threshold, directly into the small front parlor.

He stood quite still then, feeling a little dizzy, because it seemed as if he had literally stepped back into the past. The same furniture, the same pictures on the walls, placed just where he and Delia had placed them after they moved in; even an old Morris chair, just like the one he had left there years before, was pulled up near the fireplace.

Mr. Wilcox tried to wake up, but the dream continued, and the chair, when he sat down in it, seemed quite solid under him. Profoundly disturbed, he reached into his pocket for a cigar, clipped off the end, and struck a match. The smoke tasted like real smoke, as rich and comforting as it had ever been.

Then there were footsteps on the stairs, and Delia came down briskly, swathed in an enormous apron, with a streak of dust along one cheek. She shook a duster at him in exasperation, and said, "Darling, you're hopeless! You always did open your presents ahead of time!"

Mr. Wilcox gaped at her. "But—how did you know?" he asked.

"I've been married to you for thirty-seven years," Mrs. Wilcox said and bent down to kiss him. "It's going to be such *fun!*" she cried. "Just like starting life all over."

"Yes," said Mr. Wilcox, and suddenly he couldn't think about anything but the future.

FOUR ROSES
Fine American Whiskey

How to tell when it's time

A SUN DIAL is just *one* way to tell when it's time to lay aside the cares of the day and relax over a highball.

If you don't happen to have a sun dial, an ordinary watch will do very well.

But here's something neither a sun dial nor your watch can tell you . . .

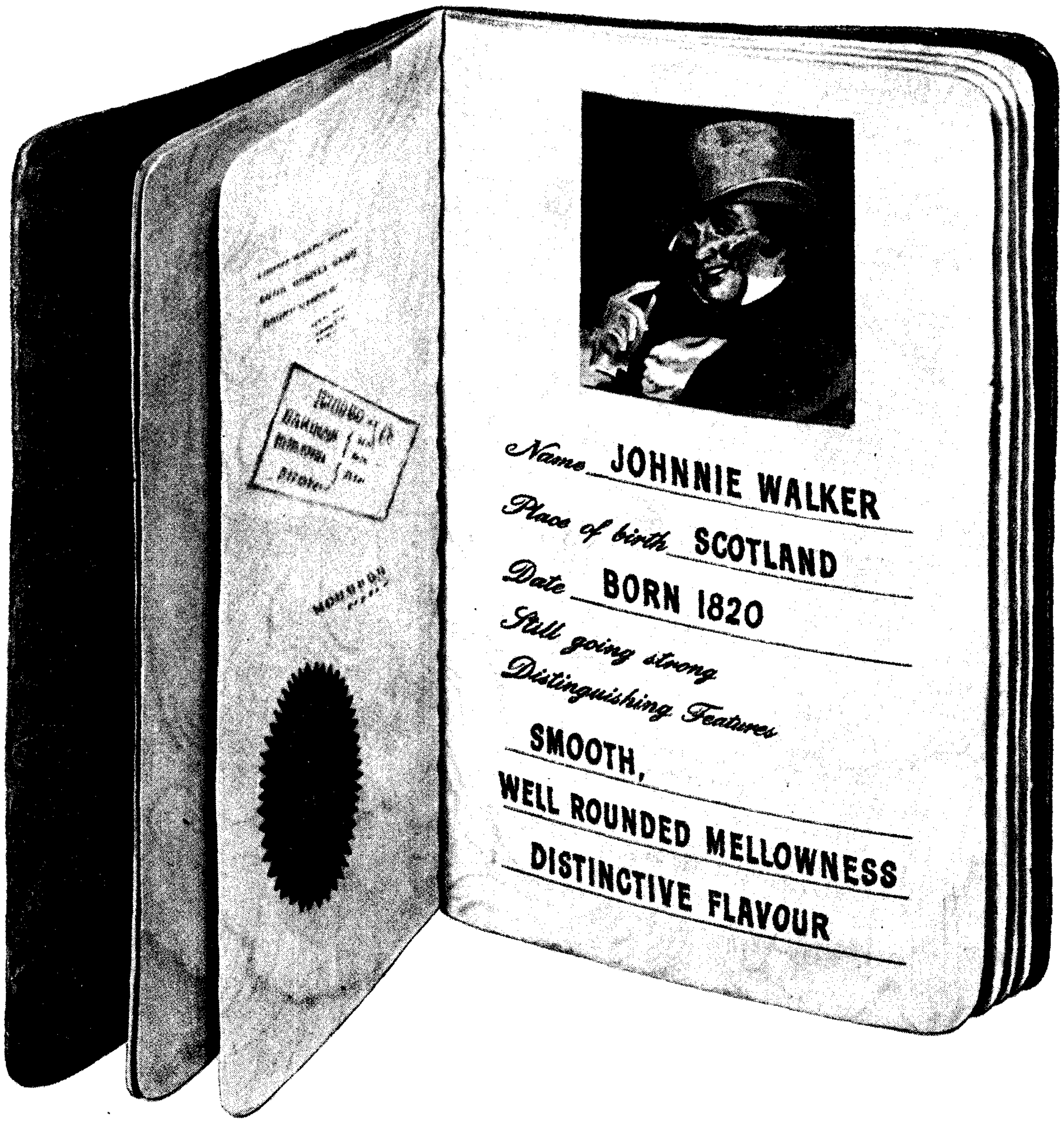
The most soul-satisfying highball you ever raised to your lips is one that's made with that richly mellow, deep-flavored whiskey—*Four Roses.*

You may, of course, find that your bar or package store is temporarily out of Four Roses these days. If so, we're very sorry. However, we want you to know that we're doing our level best to apportion the available supply of Four Roses so that *everybody* can get a fair share.

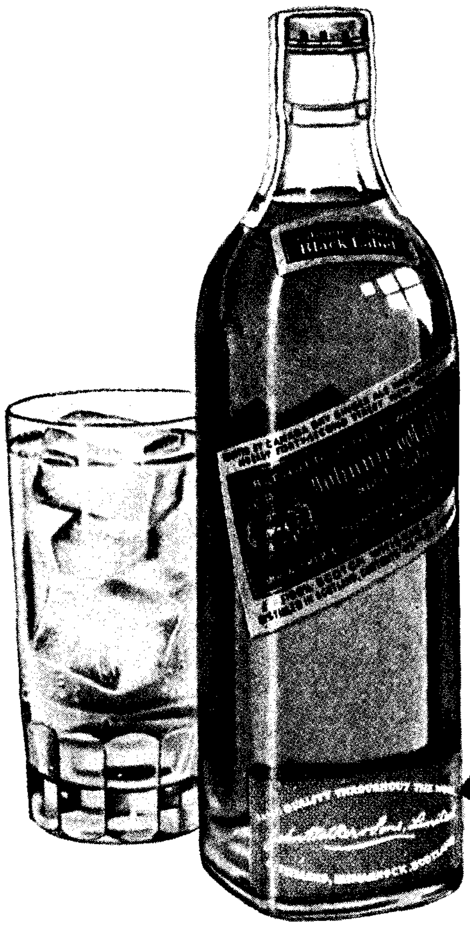
FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City


Name JOHNNIE WALKER
Place of birth SCOTLAND
Date BORN 1820
Still going strong
Distinguishing Features
SMOOTH,
WELL ROUNDED MELLOWNESS
DISTINCTIVE FLAVOUR

Passport of a Distinguished Scotch Friend



Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call . . . call again.

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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Black Label • 86.8 Proof

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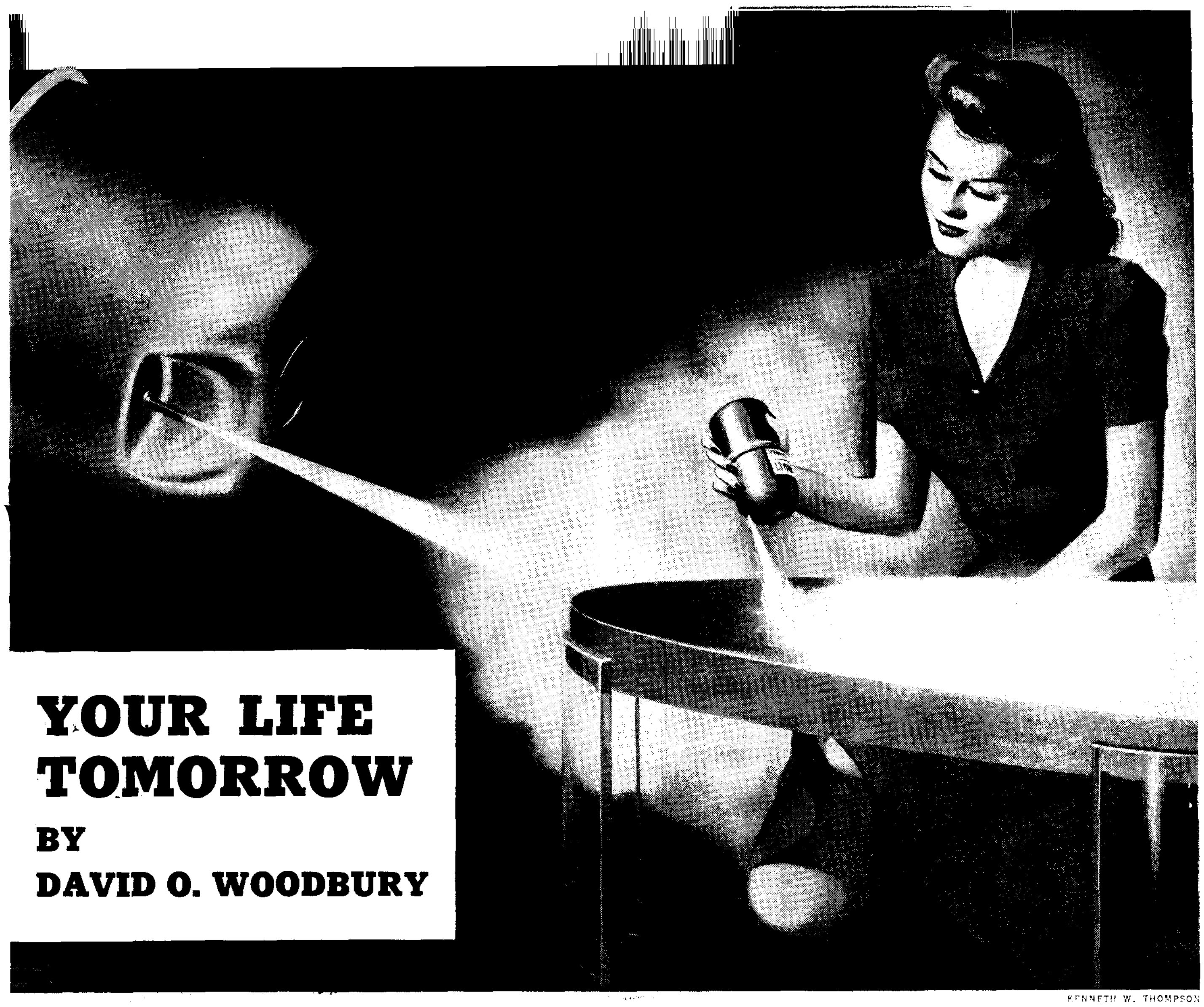


KENNETH W. THOMPSON

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY

DAVID O. WOODBURY

Paint with a Canned Tornado

The famous "aerosol bomb," seven million of which have already been shipped to the fighting fronts to kill off insects, has suggested to engineers a lively new way to paint home furniture, automobiles and other small objects on the home-owner's fix-up list. If the idea fulfills its postwar promise, you will be able to buy your paint, varnish and lacquer tightly sealed in special cans under high pressure, pre-mixed and ready to put on.

With this "paint bomb" in hand you will merely line up the work to be covered, turn a valve and spray on the new coating. No fussy mixing, no stirring or thinning, no brushes to wash, no compressor or air hose—nothing but a driving microscopic spray of paint under complete control. The job done, you will put the bomb away for further use or discard it when empty.

The principle of the paint bomb is related to refrigeration. A quantity of the gas Freon is compressed into a small, strong container till it becomes liquefied. In this liquid are dissolved the ingredients of the paints or lacquer. Opening the nozzle valve releases the liquid "refrigerant" into an all-pervading blanket of gas around the work. But the paint is carried along in fine droplets to form a thin film.

The bombs are cheap to manufacture and are perfectly safe because of a blowout plug which will leak, not explode, if the pressure gets too high.

Split-Second Fire Killer

Victory over the fire menace in wartime powder mills promises a brand-new standard of protection in factories and public buildings after the war. A new high-speed sprinkler system has been devised that is so sensitive to the slightest blaze that it starts a flood of water a fraction of a second after the fire begins.

Even in the best designed powder plants, disastrous fires and explosions are a constant threat. The tiniest spark will often mushroom out through a room so fast that workers are burned to death before they can reach emergency exits.

The problem of inventing an automatic extinguisher to prevent such disasters has stumped safety engineers for years. Even the fastest standard sprinklers, starting within three seconds of the fire, were found too slow. A radical improvement in principle was needed. Research has now developed a system that can actually kill a fire within two or three *tenths* of a second, and serious casualties are almost unknown.

The secret of the new fire fighter is a group of supersensitive electric heat detectors, located in various parts of the area to be protected. These operate with the speed of light, open the sprinklers by remote control and throw a solid curtain of water before the fire can spread. A special shape of water droplet is formed which has the greatest possible flame-killing ability.

Factories everywhere are already adopting the new system. After the war, it is sure to find wide application in stores and offices and probably in private homes. It has the one feature fire fighting most needs—extreme speed.

Paper Umbrellas Next?

Plain paper—that ugly duckling among engineering materials—is rapidly coming into its own as a substitute for war-scarce metals and fabrics. So far, the most fruitful discovery is that paper can be made to retain its full strength even when soaking wet. This new product can be washed, dried and used over and over, or it can be subjected to repeated wettings without losing its value as a container or protective covering.

Dirt cheap, paper of high "wet strength" will have hundreds of postwar uses now assigned to metals, fabrics and wood. A paper umbrella, for instance, is no pipe dream. It would have a whole set of removable coverings in different colors to match the costume of the owner and these would be replaced as they grew frayed. Then there will be paper dish towels and mops for the kitchen; hand towels, bath mats and washcloths for the bathroom, all of them just as soft and absorbent as the present cotton article, and as easily laundered. There will be wrapping paper that will stand any weather; paper containers for carrying wet vegetables; paper twine and tape as sturdy as any string. You will even be able to bring home a paper bag of ice cream some day. And high on the list will probably appear the housewife's dream: a really stylish paper plate, cheap enough to be used only once and thrown away.

The secret of high-wet-strength paper will be a plastic binder mixed with the wood pulp in manufacture, so that every fiber will be fastened to its neighbors with a waterproof bond. Paper today goes to pieces when wet, simply because the binder which holds the fibers together melts away. ★★★

Change of Heart

Continued from page 17

awareness of his nearness, and she began to shiver, her face was hot and her hands were cold, she was dizzy, lying perfectly flat in her bed, and her pulses were drumbeats.

Miles had not kissed her; nor was he conscious of her, yet she could feel this way about him.

It doesn't make sense, she told herself angrily, and with heartbreak.

In the morning she woke and for that split second between the dream and the waking, she was herself again—a girl with a job, a girl with an engagement ring. Then she remembered and was both ashamed and angry. She dressed, slowly, dreading to face Aunt Agatha's sharp eyes across the breakfast table, hoping that her father would not come down. Often, he did not, but made early coffee in his study, drank it, alone, and then went to work without seeing a member of his household.

Just her luck, of course, to find him already at the table, shaven and scrubbed, his thick hair battered into seemliness, and scowling over a newspaper, exchanging comments with Agatha, stately at the table's head, behind the silver coffee urn.

"Hi," said Adam, and "Good morning, Carol," said Agatha.

She smiled at them, managed a suitable greeting, looked with indifference at her orange juice and with revulsion at the scrambled eggs Ole offered her. She said, "Just black coffee and some dry toast, please, Ole."

Adam raised a heavy eyebrow. One of the minor charms of his child was the fact that she did not diet, that her appetite was as healthy as a good child's, and her metabolism took care of her indulgence. Helen was "careful" because although she was tiny and slim, she was over forty. Helen went in for temperance, massage, fresh air, exercise and moderation.

"And where were you last night?" he inquired.

She said, "Miles Duncan came. He had a date with Mother to work on the book and she hadn't been able to reach him and cancel it, so he turned up; we went to a newsreel, and then to a couple of other places."

"I heard you come in," said Agatha. She stated, without reproach, "It was rather late."

"I'm a big girl now," Carol reminded her.

"Where," asked her father, "is your young tycoon?"

"In Washington," said Carol. "Do you think he'd like to hear himself called a tycoon?"

"Very much," said Adam promptly.

Carol rose. She had drunk her coffee and part of her orange juice. An uninteresting-looking piece of toast was carefully crumbled on her plate.

She said, "Back to the salt mines. Goodby, darlings."

When she had gone, Agatha looked at Adam. She asked, "What's the matter with her?"

"Nothing, I hope," he answered, "but I passed up the sixty-four-dollar questions, when they pertained to women, many years ago."

Agatha said, "I don't like the way she looks."

"I do," said Adam. "She looks like me."

"Don't be willful," she said absently. "I mean—"

"You mean," interrupted Adam, "that, being young, Carol is fairly transparent. Or is she? She came in to breakfast, looking a trifle pale, and somewhat heavy around the eyes. She wouldn't eat. Which probably means, in modern diagnosis that she has a slight hang-over. Young Duncan," he added, with respect, "has quite a capacity. Maybe she tried to keep up with him."

"I doubt it," said Agatha, with asperity, "and trust not."

"Check," said Adam. "I have never seen my daughter plastered and I hope I never shall. So perhaps we may assume that she wasn't—last night."

"Naturally," said Agatha. "Personally, I think she's coming down with something."

ADAM asked carelessly, "You don't think she's coming down with love?"

Agatha jumped. She said, "She's already in love."

"Oh," said Adam, and shrugged, "with Lennox? I'm not so sure."

"Why?"

He said, "If I were Carol, I wouldn't be."

"My dear boy, you aren't Carol," Agatha reminded him.

Adam laughed. "Did you notice that she wasn't wearing the Lennox headlight this morning?" he inquired.

"I didn't," said Agatha. "But what does that signify? She may have decided not to wear it to the office."

"Perhaps," said Adam and lighted a cigarette. "Maybe she's found a new and more exciting interest."

Agatha said bluntly, "You mean Major Duncan? Don't be ridiculous."

He asked mildly, "What's ridiculous about it? There's a powerful pull to a returned hero, Agatha, and Duncan has the added appeal of youth."

"Carol," said Agatha, "has always been mature for her age, and Dudley Lennox isn't exactly senile. Besides—"

She hesitated and he asked, "Besides what?"

"Nothing," said Agatha.

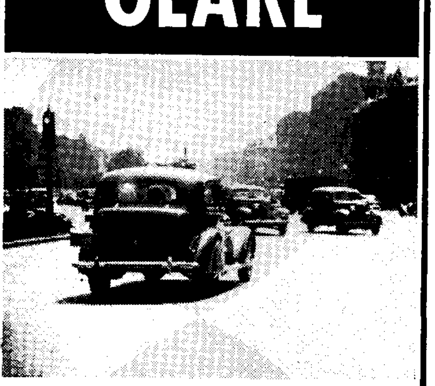
Adam put his cigarette in an ash tray. "Come, come, Agatha," he said, smiling, "it's not like you to retreat. You were about to say: 'Besides, Major Duncan has eyes for Helen only.'"

Agatha flushed. She said, "That's not in very good taste."

"Why not?" he said mildly. "We may as well be sensible about it. You haven't lived with us for as many years as Carol's been alive not to know our situation. Personally, I don't give a damn, as you also know. I've long relinquished hope that Helen wou
become a reasonable huma

Agatha looked at him ac
crystal and flowers. The s
in the big room, and her c
its cage at the windows. Sh
tering around the pantry. S.
take sides. I never have.

GLARE



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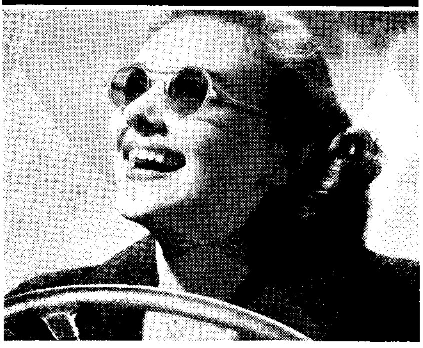

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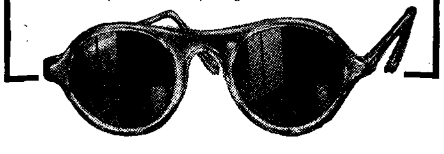

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POLAROID

DAY GLASSES

American Optical

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World's largest makers of ophthalmic products

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

make my home with you. But Helen acted in Carol's interest, Adam."

"Sometimes I wonder," he said. He added, "And I wonder, too, how much good it has done Carol, this publicly united family front. It's too late to speculate now," he went on, "so we won't. But as far as I am concerned, if Carol wants Lennox, all right. If she has decided that she doesn't, okay, too. She won't ask my advice, so I won't give it. She won't ask Helen's, but Helen will give it, anyway. Neither of us has earned the right to bestow it, gratuitously, Agatha. If Carol consults anyone at any time, it will be you. Yet I doubt even that. She's a pretty integrated person for a girl of her age. I suppose she's had to be." He pushed back his chair and rose. "Don't worry too much," he suggested.

HE WENT upstairs to his study. It was a rather bare, utilitarian workroom. Books were crowded on the shelves, and some were on the floor. There were a few pictures, several of Carol, one of Jenny Davis, one of a man who had been Adam Hillary's best friend and who had died in France in another war, and one of the plane he himself had flown.

He walked around the room, restlessly. He thought: Well, if it's true all hell's loose.

He had been highly and authentically amused by his beautiful wife, flying in from further exploits with her tow-colored scalp at her small waist. Fun and games. He'd been sorry for the kid, but he'd understood, more or less, his inevitable enchantment. He'd get over it and go back where he belonged, sooner or later.

Perhaps his novelist's imagination was clouding his normal perception, he thought. Just because Carol turned up at breakfast with, obviously, a distaste for food, and ringless, that was no pattern for a plot. But if something had happened last night, if she had discovered an interest in Duncan . . .

Not that Carol had a chance against Helen. Or had she? he wondered. There was a lot on her side: Youth, for one thing, virginity for another, and for the rest, those qualities which even a bedazzled kid might find miraculous—honesty, integrity, decency.

Which we haven't, he told himself somberly. Carol's a throwback. Helen isn't worth the powder to blow her up—and as for me—

He went to a battered little cupboard, took out a bottle of bourbon and poured himself a short drink. As a rule, he did not drink before noon, or hadn't, for many years. He drank and felt the oily smoothness, warm and suave, in his stomach. He looked at his desk and shook his head. He looked at the clock. Perdon would patter in presently. It lacked three minutes to the usual time of her arrival.

Three minutes passed. He occupied them contemplating the fact that if Carol had fallen in love with Miles Duncan, he, her father, was no longer amused.

Perdon rapped and came in. Adam looked at her and smiled. He said, "My punctual Perdon," and she flushed as if he had embraced her. He waved his hand at the table. "Genius," he reported, "does not burn. I'm going out. There's a batch of script to be typed. I've left it on your desk—"

She asked, "Where may I reach you?"

"I'll call in," said Adam and went out.

Perdon looked at the bar glass, still wet. She picked it up, carried it into the bathroom and washed it. She was disturbed. Mr. Hillary never drank in the morning, to her knowledge. And right after breakfast, too.

She shuddered. And also, she knew where he was going. When he was vague, when he promised to call in, he was going to That Woman.

Not that Perdon liked Helen Hillary. She disliked her very much. But you could hardly expect her to love Miss Davis. In the romantic type of book which Perdon read, curled up in her narrow bed in her respectable plush and gilt hotel, it was always to the faithful secretary that the great man turned when his married life was not all it should be.

CAROL went to the office. There was plenty to do. She was busy all morning. Her head ached slightly, which annoyed her, so she worked until she had something to complain about. At lunchtime she went downstairs into the vast mazes of the building, sat at a restaurant table with three or four of her coworkers and chocked down a glass of milk. And one of them cried, "What's wrong, Carol, you look ghastly."

Carol said, "I feel it." She added glumly, "Got any aspirin?"

Three friendly hands offered three white tablets. She took them all.

One of the girls inquired, "What happened to your ring?"

Carol regarded her naked finger. She replied with great simplicity, "I didn't wear it."

They shouted at her, and she grinned and lighted a cigarette. That had been a silly performance this morning. Put and take. Put Dudley's ring on and take it off. Perfectly idiotic. But it had seemed as heavy as a manacle, and just as desirable.

She said, "Stop cackling. I have the grandmother of all headaches."

When she returned home, her head still ached and she found her only consolation in the fact that it wasn't her night at the hospital and that Dudley wouldn't be back from Washington. She had spent the day doing her job with competence, if not brilliance, and with the surface of her mind. Beneath that surface she was supremely preoccupied. She thought: So now what do I do, go into conference with Dudley, return his ring, say, it was all a mistake, in the best tradition?

If she did, what happened after that? After that, she would be a young woman who had broken an engagement of short duration and was once again in the market. Only she wasn't in the market, she needn't shop around. She knew what she wanted. And what she wanted had a sold sign on it.

Maybe it would be smart to hang on to what she already had until—

Until when?

Besides, she no longer wanted what she had, which was very peculiar, as until last night she had wanted it very much.

Perhaps she ought to go on the air. Perhaps she should start right in practicing the opening gambit . . . "My problem, Mr. Anthony—"

Ole opened the door for her, cracked his wooden features into a grin and told her the daily news. Her mother was home, likewise her father; and Major Duncan was expected for dinner.

Magically, Carol's headache was gone and she bestowed a dazzling smile upon Ole and fled upstairs. When she reached Helen's landing, Helen called her:

"Is that you, Carol?"

"In the flesh," said Carol. She felt perfectly wonderful. She went into the bedroom. Helen was in bed. She was sitting up, her spectacular hair tied back with a pale pink ribbon. She wore a wisp of rosy chiffon. She said: "Come in, lamb. Philadelphia was terrific. I fought, tooth and nail—but I now have a contract. Of course, Jock fought too."

Jock was Hanson, her agent. Carol asked, "How many articles?"

"Six," said Helen. She added, "I got back, and went straight to bed, had lunch on a tray, a nap and then Cresson massaged me." She looked animated and lovely. "Miles is coming for dinner," she said, "and we'll work on the book afterward."

"How jolly," said Carol. She could feel the little men returning, little men with spurs on their heels and hammers in their hands, tramping gaily through her head.

Helen looked at her. She asked, "Just what do you mean by that? I don't like your tone."

"I'm sorry," said Carol and shut the door after her. Helen regarded its blank whiteness and felt herself frowning. With an effort she smoothed her face out, as with a mental iron. She thought, What's come over her?

Carol went upstairs. She ran a tub, undressed and dunked herself in the hot scented water and, lying back, regarded her straight little toes. The obbligato of hammers in her head ceased temporarily and her eyes felt as if she could open them wide without screaming. The tension in the back of her neck lessened and she turned her head cautiously and found that it could move and not break.

Nerves. A very bad case of the jitters because she had gone dancing last night and encountered the first, shockingly relentless physical attraction of her life.

She sat up in the tub and the suds swished around her with a little boiling sound. "But I don't *want* that," she said, aloud.

It didn't last, everyone said so. She had had a shining example of that truth before her eyes for twenty-three years. What else had brought an iconoclastic instructor of English and a precocious youngster with red-gold hair together? What else could have culminated in a marriage less than a month afterward?

SHE picked up the brush and the soap mitt and went to work. She'd dismiss this whole crazy business from her mind, she'd put her ring back where it belonged, and she'd run like the devil every time she saw Miles Duncan. He wouldn't be here forever. He'd get his orders once his leave was over, he'd go, heaven knew where, and she'd never see him again.

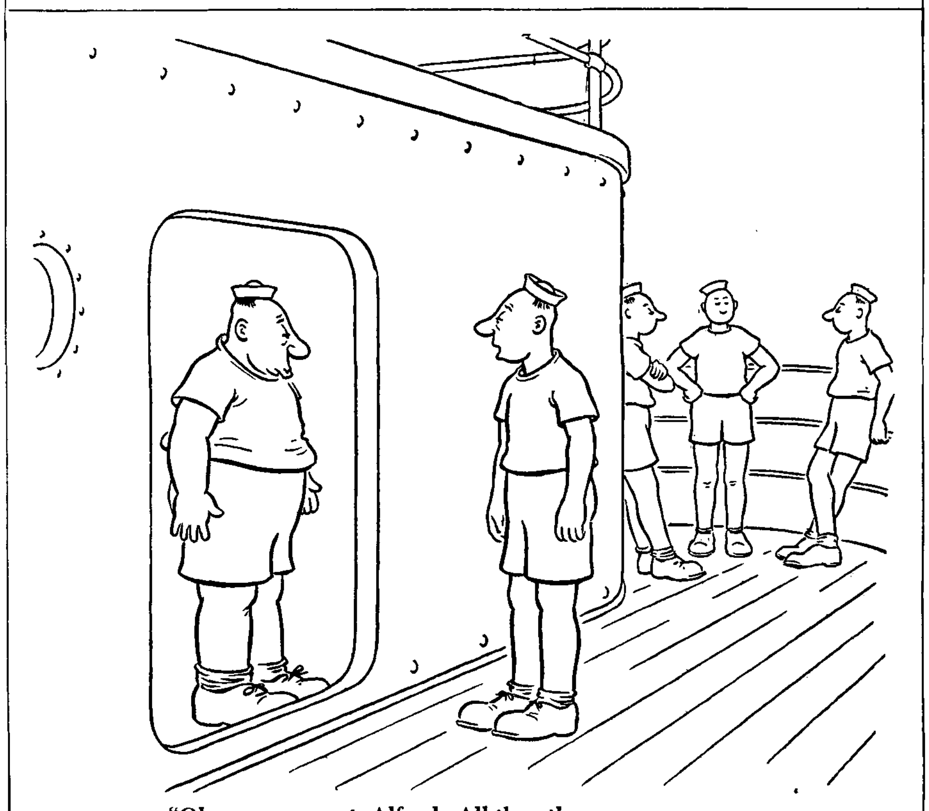
Which was all right with her; so the slow, hopeless tears slid over her wet, soapy face, and she rubbed her eyes with a face cloth and then there were more tears, because of the soap.

Carol was a little late for dinner and found Miles and Helen, Agatha and Adam finishing their drinks in the living room. Miles and Adam's were dry martinis, Helen's was tomato juice, Agatha's sherry.

Helen looked up as Carol came in. She said, pleasantly, "We had almost given you up. Ole has announced dinner. What do you want to drink?"

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Oh, come on out, Alfred. All the other men are wearing shorts and they don't think they're immodest"

U.S. NEEDS US STRONG
EAT THE BASIC 7 EVERY DAY

What the Artist Couldn't Paint

THE artist with his paints and brushes can capture most of the eye-appeal of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. But it takes a bowl and a spoon and an appetite to capture their taste appeal.

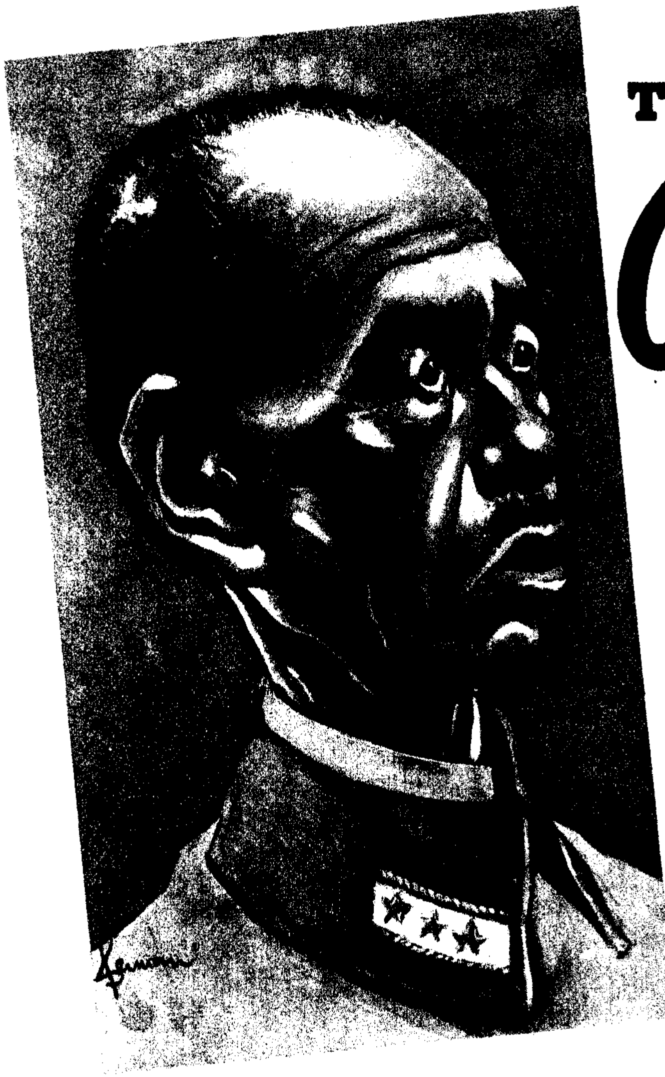
Millions of people know what a tasty, tempting breakfast they make — swimming in cool milk, with ripe red strawberries tumbled over them.

What many of them are not aware of is how important they are as *food*.

For the ingenuity of the folks at Battle Creek has been able to make every crisp flake the equal of the whole, ripe grain in nearly all the protective food elements declared essential to human diets.

That's a good thing to remember next time you get breakfast for your family. You don't need a nutrition course to know Corn Flakes are mighty good for them. They're America's most popular breakfast cereal.

The Grains are Great Foods — W. K. Kellogg



THE Guilty

SHUNROKU HATA

XLIV

IN THEIR long-delayed indictment of Japanese war criminals, the Chinese name General Shunroku Hata as the commander directly responsible for the inhumanities that have turned China into a torture chamber and slaughterhouse. They charge him with having given orders for the sack of Nanking, Hong Kong and other cities, *the wholesale butchery of civilians, and they* cite specific instances where he has used poison gas and even scattered plague bacilli, so that pestilence might ravage the land.

Any study of General Hata's record amply sustains these accusations. Born of a samurai family in 1879, trained as a soldier from early youth, and sent to Germany for a post-graduate course, not even Hideki Tojo is more the perfect expression of the Japanese military caste.

It was in Formosa that Hata first "blooded his sword," winning a reputation for savagery that earned him a transfer to the battlegrounds of China. As commander of the Shanghai area, he killed and burned with such ferocity that they called him to Tokyo to be War Minister. The militarists wanted a pact with Germany as a prelude to war against the United States, but a powerful group in Japan insisted that the "China Incident" be disposed of before taking on any other commitments.

Conspiring with the army, the new War Minister soon succeeded in overturning the cabinet, and not only did Japan sign a ten-year military alliance with Germany and Italy, but a way was opened for Hideki Tojo to kick out Prince Konoye and climb to power as Prime Minister and the country's real ruler. With plans for the attack on Pearl Harbor well under way, General Hata was sent back to China as commander in chief of all Japanese forces and was ordered to crush Chiang Kai-shek, regardless of means.

For a while, he was content with recognized methods of warfare, relying upon his tremendous superiority both on the ground and in the air. Unfortified towns were bombarded and bombed, and the helpless populations turned over to the mercy of brutalized soldiers urged on by their officers to every excess. Prizes were offered to the man who ran up the best scores by killing in "the old-fashioned way"—that is, the lopping off of heads with a two-handed sword. Individual scores, report the Chinese, were as high as 250. When resistance stiffened, however, Chiang Kai-shek's army more than holding its own, General Hata authorized the employment of gas. Here is the Chinese report on the storming of Ichang, a strategic Yangtze trade city:

"On October 8, 1941, when the enemy had been beaten back, the Japanese began the bombardment with gas shells and continued it throughout the 9th and the 10th. Japanese *planes, in relays of threes and fives,* participated in the gas attacks and dropped more than 300 gas bombs. The area was unusually crowded with civilians who had remained in the city. Types of gas used were sneeze gas, tear gas and mustard gas, the last mentioned causing many deaths. Of the 3,000 Chinese soldiers in Ichang that afternoon, 1,600 were gassed and 750 died. The evacuating soldiers could not ascertain civilian casualties."

A large majority of Hata's victories were due to the use of gas, for the Chinese, accepting Japan's assurances that the rules of The Hague Convention would be observed, were totally unprepared.

Worse, however, was to come, for when chemical warfare failed to achieve its objectives, General Hata turned to bacteriology. Again the Chinese file a detailed indictment:

"In the first instance, a quantity of wheat grains was dropped by Japanese planes over Ningpo. An epidemic broke out soon after and lasted thirty-four days, claiming ninety-nine victims. Diagnosis of plague was definitely confirmed by laboratory tests. A Japanese plane scattered wheat grains, rice and fleas over Chuhsien, Chekiang. Bubonic plague appeared thirty-eight days later, causing twenty-one deaths. Kinhwa was attacked by three planes, dropping a large quantity of translucent granules like shrimp eggs. Microscopic examination revealed the presence of plague bacilli.

"A Japanese plane, flying over Changteh, Hunan, dropped rice, paper and cotton wads on which bacilli were found. Later, nine cases of plague developed. Numerous circumstantial evidences, including infected rats, proved beyond doubt the origin of the epidemic. Lately, a serious attack of plague has broken out in Suiyan, Ningsia and Shensi. Six hundred cases were reported. A recent communiqué from military authorities stated that a large number of sick rodents were set free by the enemy there."

Let Shunroku Hata's barbarities be remembered against the day when maudlin sentimentalists will ask the Allies to "forgive and forget."... G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

"Martini," said Carol, "and I'm sorry I'm late. I'll take my cocktail to the table."

"Barbaric custom," said Adam, and poured her drink. "Consume it here in peace, and quiet. Dinner can wait."

Miles asked, "Not speaking to me this evening?"

She had scarcely looked at him. Now she did. He had risen at her entrance and was still standing, by the fireplace, his glass in his hand. She said, "Sorry, Miles—how apologetic I am all of a sudden! But you're just like one of the family now."

There was a distinct sting in her light voice. Miles' brows drew together and Adam looked quickly at Helen. But Helen was regarding Carol with astonishment. She said, "Darling, do these old eyes fail me, or are those my earrings?"

Carol's hand went up to one ear. She said, and indicated her jade pendant, "They are indeed. I had to chloroform Cresson to get them but I thought—as long as I was wearing my jade . . ."

Helen's earrings had been presented to her in China by a very distinguished gentleman. He was traveling at the same time and they were together part of the way; before she met Miles, the senator had procured the earrings from an equally distinguished ally and they were to be brought home as a peace offering for his wife, who did not care much for his world tour, nor his political ambitions, but longed instead for the peace of her New England farm.

Now the earrings glowed with the special radiance of gem jade in Carol's ears, and her skin looked very white, her mouth very red; and there was green in her gray eyes.

"And," added her mother, "aren't you doing your hair a new way?"

Usually, Carol wore her curly hair brushed back from a casual part and curling behind her ears. Tonight it was swept up and confined by a curved, engraved gold band, a half circle, the ends fastened to narrow black velvet ribbons, which her hair concealed. It was a hair ornament of another generation which Agatha had given her years ago.

The hair-do gave her height and piquancy. She said, "I felt very Alice in Wonderland. But Miles must be bored with all this—"

"I'm fascinated," he said promptly. He smiled at Helen and then looked at Carol, as she sat beside her father and lifted the glass to her lips. "Are you quite all right again?" he asked.

"Again?" repeated Helen. "What was wrong with her and when?"

"Last night," said Miles, before Carol could speak and she could have strangled him in hot blood, "we went dancing, and she had a spell of sorts."

"Spell?" said Adam. He thought, watching Carol's eyes. Maybe that's the word for it.

Helen looked startled. She said, "Carol doesn't have spells!"

"You wouldn't know," said Carol composedly. "I have them all the time. I think they used to be called the vapors."

Agatha said, "Be serious. Was it something you ate?"

Carol laughed. "I haven't the remotest idea what I ate," she answered.

Ole appeared looking plaintive. Helen rose. She wore a short black frock, beautifully fitted. What had possessed Carol to wear a long dress—and how effective the jade was with the paler green, almost too effective, thought Helen crossly.

But she put her arm through her daughter's and looked up at her. She had to look up, a little. Having known for years that high heels and high hair are mere camouflage for a tiny woman, she capitalized upon her lack of inches. She never wore anything higher than cuban heels on the street, her evening slippers were made for her, and in the house she wore pumps the size and last of a dancing-school child's, or ballet slippers.

She asked, "Are you going out tonight? I thought Dudley was in Washington."

Carol looked at her ring as if it were a receiving set. She said, "He is. But I thought I might scare up somebody, over thirty-eight or 4F."

"Would I do?" inquired her father as they entered the dining room. "I answer the requirements and it's been a long time since we've had a binge together." He waited until they were seated. "How about it?" he asked his wife, "Couldn't you and Miles forego the pangs of biography and step out with us?"

Miles looked interested but Helen said quickly, "No, it isn't possible. We have to work. My time is so limited and Miles may be off any day." She glanced at him just in time to see his face alter. "Why, Miles," she said, "would you like to go—?"

He smiled at her. "No, of course not," he said, "but—" he shrugged. "I don't suppose I feel comfortable with the book yet," he confessed.

ADAM said cheerfully, "Tell you what. We'll pick a spot, not too hot nor too bright, but bright and hot enough, and Carol and I will go there, and when you two slaves are through with the evening grind, you can join us and we'll buy you a drink."

Helen looked, for her, uncertain, but Miles said, "That would be swell, sir."

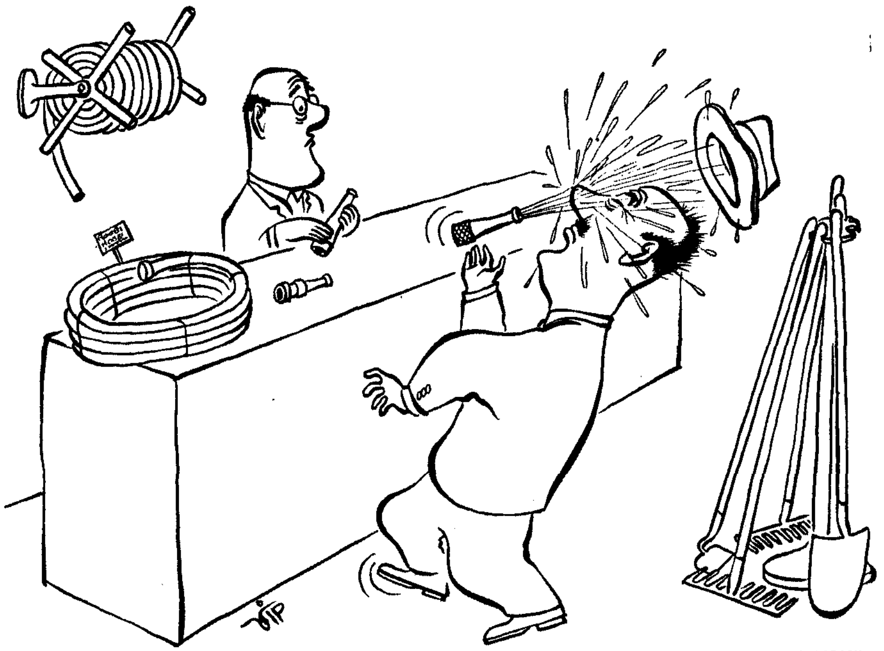
Adam said, irritably, "And forget the 'sir.' I can feel the beard grow in the grave." He looked at Agatha. "How about you?" he inquired. "It would do you good to get drunk, Agatha, once every ten years."

She said, calmly:

"When my sister married Helen's father I had too much champagne." Her eyes twinkled. "She was *younger* than I," she told Miles, "and I was very fond of her and, also, a little in love with *him.* Anyway I was humiliatingly ill thereafter, so since then I have been abstemious. Besides," she added, "I have secured three excellent new records and four mysteries. I'll stay home, thank you just the same, Adam."

Helen said, "Now the family skeletons appear." She turned to Miles. "I think Aunt Agatha remained in love with my father," she said, "because when after Mother's death he remarried—I was about five at the time—she appeared like an avenging angel and swept me off to live with her. Poor Father . . . not," she added thoughtfully, "that he cared."

"Nonsense," said Agatha, "and don't shock



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

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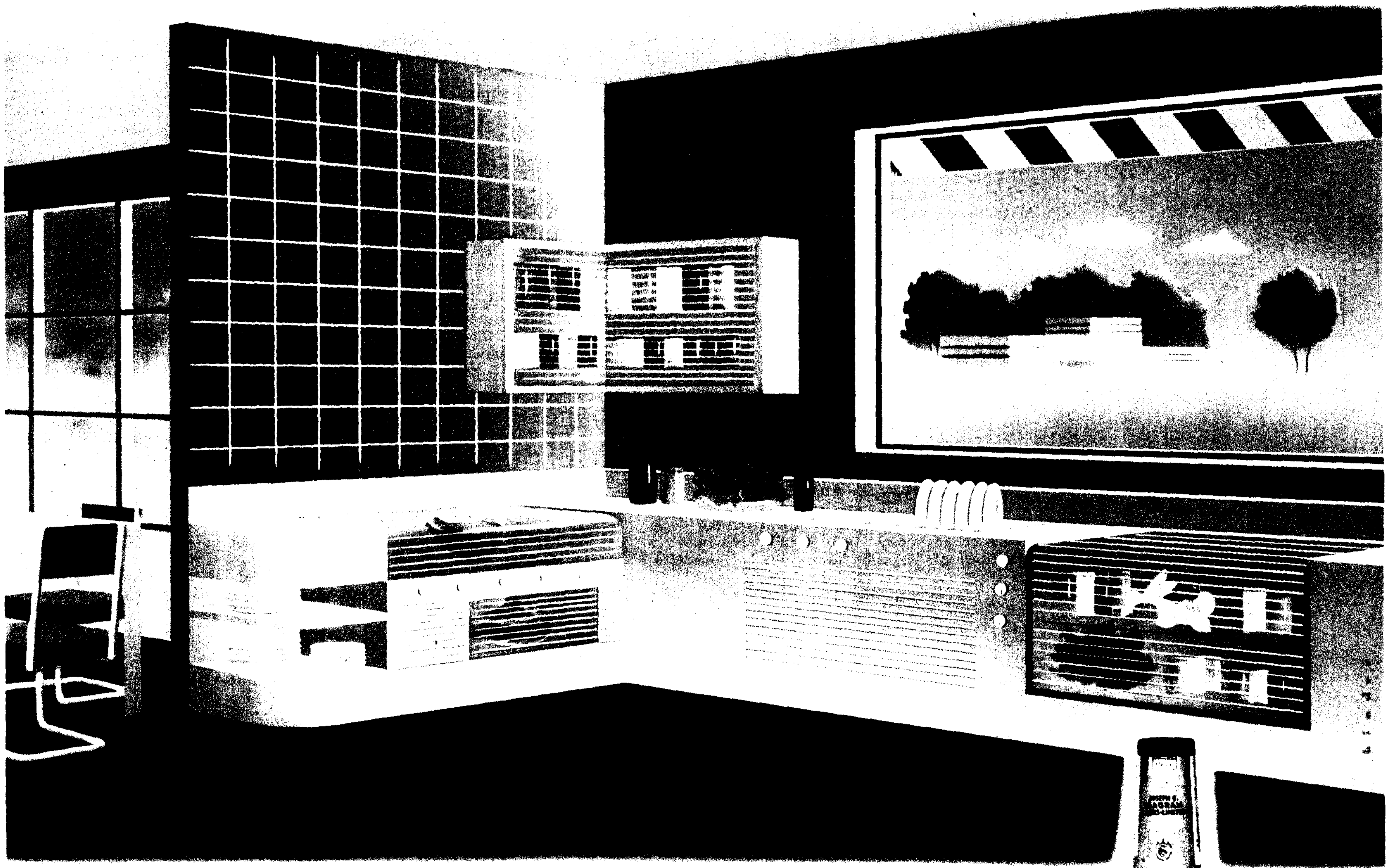

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Major Duncan. Your father had the world's worst disposition, Helen. I learned that shortly after my sister married him. So, fell out of love."

Adam said, lightly, "Isn't it remarkable—how soon you know you've fallen out, and how uncertain you can be that you've fallen in?"

AFTER dinner, Adam changed. "I know it's wartime," he told Carol, "but I simply cannot be seen with you in all your glory, in hairy tweeds." He called a taxi and he and Carol went out into the lovely night. He had sent Ole to the telephone during dinner, and as a result there would be tickets at a box office. How he managed these things no one knew. The tickets were for the musical which was a rival to Jenny's success. They missed most of the first act, of course, but the second was lively enough. Adam said, when they left the theater, having been stopped by a dozen people, "It's not far—shall we walk?"

She said, "What's the place like? New?"

"It's small and rather nice. A pretty girl sings, there's room to dance. I discovered it a couple of years ago. It isn't one of the more publicized *boites*. As I recall our final arrangements, we were to phone your mother and see if she and Miles were still working." He added, "I called Jenny at the theater before we left . . . she may join us later, if she can get away from a supper party."

Well, that's cozy, thought Carol. She was fond of Jenny. She liked being with her. She believed that she was very civilized about the situation, but nevertheless it made her uneasy.

They walked uptown a few blocks and presently turned, and there was the place—small, canopied, with a doorman who all but fell on Adam's neck. He had phoned for a table apparently. There it was in the corner, and a thin Frenchman was greeting Adam in his own language. . . . Adam presented him to Carol. He said, "Carol, this is Henri De—"

"Merely, Henri," said the Frenchman.

"Henri," Adam corrected himself, "and this, Henri, is my daughter."

Henri said he was enchanted. He said, "She resembles you, a little." He added, "There will be others in your party?"

"Three, I think."

"I may order?"

"Of course."

When Henri had gone Carol said, "I'll find the little girls' room and do over my face. Who is Henri?"

"An old friend. I knew him in France."

Carol recalled that Henri walked with a limp. Adam went on, "I was billeted at his mother's house for a time. It was a lovely place: there were walled gardens and a silent, green park . . ."

She asked, "And he's here, doing this . . . ?"

"He's here. He's doing this," agreed Adam, "but perhaps other things besides. We won't talk of that. I'll phone your mother, while you're gone."

Carol went into the little powder room, spoke pleasantly to the maid. She thought: I bet a nickel father financed this place. She puzzled over that for a minute, and then she thought: I wonder if he'll come.

She was not thinking of Adam or his old friend Henri.

When she returned, Adam was drinking Scotch. He offered her his cigarette case and she took a cigarette from it. It was very thin, satin-smooth platinum. Jenny had given it to him, she supposed.

He said, "Carol, before they come, I want to ask you something."

"Yes?" Her voice was steady but her heart was not. His tone was very grave:

"Are you in love with Dudley Lennox?"

She said, quickly, "Of course," looked up, looked away. And added, honestly, "I thought so."

"And you don't think so now?"

"I'm not sure."

"Why?"

The probe hurt; she was restive under it. She asked, evasively, "How do I know? How does anyone know?"

"You've got something there," he agreed, "for certainly, if you aren't sure, then you can be sure you're not in love and likewise if you are sure, it may not last, forever."

She asked, after a moment, "Are some things worth wanting and trying to take even if they won't last?"

"I've always been of that opinion," he said, "which is quite silly of me."

Carol looked at the end of her cigarette. She said, "You write a lot about love. How much do you know?"

"Oh, nothing," he said, after a moment, "or everything. I've loved two women in my life . . . and I am not speaking of paternal affection, Carol. They were as different as possible, so perhaps I know a good deal after all."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean . . . I shouldn't have asked that."

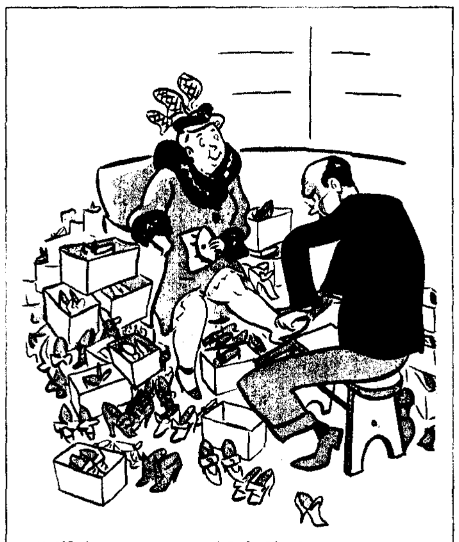
"No," he agreed, sadly, "intimacies between father and daughter who have lived together for twenty-three years on the hearty, live-and-let-live plan aren't indicated perhaps."

She said, "Let me ask you this, then . . . If you *know* an attraction is just physical—what do you do about it?"

Steady, he warned himself, here we have it. He said carefully:

"Look, Carol, there has to be that, or it's no good at all, see? No one, living or dead, can tell you how long it will last. It might last a week, a month, a year, ten years, a lifetime. It has, you know. That's something you find out for yourself, my dear. And while you're finding it out, you also discover if it's 'just,' as you put it. It might not be *just* . . . it might be a great deal more. Only you have to grow into the other, the companionship and sharing and understanding. I'm talking like a novelist now. But it's true, novelist or not. If you grow into that, and the original pull remains—well, you're lucky. Not everyone has it all—"

She said, thoughtfully, "So if you have the attraction to start with, then, it's worth a gamble?"



"I'll bet you could kill the government for giving me shoe coupons"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

He looked up, as if compelled, toward the door. He said, quietly, "Here come your mother and Miles. As for its being worth a gamble, that's something you must decide for yourself."

He was tense, suddenly, with excitement. He thought, She'll decide and I'll be around. I'm dealing myself in. I'll play it close to my chest, the smart way.

Watching Helen come toward them, noting that she too had changed—she had kept the kid cooling his heels and heart while she had done so—noting that she was as animated and lovely as he had ever seen her, his heart tightened. He didn't give a hoot about Mrs. Adam Hillary. But he gave considerably more than that for Mrs. Hillary's daughter. And he liked Miles.

He rose and smiled at them. He said, "You're just in time."

THEY reached the table and Helen looked inquiringly at the fifth chair. Adam explained, "Jenny may drop in," and Helen said, "That's nice," and regarded the small room with composure. She commented, "But this is a very attractive place . . ."

They sat down, and Miles ruffled his eyebrows into a half scowl as Carol asked brightly, "How did the work go?"

"Not so hot," he told her, and Helen sighed. She said, smiling:

"I can't do anything with him. He gets going, beautifully, and then clams suddenly when I ask questions."

"Perhaps you ask the wrong ones," suggested her husband pleasantly.

Henri appeared and Adam said, "I don't think we'll wait for Miss Davis, Henri." He presented the thin dark man to Helen and Miles. Henri's face regarding Helen was flattery itself, but also rather bewildered. He shook the hand Miles offered and said, "This is a privilege, Major."

Adam said, carelessly, "When Miss Davis comes no doubt she will want her usual . . ."

Henri's face went blank with amazement, but he managed to say, "Of course, Adam."

When he had gone Helen said, lightly, "Poor little man. He was trying so hard to be discreet!"

Adam said, flatly, "Jenny and I have come here often since the place opened. We like it."

"You seem to know him rather well," Helen said.

"In France," Adam told her. "I told you about it . . . you've probably forgotten."

Her eyes opened wide. She said, "Not Henri Marie De—"

"Just Henri," he interrupted, "which is the way he prefers it." He explained to Miles, "As I told Carol, before you joined us, I was billeted at his mother's place. We were good friends. He has been in this country since just after the fall of France. How he got here we do not inquire nor do we examine his present activities—those which have very little to do with the restaurant business. Inquiries would render them useless."

Miles said with respect, "I get it," and Helen said crossly, "If he's connected in some way with the underground, why not say so and let it go at that? You're so devious, Adam." She thought a moment and then added, "He had, I believe, a sister?"

"He had," said Adam, "but she died."

"I begin to remember," said Helen.

Carol was hot with embarrassment. What must Miles think? She had often been present at various verbal skirmishes between her parents. She hadn't enjoyed them, but they weren't her business. Now, suddenly, they were.

She glanced at Miles and found him staring at Adam with hostility. She said quickly, "Let's dance, Miles."

THE little orchestra was playing a waltz. The atmosphere of the whole place was three-quarter time—muted, gentle, unhurried. Miles rose, and Carol went into his arms. She saw her mother regarding her with speculation, and the blood rose hot to her cheeks.

Adam watched them dance. He addressed his wife amiably. He asked, "They look well together, don't they?"

"Why, yes," said Helen easily, "very well."

"So well," Adam remarked negligently, "that I'd like to promote a—an understanding between them. Miles would make a congenial son-in-law . . . provided he'd get over his natural dislike for me."

Helen said, shortly, "That's ridiculous."

"At the moment, yes," agreed Adam.

Miles and Carol danced in silence. She didn't want to talk. Besides, what was there to say? But she moved closer to him, quite consciously and his reaction was automatic. He tightened his arm about her, bent his tall head and felt the silken touch of her hair against his cheek. He spoke for the first time, aware of a pleasurable excitement which astonished him.

"No swooning on me tonight, mind," he warned her, laughing.

She said, with a sedateness she did not feel, "I'll try not to, Miles, but I promise nothing."

She lifted her head, and he would have been both blind and stupid to ignore the soft, luminous regard, and the deliberate challenge of her red mouth.

He demanded, "Hey, what are you trying to do?"

"If you don't know," said Carol, her heart hammering, "I've failed. I must be slipping."

"You don't look like a two-timing gal," said Miles. "What would Lennox say?"

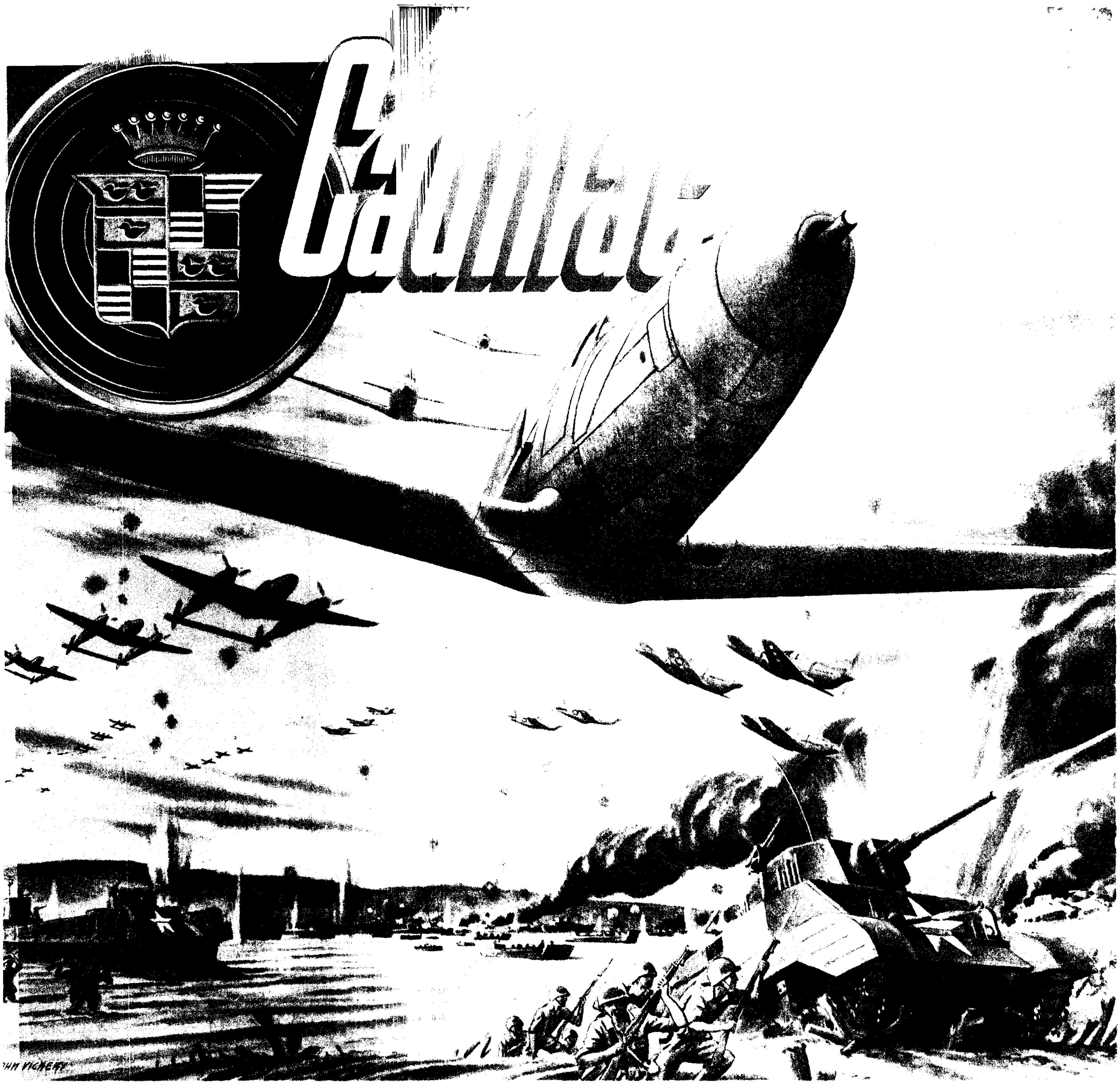
Carol shrugged. "I wouldn't know," she admitted, "as the situation has not arisen before."

He said, as if astonished, "I don't believe I ever realized how pretty you are—"

Carol said, "It's high time." She looked toward their table, as they came closer to it and added with resignation, "Mother is sending up smoke signals . . ."

They danced up to the table and stopped. And Helen said sweetly, "Soup's on."

Henri's supper, delicate and ineffable, was being served. It consisted of an omelet which was out of this world, a good Chablis,



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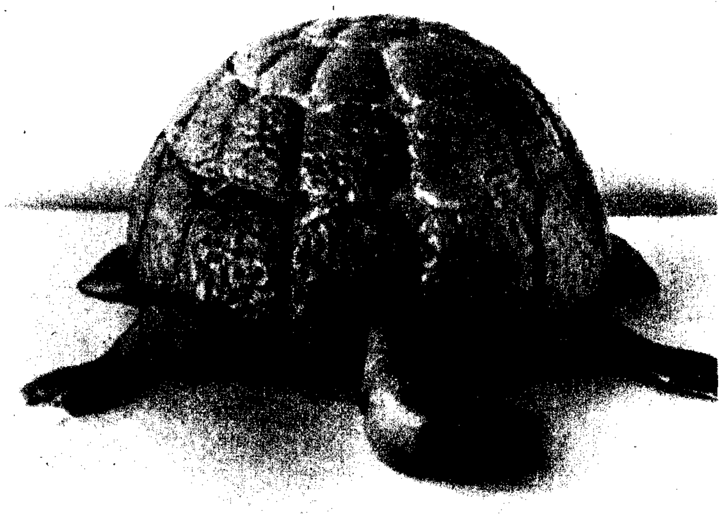

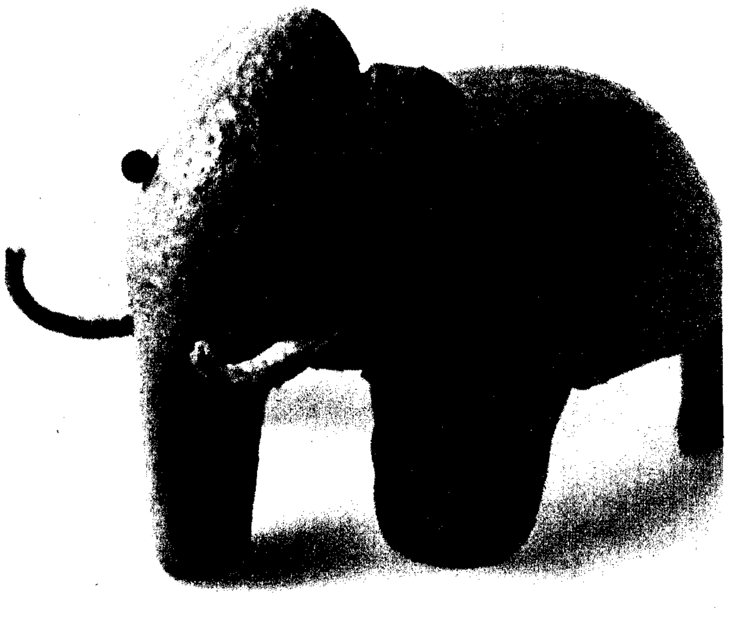

Henry Rox, sculptor and assistant professor of art at Mt. Holyoke College, whittles some whimsical citrusculpture for your amusement. Mr. Rox's materials consist of thick-skinned oranges and grapefruit, a sharp knife, a large spoon for separating the rind from the fruit, pins and toothpicks for fastening and stiffening, and beadpins for eyes. An eyebrow pencil provides facial expressions

and salad, expertly tossed, merely breathed upon by the garlic. Coffee and sweet to follow, Adam told them.

"This is marvelous," said Miles with reverence and almost reluctantly touched his fork to the yellow cloud. Helen looked from him to her daughter. She said, smiling, "You two seem to be getting on better."

"Haven't we, always?" inquired Carol, but Miles cut in. He said, "Ah!" with satisfaction as the omelet melted in his mouth. Then he grinned at Helen. "You ought to keep her under lock and key," he suggested, "or at least until Lennox comes home. I believe she's trying to make me."

"Just to keep my hand in," Carol assured him earnestly.

Good, thought Adam in rising excitement, she's serious, he doesn't know it, and she's careful to see that he doesn't. But it puzzles him, and he likes it.

HELEN said nothing, but her rosy mask concealed considerable irritation. She was glad when, a moment later, Jenny entered. She came straight to their table, sank in the chair waiting for her, and cried, "I thought I'd never get away . . ." Her eyes, turned on Adam, were brilliant. "Hello, everybody," she added, smiling. "I've just run out on two first-string critics and a beautiful young man . . ."

Adam asked, "Have you had anything to eat?"

"One glass of champagne and a saltine."

Helen shuddered. She said, "Darling, what a combination!"

"The champagne was ages ago," said Jenny, "and one saltine does *not* stick to the ribs."

Helen said, "Well, now you can eat in peace . . . Adam, do get a waiter. The service," she went on, "is remarkably good. Of course it's my first time here, and you and Adam are probably *persona grata*."

Jenny's eyes fled to Adam's, but his face was still and unrevealing. He said, "Henri has your supper order, Jenny."

Henri came, following the boy with the tray, and Miles, surveying Jenny's supper, laughed, greatly entertained: Crackers and milk, bread, butter, and brown sugar. Also, carrot sticks.

"Minerals," explained Jenny gravely, "protein, calcium, and a dash of vitamin A."

"How perfectly ghastly," Helen murmured. She had scarcely touched her omelet and salad and her wineglass was full.

"Our Jenny," said Adam, "has gone on a diet—after midnight. She now eschews the succulent lobster, the creamy chicken à la king, the guinea hen under glass."

The sound of crackling carrots was loud, as Jenny chonked effectively. She said, "I feel ever so much better—not that I ever felt badly."

Helen smiled, with an effort. She asked Miles, "Would you care to dance with an elderly female who detests carrots?"

He rose, with alacrity, but at the moment the lights went down, and the baby spot shone on the girl who had just appeared at the piano. So they sat down to listen to her. She was small and dark, with straight black hair hanging to her shoulders and heavy bangs. She had the face of a wistful monkey and beautiful hands. She sang in French. Her songs were quiet and nostalgic, her voice was small and lovely.

Carol's heart constricted. All the sad, lovely, wonderful, hopeless things she had felt since the night before were here, in the dark velvet voice, smooth as cream, haunting as a remembered spring. It was not a night-club voice. It was scented with fresh lilacs.

A large, wet tear slid down her cheek, and she swallowed, making a small, forlorn sound, like a child. Miles, next to her, was the only one who heard. He put his hand out and touched her. "Hey," he whispered, "what's wrong?"

"Nothing," she said fiercely, "do be quiet!"

But the lights came on, and he was not the only one who saw her touch her handkerchief to her cheek in a swift, ashamed gesture.

CAROL rose, before the encore, excused herself and went to the powder room. And Miles asked, "What happened? She was crying!"

"Carol never cries," said Jenny. Her little face was anxious and she looked at Adam who shook his head at her slightly.

He said, low, "I felt like crying too . . . it's a rather lovely song. It's all of a France which used to be but which has not existed for years except in sentimental imaginations."

Helen said sharply, "She can't feel well."

"Maybe she's in love," suggested Adam carelessly.

"Of course she is," said Jenny, wide-eyed. "Do you suppose she and Dudley have quarreled?"

"I suppose," said Adam, "nothing of the kind. I'd quite forgotten the little gentleman, with his finger on the nation's pulse."

"But," began Miles and closed his mouth tight. He flushed, picked up his wineglass and drank, hastily. Adam watched him with satisfaction and Helen rose. She said in tones of the utmost concern, "I'd better go and see what's the matter."

She found Carol alone in the blue-and-rose room, sitting before the mirror, repairing her lipstick, doing things with a powder-filled bit of cotton. Helen sat down beside her, at the next mirror and took out her own weapons. She asked, "What in the world happened to you, Carol?"

"Nothing," said Carol. "Can't a girl raise her hand and be excused? It happens every day."

Her mother said, "You were crying. We all saw it."

Carol said, "I liked the song."

"You sit through Tristan, dry-eyed. I've seen you."

"I don't like Wagner."

Her mother said, coaxingly, "If there's anything wrong, tell me. Perhaps I can help you. Have you and Dudley quarreled?"

"How come you dreamed that up?" asked Carol.

"It was Jenny's suggestion."

"She's wrong," said Carol; "we haven't—yet."

"Yet?"

Carol said, after a moment, "When he returns, I'm breaking my engagement."

Helen's color vanished, with shock. She asked, incredulously:

"Are you out of your mind?"

"No," said Carol, "not any longer. I've decided that I don't want to marry him. It's customary to break the engagement in such circumstances."

Her mother said, "But what *has* he done?"

"Nothing. And don't look at me, so helplessly. You aren't, really," Carol said.

Helen rose and closed the silver-gilt frame of her brocade bag. She said, "Well, I must say I'm very sorry for Dudley. He is sincerely in love with you. He doesn't deserve this."

"No," agreed Carol, "probably not."

"You have never been fanciful before," said Helen.

Carol forced herself to look at her mother. She kept her eyes cool and her voice even. She thought, angrily, Why does she have to be so beautiful? She thought, heavily, I've never really loved her, I've never even been very fond of her, I've just been sort of ex-

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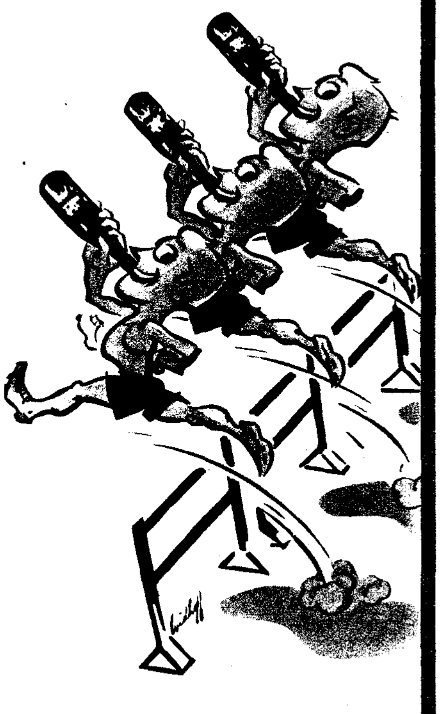

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asperatedly crazy about her because she is so lovely and because she does all the things I'd like to do, and can't . . .

She said, "You wouldn't know. Perhaps I'm full of whimseys. You aren't around much, Mother."

Helen asked quietly, "Are you reproaching me?"

"Why should I," Carol asked, "at this late date?"

Helen said, still quietly but with vigor, "Carol, you aren't a child. You have known for years how matters stand between me and your father. You are quite intelligent enough to realize that we have remained together—ostensibly, that is—for your sake. And that," she added, bringing up the heavy artillery, "was my idea, not his. He was most reluctant."

Carol said, after a moment, "Well?"

"Well what?" asked her mother. "I don't understand you at all. One moment you go to pieces because a girl sings a stupid little song, which she enunciated so badly that I fail to see how anyone could translate the words—and the next, you are utterly without feeling."

Carol said, "I don't think you've gained anything, Mother. I haven't had much of a life between you."

"I suppose," said Helen, "the next thing you'll say is that you didn't ask to be born!"

"It's cliché, certainly," Carol agreed, "but —*did* I?"

HELEN said, quickly, "When I first knew that your father and I couldn't possibly be happy, when I realized that practically any woman meant more to him than I, I determined it need not wreck my life nor complicate yours. I determined I would be successful, for you, and for me. And I have been."

"And also," amended Carol, "for yourself."

Her mother was silent. Then, she said, "You are behaving very badly and are extremely impertinent as well. Just one thing more . . . are you serious in saying that you intend to break your engagement to Dudley Lennox?"

"Quite serious."

Helen asked, slowly, "Are you in love with anyone else?"

"Why naturally," Carol answered. This was it, and she braced herself for it.

"May I ask, with whom?"

"You may ask," said Carol, and her smile was dazzling. She added a touch of unnecessary rouge to her bright lips and put a coin on the china plate on the dressing table as the maid appeared suddenly, very old and thin in her black frock and white apron.

Carol spoke to her in French and went to the door. She said, cheerfully, "I'm ready, Mother, are you?"

"Quite," said Helen.

Carol's knees were paper but she ignored them and the fact that her hands were cold and she felt a little ill. It was all right. It was out in the open. They were both ready.

The maid looked after them. Mother and daughter; the older woman looking so young and so very beautiful; the younger one—well, perhaps not as beautiful but youth is always lovely. And such friends, she thought, like sisters. It was all very sentimental and charming. She sighed, with pleasure, plucked the coin from the saucer and from force of habit rang it thoughtfully on the glass of the dresser. It was honest coin.

Carol was on her way to breakfast the next morning when Cresson popped out of Helen's room and beckoned her. She reported in a stage whisper, "Mrs. Hillary wishes to see you, Miss Carol. She has not had a good night and her head aches . . ."

Carol went in. The room was darkened and Helen wore a black eyeshade. It lent her a masquerade air. Her chiffon nightgown and matching jacket were daffodil yellow and her hair wore a yellow ribbon.

"Good morning," said Carol cheerfully, keeping her voice muted in deference to the prevailing atmosphere.

"What's good about it?" Helen asked.

"Everything," said Carol, "the sun's shining, it's hot, and in another week or so I think we can open the cottage."

The cottage was on Long Island, available for week ends for Carol, with a good local maid, and week ends for Adam and Helen and their guests, when they were home and amenable.

Helen shook her head. She said, "Cleaning and drapes, and wrestling with ration stamps! I think we won't bother this year. If Marta could go down it would be different but she won't, and besides, she has to be here."

"I'll wrestle," said Carol. "Cresson said you wanted to see me."

It was strange talking to a woman behind a mask. Or had she always worn it? Helen's mouth was composed. She said, "Yes. When do you expect Dudley back?"

"Tonight. He's coming here for dinner."

Her mother said, "I shall be out. I have to go to the Anzac Club . . . and I thought it might interest Miles to go with me. Afterward we'll work . . ."

Carol said, "That will be nice."

"I have almost enough material," Helen said; "there are just a few more things—" her voice trailed off.

"It must be a very small book," said Carol courteously.

"They're usually small," said her mother. "Miles isn't a war correspondent," she added with some acidity, "and also it isn't the story of his life. It's the story of his flying, the various missions . . . these books are more effective if they are brief . . . Metropolis wishes to publish it, complete in one issue, before book publication," she added.

COLLIER'S cover this week pays tribute to Memorial Day. Army Nurses Mary Sarah Pavlick (left) of Pittsburgh, and Louise B. Mays of Towson, Maryland, place flowers at the nurses' memorial in Arlington National Cemetery. The white stones in the background mark the graves of nurses who served in the Civil, Spanish-American and first World wars. Two hundred and seventy-one Army nurses and nineteen Navy nurses died in service during World War No. 1, and three others, of the Army, were wounded.

The memorial, The Spirit of Nursing, made of Tennessee marble, was unveiled and dedicated November 8, 1938. It was sculptured by Frances Rich, lieutenant (jg) in the Waves. Lieutenant Rich had for her model Major Ruth E. Parsons, an Army nurse of Washington. Mrs. Paul Hube, a former nurse, conceived the idea of a memorial in 1928 and made an initial gift of $100. While Army nurses are represented on our cover, the memorial is to the nurses of both services, and together they have contributed approximately five thousand dollars for its construction. . . . I. M.

"That's fine," said Carol.

Helen said, "He doesn't want the money. It's to go to the Air Corps Relief." She moved her shoulders under the yellow chiffon.

Carol asked patiently, "Was that what you wished to tell me?"

"I didn't wish to tell you anything." With a sudden, sharp gesture Helen snatched away the eyeshade. Her black eyes blinked once or twice, accommodating themselves to the dim light. She asked, "Were you serious, when you said you intended to break your engagement?"

"You asked me that last night."

"I haven't slept much since," said Helen, "so I'm asking you again."

"The answer," said Carol, "is the same."

Her mother said, "You are being absurd." She hesitated, which was unusual. She added, "And I can't imagine . . . that is to say, to my knowledge you've met nobody since your engagement, except Miles Duncan."

"That's right," said Carol.

"But you can't *mean* that," said Helen and sat up to stare at her daughter. "You can't. It must be somebody you knew, before."

Carol smiled and said nothing.

Helen lay back against the pillows. She said, after a moment, "Am I to understand that you are in love with Miles?"

"Can you?" asked Carol.

Helen said impatiently, "You're as devious as your father. Of course I can understand, academically. He's young, attractive, and a hero. An unbeatable combination. Dudley hasn't a thing but charm, good looks, success and most of the money in the world!" She added, "While Miles has the added interest of being poor, practically nothing but his pay, and no future. He will return to combat eventually, and if he comes home—"

"He'll come home."

Helen said, "You are utterly fantastic. What leads you to think that he is interested in you?"

"Nothing."

Her mother persisted. She said, "Has he . . . *is* he interested in you?"

Carol went to the door. She opened it and turned and smiled with marvelous self-confidence which she in no way felt. "Not yet," she said and closed the door, softly.

HELEN rang for Cresson. She ordered, "Get me black coffee and aspirin." She waited till the woman had gone, then lay back against the pillows.

She said to herself: I won't have it.

It was not the first time. But on the prior occasion the odds had been against the Hillarys' daughter. Carol had been twelve years old, a long-legged, colty child, all eyes and undisciplined hair and she had suffered braces on her teeth during that year. The young man had been twenty-five and a painter. He had painted Helen's portrait, the one which now hung in the drawing room. He had been a fine artist and he understood women, a little too well. All women, that is, save Helen, which had made quite a situation. He had understood Carol and her funny little-girl adoration. He had been both sweet and sensible about it, it had not embarrassed him in the least, but Helen, impatient with Carol, although it had amused her, had been sorry for him. So she took a firm hand and ended it.

She had explained the facts of life to her child, and in intimate detail. Carol already had known these in a sketchy sort of way. But now she suffered the maternal routine of you're-getting-to-be-a-big-girl-now . . . and the explanation that Mr. Carmen might not like big girls flinging themselves at his neck, sitting on his lap and following him around the house like puppies. It was, however, normal, said Helen, with her modern approach and just another manifestation of growing up, which adults called the beginning of adolescence. Normal, but silly. Carol should pay more attention to the nice little boys in dancing school.

But now Carol was no longer twelve and the facts of life had not been a shock to her for years.

Helen was nearly forty-five. Five more years to fifty and then a decade to sixty. Women, especially women of her type, kept their charm until seventy. But that charm began to wilt around the edges or, at least, to alter in quality, long before seventy was reached. At fifty she would still be extravagantly admired but not by boys of twenty-four. At least, not after the fashion in which Miles Duncan admired her.

It was a very warm day, but Helen shivered, experiencing a deep, inexplicable exhaustion . . . it was as if, for a very long time, she had been running a race, fleetly, easily, always keeping well ahead of her opponent. Then one day, the distance between them lessened, the margin of safety no longer existed, she became aware of fatigue, and panic overtook her.

THAT afternoon, at the office, Dudley telephoned Carol. He asked, "Darling . . . have you missed me?" and Carol said, startled, "Dudley, where *are* you?"

"In Washington. But you haven't answered."

She asked, "Why in Washington? I thought you were on your way home by now."

He said, "That's why I'm phoning. I'm held up. I'll fly in tomorrow sometime. May I have a rain check, on dinner?"

She said desolately, "I'm so sorry."

"That's more like it," he said, and could

TODAY AND TOMORROW

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not realize that her unhappiness was because the inevitable must be postponed. All last night, all today, she had been bracing herself for it. Now it would be another twenty-four hours and more.

"Tell me," said Dudley, "what you've been doing."

"Nothing much," she answered, with an effort. "Father took me out last night to a funny little French place . . . Miles and Mother joined us, and, later, Jenny."

He said ruefully, "Just my luck not to be there."

He went on talking. Washington was unbearably hot. People melted where they stood. An egg had fried a reporter on the Capitol steps, he said, absurdly. The air conditioning in his suite had gone wrong. He missed her very much. He loved her as much as he missed her.

Once, he said, "You don't sound like yourself, Carol."

She said, with some desperation, "I have a headache, it's nothing . . ."

When he had hung up she leaned back in her chair and contemplated the universe. There was nothing very good in it. There was only the obligation to be herself, and honest.

Miles likes me, she told herself firmly, I knew it last night. I could feel it. He was, even, a little attracted. She set her small, square jaw. She thought, I'll have to play it my way, with every trick I know, and some I can learn. It's my life . . . and it's worth, she thought, remembering her conversation with Adam, a gamble. It may not be honest —in one way, but at least I'm honest with myself.

BEFORE she was ready to leave the office she telephoned home to say that Mr. Lennox would not be dining that night and that she would get something now and go to the hospital. It was not her regular evening but they could use her, they were sinfully short-handed. She asked Ole, hopefully, "Are there any messages for me?"

There were none, he said, and reported, in his routine fashion that now only Miss Stuart would be at home this evening.

Carol went out of the building and across the street to a restaurant she liked. She had a club sandwich and a pot of hot, strong tea and some good little cakes. She sat at a corner table and abstractedly watched the room fill up. She ate, paid her check and took a taxi to the big hospital uptown.

Her blue uniform was in her locker, she changed and presented herself on the floor and was greeted with delight. One of the Aides whose night it was had telephoned that she was ill and could not come. Miss Hillary was, therefore, a godsend.

She worked until shortly after nine o'clock . . . she was always competent and quiet, the charge and floor nurses liked her. The interns liked her too and were open about it when an opportunity offered, which wasn't often. She was in the children's ward, which she liked very much but which broke her heart. She did the things she had been trained to do very well indeed, relieving the graduate and student nurses.

When she let herself in at the Hillary house she was tired. It was a good sort of fatigue—it made you feel useful. As she entered the hall Adam came out of the drawing room to meet her. He asked, "Where in the world have you been?"

"Didn't Ole tell you? Dudley is tied up in Washington, so I had something to eat after work and went on to the hospital. Where's Mother?"

His face was bland. "Working with Miles, I understand. It appeared it was too distracting here with the girls bobbing in and out"—Helen always referred to her brace of secretaries as the girls—"so she went to his hotel. They were to dine there."

He looked at her and was silent, waiting. After a moment Carol said:

"Let's walk over and rout them out. Miles could buy us a drink."

Adam grinned. Good girl, he thought, that's the ticket. Straight to the mark and no nonsense about it. He rose. "Okay," he said, "let's go."

She said, "Just a minute. I look like a hag."

Miles' hotel was near by—a small, square, uncompromising structure, with a good common-sense lobby. When they reached it, the clerk spoke to Adam. He knew the Hillarys. They came in sometimes for a scratch meal or went to the pleasant bar. He liked to tell new guests, "The Hillarys live in the neighborhood."

Adam said, "Hello, Perkins . . ." and went to the house phone.

When he hung up he walked back to Carol. He said, "No answer."

She frowned slightly, and Adam spoke to the clerk. He asked, "Have you seen Mrs. Hillary or Major Duncan?"

The clerk had. He had seen them both come in in the late afternoon, he said. Mrs. Hillary had stopped to speak to him, to ask for his little boy who had been ill. He hadn't seen them again and he'd been on the desk ever since. He'd come on at five . . . they'd lost the regular night clerk to the service and he was filling in for the time being—the assistant manager would relieve him at midnight . . .

Adam wasn't listening. He said, "I think the phone's off the hook, so we'll go on up."

He took Carol's arm and they walked toward the elevator. She asked, after a moment, "Was it?"

"What?"

"Off the hook?"

He said, "That's the way it sounded to me."

They were silent until they reached Miles' floor. They got out and walked down the corridor and stopped in front of the suite which he had occupied since his arrival in New York. Adam said, "This is exactly the reverse of 'The Marines have landed.' "

He put his hand on the doorknob. It turned; they walked into the small foyer and stopped at the living-room archway to regard the spectacle of Helen Hillary crying bitterly in Miles Duncan's arms.

ADAM did not look at his daughter. He knew, without looking, that she was white as paper, as transparent as glass. He cleared his throat and demanded, with mild concern:

"What's going on? Are you ill, Helen?"

Carol watched her father move forward, very lightly and quickly for so big a man. She could not have stirred had it meant her life. Her entire being was a battleground of emotions—anger, grief, humiliation—but she could not look away. She was forced to see Miles start and turn a bright, uncompromising scarlet. She heard him stammer something. But her hearing seemed dulled, the blood beat in her ears. She saw her mother draw away from Miles, not too hurriedly, and scrub at her face childishly with a large handkerchief, which certainly wasn't hers.

Helen spoke, as clearly as she could. She said, "I'm so sorry, everybody."

Miles was recovering. He said, "She's overtired, that's all . . . she wouldn't eat—she hardly touched dinner . . ."

Adam commented, "The intellectual life is an exacting one," and Helen flashed him a look of pure hatred.

Miles' eyes focused on Adam, and antagonism was bright in them. He said, shortly, "I don't know anything about the intellectual life, but I do know that Helen is worn out."

She said, her voice catching, "Carol, please don't stand there staring at me. Help me pick up the pieces."

Carol's feet moved forward involuntarily, and she took her mother's hand without looking at Miles. She asked, stonily, "Where are your things?"

"I left them in Miles' bedroom," Helen said.

WHEN the women had left, Adam said with his habitual and deceptive mildness:

"Don't be too upset, Miles. Women, especially those who have reached Helen's age are apt to fall apart at the seams now and then. You are quite right, of course, she drives herself and she is no longer able to take it. Not that she'd admit it."

Miles flushed again. Adam thought: That's something of a body blow. He doesn't want to think of her as "that" age . . . but from now on in he will!

Miles said, "Well, Lord, I don't know what happened, exactly—we'd had dinner up here, and after they took out the table we went on working. The book, such as it is, is done. At least, my part of it . . . so we sat talking about it and I told her I'd had my orders this morning. . . . I hadn't mentioned it before. . . . I'm going to be at Mitchel for a while and then sent somewhere to instruct. . . . I said, I guessed that she had enough dope and that, anyway, if the book was any good it would be up to her. And pretty soon she began to cry. She got up and started to leave the room, but I stopped her and—"

"You needn't explain," said Adam kindly. "I don't misinterpret. I'm not that kind of husband."

Miles looked sulky, his face grew dark. What he hadn't and couldn't explain was that what he and Helen had talked about hadn't been the book but Helen herself. She had done the talking: her misery, her unhappiness, the fact that she had remained with her husband because of Carol, ". . . not that Carol cares . . . she has never cared for me, not since she was a baby. I was away a good deal, or working; I had to in order to support her, while Adam was tearing around the face of the globe . . . so she turned to Aunt Agatha. And when he came back, when we were together again—not that I've lived with him for years, Miles, I couldn't and keep my self-respect—it was her father she admired. He had everything, the glamor, the romance . . . and he spoiled her terribly."

Miles had said something, taking her hands, trying to comfort her, but she would not be consoled. She had cried out that it wasn't fair, that she hadn't wanted the success for herself, that she was lonely, desperately lonely. Nothing had compensated, she said. She had hoped that Carol would . . . but she had long since given up that idea. And now Miles was going away, and she had seen in him the son she had never had, the understanding companion . . .

Which was where her husband and her daughter had come in.

Adam said, "Forget it. Helen thinks of herself as a perennial twenty-five. She isn't, you know. She's twenty years older than that. I don't have to draw you a physiological picture, do I? There's nothing to do but be patient. . . . I'm sorry we chanced in and embarrassed you. It was, by the way, Carol's suggestion. Her wonderful young man didn't come back from Washington, after all, so she put in a hard evening's work at the hospital—"

"Oh," said Miles. "I didn't know. She didn't tell me."

"She doesn't talk about herself," said Adam. "Anyway, back she came on the tired side, found me, and suggested that we walk around here and dig the two of you out to have a drink somewhere."

Miles had been very glad of the change of subject. He had been violently sorry for Helen and completely her champion. He had held her in his arms for the first time since their return and felt her tears and smoothed her hair with his big hand. Yet, instead of experiencing the physical excitement and emotional elation he had expected, he had felt singularly awkward. It was a little too sudden and it hadn't been of his making. And that sentence . . . about the son she had never had . . . hell, that threw him off, and he found himself, quite without volition, feeling rather like a son. Which wasn't how he had expected to feel, if at any time and by a miracle, he had found Helen Hillary in his arms. He had held her close during a very nasty air raid, a world away, and had been flattered, excited, protective . . . not that she was as scared as he had been. But, tonight—

Adam said, "I still think a drink's indicated," reflectively.

Miles looked at him doubtfully. It was hard to adjust the picture. He had never liked Adam; first, before knowing him, simply because he was Helen's husband; and, after meeting him, for the same reason. Yet during the occasions on which they had been together he had felt himself gradually being disarmed. He'd even read the guy's book and it was a honey. It said so many of the things you felt and couldn't say. And they'd talked together now and then. Adam Hillary understood many things, even at his age and at his distance from the present war. You would have sworn he was regular, and rugged. But, against that altering picture Helen's story of brutality and neglect, of other women! Jenny Davis was a proof of that. Since knowing the Hillarys, Miles had heard about Jenny from one source or another.

He found himself thinking for the first time: How does Carol feel about that, how does she feel about everything?

CAROL sat on the edge of Miles' bed, absently smoothed the pillow with her hand, and watched Helen. Helen had washed her face in the small bathroom and was now sitting at the dressing table repairing the damage. She seldom cried and she didn't cry well. Few women do, after thirty. After twenty-five, perhaps. Tears are hard and they disfigure. She said, ruefully, "I look dreadful."

Carol was quiet. Her mother looked back at her. She ordered sharply, "Don't sit there, saying nothing!"

"What is there to say?"

"Oh, anything," said Helen recklessly—"that I'm a fool, that I'm having an affair with Miles, that you walked in on a scene!"

Carol said coolly, "I don't think you'd be that much of a fool."

"I'm not," said Helen. "I was tired, that's all. I've been torn in pieces since I got back. I'm sick of being places Tuesday at two and Thursday at six."

"Then why don't you stay home?" asked Carol reasonably.

Her mother said, "You are deliberately exasperating. I can't, and you know it. And also you have upset me very much, with this ridiculous talk of breaking your engagement."

"Why?" asked Carol. "It's my engagement."

Helen flung down her little comb. She said, somewhat wildly, "And now Miles has his orders!"

Carol was very still. Then she opened her handbag and took out a cigarette. She took the matches from the bedside table. She closed the bag again. She said, smoking, and steadying her voice, "Where does he go?"

(To be continued next week)

HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?—No. 10

Each sentence below contains four words commonly mispronounced. Read aloud, then check with list on page 71.

1. **The soldier with eczema received his discharge and drove home in an old brougham, still clutching his faithful carbine.**
2. **The admirable and decorous conduct of the candidate will contrast with the pusillanimity of his opponent.**
3. **The helicopter landed on the roof of the velodrome beside the dirigible that was refueling with helium.**
4. **The mounted dinosaur was given to Amherst College, but the problem of transportation and housing made the award revocable.**
5. **A galaxy of geisha girls gamboled around the geyser in ghoulish glee.**
6. **The native women, dressed in a kind of guimpe, served frumenty and goulash in gourds.**
7. **The belligerency of the mischievous boys made it obligatory to bar them from the natatorium as a public nuisance.**
8. **The officer seized by the nape of the neck the longish figure chewing a stick of licorice and marched him pell-mell down Pall Mall.**
9. **The curator mounted the dais of the Cathedral of Rheims but could not be heard because of the poor acoustics of the communal hall.**
10. **Our Italian cicerone proved to be a monologist and gave his lectures in a recitative manner resembling a musical recitative.**

(Words having more than one pronunciation are checked with seven leading dictionaries for the most generally accepted usage.)

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NOT A CHANCE, EDDIE! YOU'RE JUST WASTING YOUR TIME!
BUT HOW DOES A GUY MAKE TIME WITH YOU ANYWAY, DOTTIE? GOSH! YOU ACT LIKE I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!
WELL—WHY DON'T YOU ROUTE YOURSELF TO YOUR DENTIST'S AND FIND OUT, EDDIE?
COACH TICKETS
HERE'S WHAT EDDIE'S DENTIST SAID!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HIYA, DOTTIE! GONNA CONNECT WITH ME FOR THE DANCE TONIGHT?
SUREST THING YOU KNOW, EDDIE! YOU'VE GOT THE INSIDE TRACK WITH ME THESE DAYS—BUT DEFINITELY!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

Missing . . .

Continued from page 22

was our first loss. General Chennault was eagerly awaiting the first P-38s in the theater, and we had not been on the field in China more than fifteen minutes when the general sent word that we were to report to him in his office. When we heard this, we thought we were being treated in some special way, but later we found that it is one of General Chennault's policies to speak personally to every pilot that comes into the 14th Air Force.

It was quite a thrill to meet the man who had written air history with a small group of men, a man who had proved his tactics of aerial combat the hard way. In the hour or so that we were in his office, the general outlined our job with regard to the 14th Air Force. We were told what was expected of us and how to fight the Japs.

He told us that the following morning we would run our first mission. Five of the gang had come on ahead and had been in a couple of fights and Earl Helms and Lowden Enslen had already got a Zero, so we felt good.

Until this time, the whole burden of fighter work fell to the squadrons of P-40s in the theater. These boys had set up a very enviable record. Until we arrived, they were intercepting, dive bombing, and also doing the escort work. They had done a tremendous job, but the P-40 is limited in altitude work. The P-38 is an airplane that acts best up high, and at the time of our arrival in the theater, the Japs were making life a bit rough for the "40" boys because they always pounced down on them. This gives a tremendous advantage, as any peashooter pilot will tell you.

Our job was to be up above the bombers on escort work so they wouldn't get jumped from above, and if the fight narrowed down to Zeros, we were to chase the Zeros down from the high altitude to where the P-40 boys could tear them apart. It wasn't the type of work that we liked very well, but General Chennault always uses his airplanes to their best tactical advantage.

The squadron practiced the new "skip-bombing" tactics that we were to use. So far as dive bombing and skip bombing are concerned, the P-38 is a sweetheart. In skip bombing, the plane can usually get in and out so fast that it can escape cleanly. If the element of surprise is gone in "skipping," your chances of getting out are darn' few. In dive bombing, the P-38 is a dream ship because the counterrotating propellers cause no torque, and that makes for a perfect dive-bombing ship if your accuracy is any good at all.

We had some Deadeye Dicks like "Ripper" Rae, Lowden Enslen, Bill Bolton, Earl Helms and Ryan "Moonbeam" Moon. When these boys went out with a bomb under their wings, they seldom missed. On a mission down to Hong Kong, Lee Gregg went in at about ten feet altitude and jumped up to strafe the deck of a destroyer that was lying in the harbor, and wiped out a few hundred very surprised Japs.

Veterans of Tunisia

All the flying officers had to double up on jobs and all of them did a great job. We brought our crew chiefs from Africa with us and they were indeed battle-scarred veterans, as practically all of them had gone through the Tunisian campaign.

For a while the squadron was undertaking a tough schedule. The boys were flying two and three missions a day. The squadron had a few changes. Lowden Enslen replaced Sam Palmer as squadron C.O., and Sam was moved to group headquarters. Due to the change at headquarters, the commanding officer of the squadrons in China was given permission to run his own missions in conjunction with the other outfits if there were not orders from group headquarters or 14th Air Force Headquarters. This was a wonderful break because the boys knew of targets that they had often wanted to plaster, and now it could be done.

On October 29th, most of the men of the squadron were chafing at the bit. The weather had not been too good, and the boys wanted to get in a good mission to get their flying time. Some of the boys had already taken care of their flying time, but because of the greater number of pilots than planes, the outfit had men who had not had the opportunity to fly their required four hours that month.

As no orders came in from headquarters, Captain Enslen planned a mission north to crack Jap shipping on the Yangtze River at Kuikiang. It was late in the afternoon and after some calculation, it was decided that we couldn't get to our objective and back to our base before dark. If you know China, it is no place to go flying around at night. We decided to run it in the morning. It wasn't considered anything more than a normal mission, but we didn't know what a mistake it was to postpone a mission instead of canceling it. The Japs have spies in China.

The next morning we loaded our dive bombers and started out. I was riding down to the line with Major J. K. Burns and Doc Lind, our flight surgeons. I remarked to the major that he had a swell pair of gloves. He said: "Here, Tom, take these. You can give them back to me when you get back." I thanked him. They were later to save my hands from being badly burned. On the line I found that Earl Helms had used my parachute the day before and had not yet returned from one of our other bases. Moon gave me his chute.

We started out with five dive bombers and four top-cover planes, all P-38s. On take-off, Robinson blew his nose wheel, with a 500-pound bomb under his wing, but got his ship off the ground. He went out in the hills and dropped his bomb safely and came back to the field to make a belly landing. He got out without a scratch. This made it eight planes in the gang on the mission, four dive bombers and four top-cover.

An Uneventful Flight

The squadron flew to one of the advance bases and refueled so they would have ample gas if there was a fight. At the base, Intelligence reported that there were two Zeros patrolling the area. To have four P-38s against two Zeros seemed like a piece of cake. We took off and flew the mission as planned. We headed up north beyond our target, so that when we hit it, we would be on the way home. The flight was uneventful all the way to the target and even over the target area. The top-cover was weaving in pairs of two planes each and covering the dive bombers from above.

We were in a slight turn to the left when Bob Schultz called out, "Six Zeros at three o'clock." The dive bombers had started their run, and Schultz and Lieutenant Robbins (Schultz's wingman) started up into the six Zeros on their right. Lieutenant Taylor, a fightin' Texan who was my leader, started up with Schultz and Robbins. I cocked up on a wing before starting with them, and behind me were six more Zeros. I called, "Six Zeros at nine o'clock," and turned into them. The last I saw of Schultz and Taylor and Robbins was when they started to break through the Zeros.

I turned into the six behind and tried to split them up. I fired a short burst of my machine guns as I cut into the center of the two elements of Zeros who were flying three in an element. The three on the left broke to the left, the other element broke up with two of the three Zeros breaking down and away, the third clown turned left and came right into my gun sights. My first blast tore the canopy of the plane and then the cannon went to work ripping his motor to shreds as he went right into the ground.

At this time, there was still a great fight going on in the area, and Zeros seemed everywhere. I had not seen the dive bombers come off the target, so I started back into the fight. I saw a lone Zero climbing on the other side of the lake not too far from me. I had quite a bit of air speed from my dive and started up after him. I opened my machine guns at about 300 yards and tore part of his left wing off. He was still climbing, and I closed in and I believe the pilot must have been killed in the first burst, because he never made an evasive move. When I cut the cannon loose with the machine guns, the plane seemed to disintegrate.

Here was where I made a beaut of a mistake. A smart fighter pilot is never caught with his air speed down. I was concentrating so hard on getting this Zero that I forgot I was climbing, and had killed my air speed.

Before I could turn over, I heard a ring on the back of my armor plate. The next thing I knew, a shell busted between my legs and blew my pants off at the knees and threw my legs off the rudder pedals. The shell had hit the gas primer between my legs, and the whole cockpit was ablaze. I tried stamping it out with my hands but without success. The ship at this time was headed straight toward the earth in a 90-degree power dive. Seeing that putting the fire out was a hopeless case, I unbuckled my safety belt and jettisoned the canopy. The terrific rate of speed of the plane in a dive tore me out of the cockpit.

Not knowing for sure how much altitude I had lost in the dive, I pulled the ripcord immediately and was almost sorry for it. The chute must have opened at about 4,500 feet and there was not a breath of air in the sky that day. I came straight down, and the last ship of ours I saw was Schultz going toward home with two Zeros on his tail. At this time I noticed also that two Zeros were circling me, and I immediately played dead. This was the only thing that I thought would prevent them from shooting me because the Japs are notorious for gunning men in parachutes. There were guns rattling all around, but I didn't think they were shooting at me—not until I got out of my parachute and saw bullet holes did I know they had shot at me but missed.

I knew that I was over a lake and if I didn't pull my shroud lines I was in for a good ducking in the lake, but when I came right down to it, I thought that a good ducking was a lot easier to take than a bullet. Not being able to unfasten my straps on the chute because I was playing dead, I took a deep breath before going into the water. I went under water and undid the straps. I came up for a breath under my chute because I didn't want the Zeros to see me in the water. The two Zeros made six passes over me. Finally they went home. I knew that my troubles were not over, but I was in the lake and waiting for what was to come.

My trip back to my base took thirty-two days. I can truthfully say that I have never spent thirty-two days of pain like that in my life and often wondered if it was worth it. There is much of it that I am not permitted to tell, but my whole face and ears were badly burned, my legs were burned and so were my wrists. Of the exposed parts of my body, only my hands escaped, due to Doc Burns giving me his gloves before we left.

So far as I knew, I was the only man knocked down that day, and it was many days later before I found that only four of the eight got back. As the mission worked out, it was the most disastrous one the squadron ever had. We had set fire to the rice storehouses of the Japs, and sunk a big boat in the river. We lost four planes and got three of the pilots back. The Japs lost six planes and pilots. Schultz got two at once on his first pass, Robbins knocked one down off Schultz's tail and got knocked down himself in doing so, and Ripper Rae picked one off on his way home after placing his bomb in the middle of the rice storage vats.

We felt badly the loss of Captain Enslen. He had been jumped by more Zeros as he was coming off his bomb run and had gone down in flames. He landed his ship okay—the Lord only knows how—and got out. He died about ten days later of pneumonia. The damage that we inflicted on the Japs that day was worth nothing to us because of the loss of Captain Enslen.

My trip back was eventful but the majority of the time I spent in worrying about Mother and Dad. I knew that the Army would not notify them on rumors, and until I officially came back, they would know nothing. The rumors were flying thick and fast when I was missing. Schultz had reported a man in a parachute but couldn't identify him. He said the person was big, and that would have to be me, as I was the largest pilot in the squadron. It gave some hope, and Bob Schultz wrote my sister and told her.

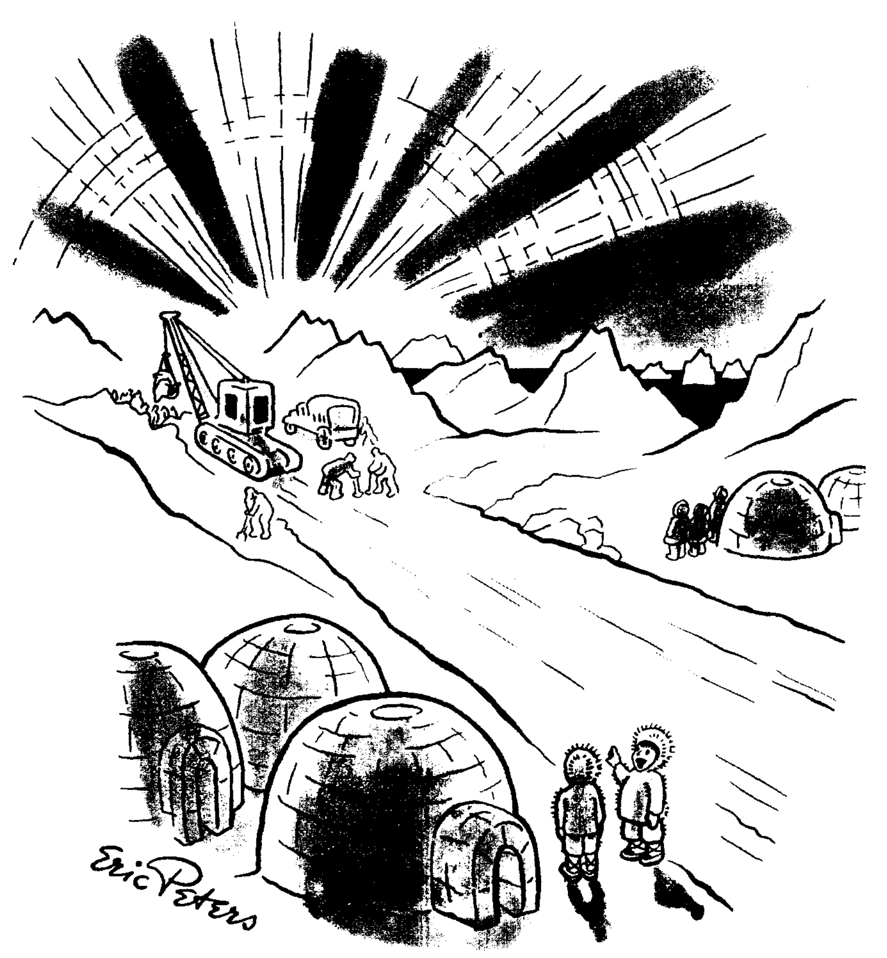
Return of the Wanderer

Then, after thirty-two days, a transport plane pulled into our base and a well-burned, somewhat bedraggled individual got out. Ole Moonbeam met me with Doc Burns, Doc Lind and Father Cosgrove, our squadron chaplain, a Maryknoll missionary in China who was acting as our chaplain.

There were tears in Moon's eyes and I think that I shed a few myself. Everyone seemed very happy to see me. That night, Father Cosgrove said a thanksgiving Mass in my honor, and after Mass, the squadron gave me a party with a big chocolate cake. The boys dressed up in their dress uniforms. Our new commanding officer, Colonel George MacMillan, gave a little speech of thanks that I was back, and tears came to my eyes.

I thanked them as well as I could for their swell party and told them the "play-by-play" account of what had happened to me in the fight. It was a hard thing to describe, especially concerning the death of Captain Enslen. From that experience at Kuikiang, I believe the squadron learned a great many things. I know that I did.

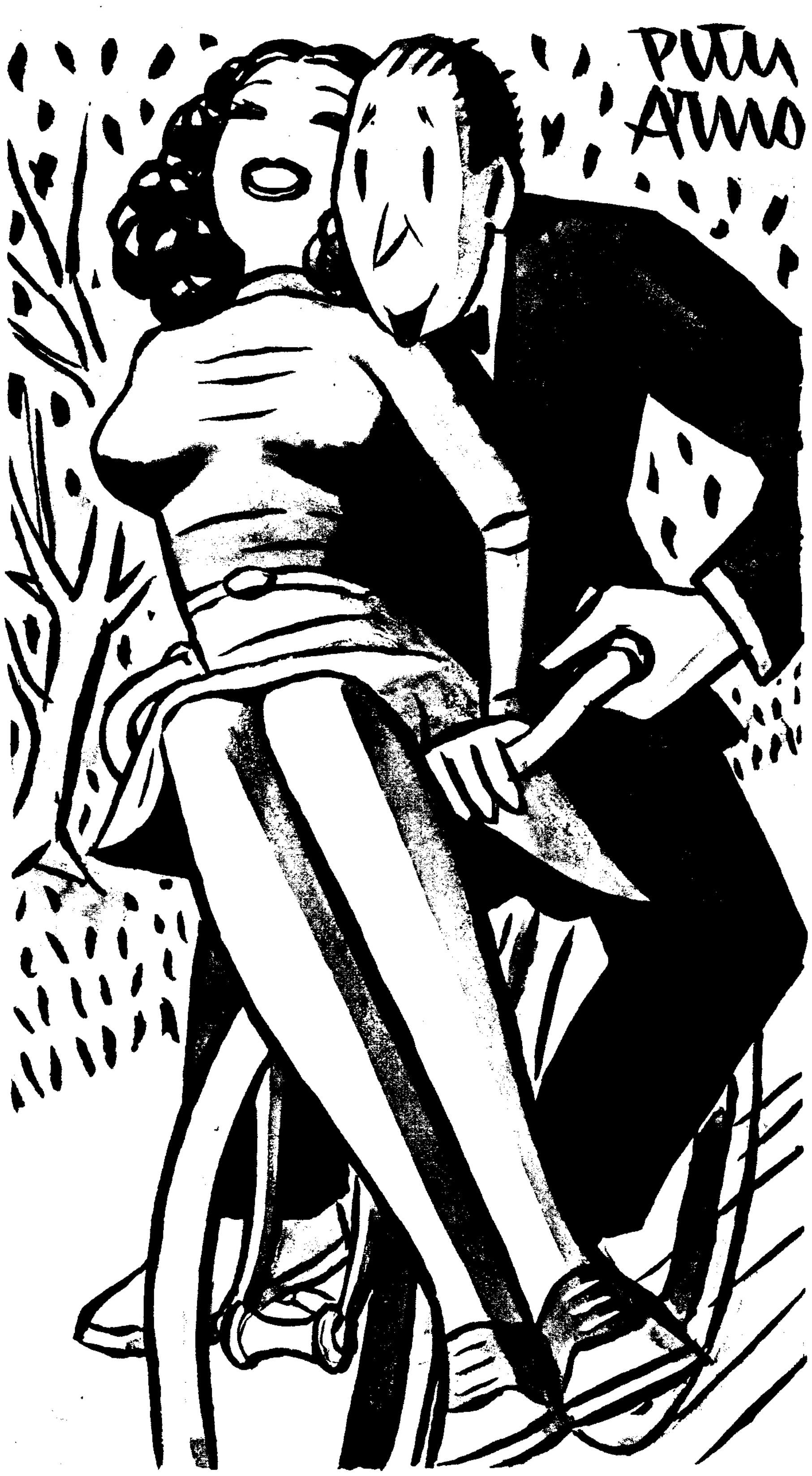
THE END



COLLIER'S

"Wonderful, isn't it? In a few years we'll even have taxes, assessments and interest payments"

ERIC PETERS



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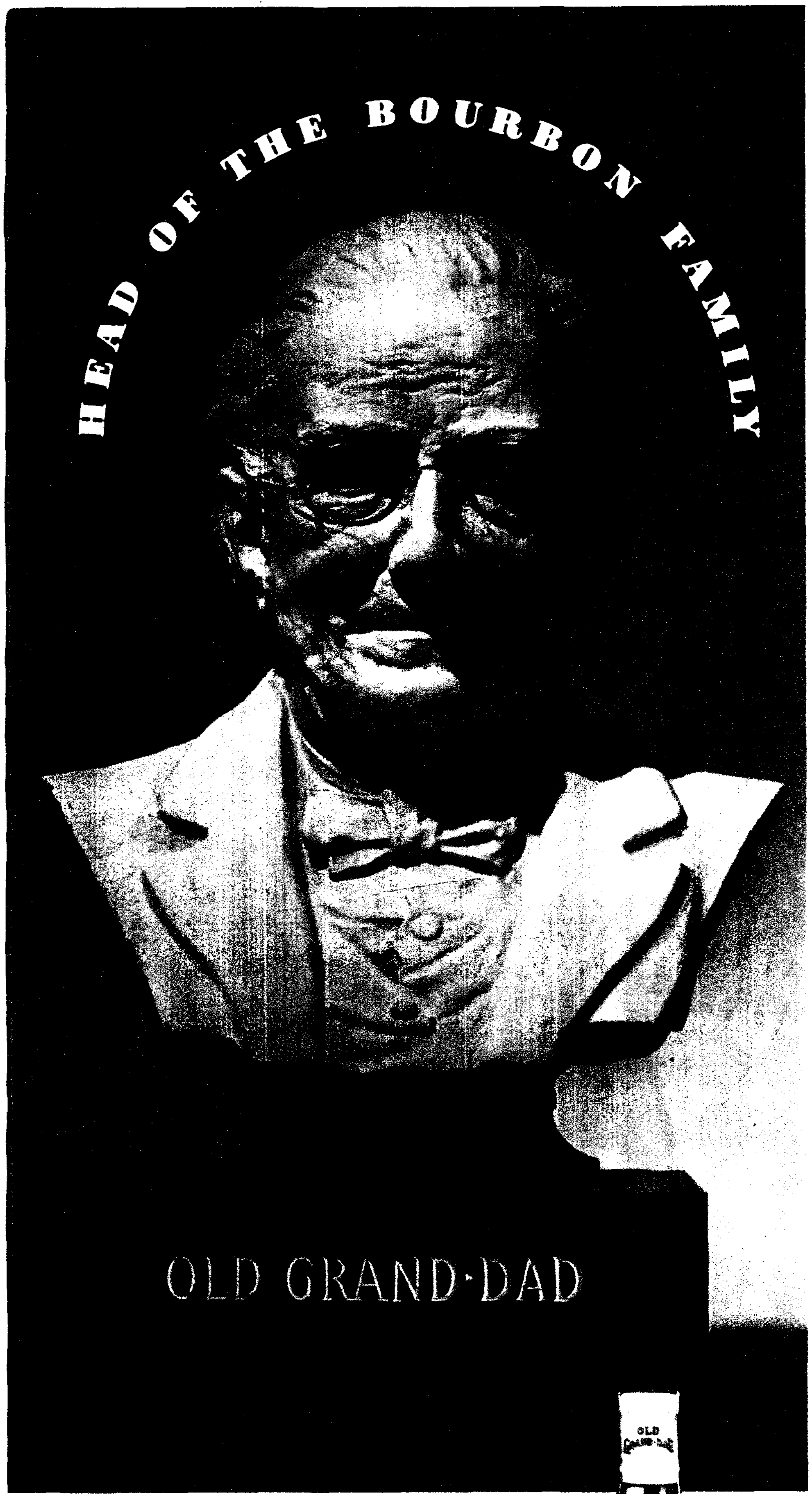

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Silent Invasion

Continued from page 14

Army had adapted for its cargo-carrying purposes and designated the C-47.

Germany made its first use of combat gliders in the capture of the Belgian Fort Eben Emael, heralded as impregnable, on May 9-10, 1940. Nazi gliders silently came to earth near the fort with engineer troops who carried out demolition work, disrupted the fort's antiaircraft defense and set up fires and smokepots to guide the bombardment of German artillery.

But everyone remembers Crete—remembers that the operations out of the sky in May, 1941, had a paralyzing effect on the island's occupants and the Allied and neutral world. The Germans used less than seventy-five gliders, each carrying ten men, a far smaller force than the Allied glider invasion of Sicily. They were towed to points two to five miles off the island and cast off.

Immediately prior to this, there had been an intensive bombardment of the airdromes, and when the gliders landed in the smoke and confusion, the airborne troops had everything their way with the harassed defenders. By taking the airdromes and landing fields in co-operation with about 8,000 paratroops, the Germans were able to pour in more troops and supplies by airplane for days thereafter.

A Shuttle for Saboteurs

In the Tunisian campaign, Rommel used gliders to supply and reinforce his troops. They were towed nightly across the Mediterranean by the Ju-52s. Rommel also employed them on sabotage missions. The gliders landed behind our lines, were immediately wrecked by their own crews, who set about doing as much damage to us as they could and then filtered back through the lines in Arab disguise. These operations were highly annoying to the Allies and quite successful for the Nazis in their last frantic days in North Africa.

The enthusiasm for the glider as a vital invasion weapon is founded on actual battle experience in Sicily and on full-scale maneuvers and constant testing at the Air Forces' big glider base at Maxton, North Carolina. Using the CG-4A, the tacticians have put it to every conceivable test as a transport vehicle and a combat aircraft.

One of the prize achievements was a day maneuver involving twenty-two gliders that were landed in five minutes, in a space 2,500 feet by 1,000 feet, with woods to the right and left of the clearing. Here is the punching power the gliders delivered: Two hundred and seventy troops fully equipped, two 75-mm. pack howitzers, four jeeps and units of fire for the 75-mm. cannon and ammunition, four large mortars and ammunition, four machine guns and hand trailers, and a supply of grenade throwers, automatic rifles and bazookas.

Had the maneuver been carried out another decimal point, a second flight of gliders could have come from home base at a speed of 120 miles an hour and put down these necessary adjuncts to battle: Field kitchen, first-aid station, ordnance repair unit, command post radio station, photographic laboratory, weather station, field headquarters equipment.

Delivery of similar equipment on land requires trucks and roads or smooth ground and is made at an average speed of 25 miles an hour. To place the same force and supplies on a shore line calls for landing barges traveling at about half the speed of the trucks.

There are three ways to deliver men and matériel from the air: (a) by glider planes, which land in a bunch in a comparatively small area, (b) by large troop-carrier planes, when enough landing space is available, and (c) by the paratroopship from which men jump at 70-foot horizontal intervals. The latter must retrieve their arms and supplies tossed out of the plane after them and they are somewhat at the mercy of the wind.

All three types are part of the airborne strategy of warfare and are moved by the Army Air Forces Troop Carrier Command.

The glider group doesn't claim superiority over the other two. It claims some advantages over the paratroopers but gladly yields some to the lads with the high-top shoes. The only time the glider people get highly competitive is when they find the idea growing that the parachute is the only device for landing troops behind the enemy's lines. They point out that they can put down a complete and organized unit in one designated area with normally trained troops, while the paratroopers, needing specialized training, cannot fight immediately on landing, but must have time to reorganize and collect their light equipment.

Advocates of the glider will dwell on the element of surprise which the gliders achieve by their noiseless approach after being cast off several miles from their objective, while the sound of the paratroop carrier reveals its location and direction and makes it vulnerable to searchlights and ground fire.

They will emphasize that gliders can land under most wind conditions except extremely high ones, while paratroops shouldn't land when it blows more than twenty miles an hour. Also, the glider can go down on water, float and stay together as a unit, or it can land in swamps, on beaches, hillsides, snow, cultivated ground—just about anywhere except jagged mountains and wooded terrain.

The ideal airborne operation, particularly at night, is for the paratroopers to go down first, stifle enemy resistance and lead the gliders in by shielded signal lights. Then the two teams get busy and make space for the troopships to come in at dawn under heavy fighter escort, or make way for more gliders.

Students of warfare evaluate the glider now as a vital part of the tactics of "vertical envelopment" and pronounce its employment as being limited only by the imagination of the theater commander and the availability of both gliders and tow planes. Glider advocates concur, but go even further by declaring that gliders bearing troops and fighting equipment now parallel the highly successful amphibious operations. Before long, they believe, the well-known term "beachhead" will be matched by a brand-new word—"airhead."

Greatest champion of the glider for all purposes in this country was young Dick du Pont, who lost his life while flying as a passenger in an experimental glider last September. Dick was appointed special assistant for glider development to General H. H. Arnold, commanding the Army Air Forces, in April of 1943, after another great pioneer and torchbearer, Major Lew Barringer of Philadelphia disappeared in a transport plane while on his way overseas. In Sicily, Dick saw at firsthand what our invader gliders had accomplished but he still had his long-range view when he came back.

We Are Not Yet Glider-Minded

"Gliders have just begun," he said, "and there is a tremendous amount of work ahead to develop them and their usefulness to the utmost. It is not going to be a matter of days, weeks or even months; it is going to be a matter of years. I don't mean by this that it will take years before the glider will be practical in warfare. I mean it will take a matter of years to educate generals, politicians and others to recognize it as one of the greatest values in modern warfare. Technical development is very far behind that of the airplane, and experience is limited to those comparatively few low-ranking officers who have been willing to become glider pilots because they believe in the future."

Colonel A. Felix du Pont, Dick's brother, long prominent as a plane owner and pilot, has recently transferred from the Air Transport Command, which he entered at the outbreak of the war, to the Air Forces Glider Branch, of which he is now chief.

The glider program and the enthusiasm for it, in and out of the Army, have blown hot and cold several times since Crete. Now it is hot again, and as long as there is the slightest possibility of it being employed in major or even minor roles in the various war theaters, its backers believe the current interest will remain constant.

When the signal was given to go ahead and build up a corps of glider pilots and a force of gliders early in 1941, we had to start from scratch and in a hurry. The quickest course was to get a glider with ample space to carry something worth while and get around to polishing off the rough edges when the pressure let up. That course resulted in the development of the CG-4A, which is the standard combat glider now and was designed by the Waco Aircraft Company. It weighs about 8,000 pounds—the same as our earlier single-engine fighters and carries a two-ton load. Its wing span is 83 feet 8 inches, just 12 feet less than that of the C-47, which does most of the tow work. Its length is 48 feet—16 feet shorter than its tug. It can be hauled as fast as 150 miles per hour with its full load, although normal cruising behind a C-47 is 120. The stalking speed is 55 miles per hour and normal glide is 65, but with brakes it has a landing run of only 150 feet. It carries twelve fully equipped soldiers, or a combination of soldiers and military equipment, up to 4,000 pounds.

The initial success of the CG-4A brought need for a larger glider, and a blown-up model, known as the CG-13, was designed by Waco, under the direction of Engineering Vice-President C. Francis Arcier. It made its debut shortly after the first of this year with a capacity more than double that of the CG-4A.

But good as these two gliders are, admittedly they are flying boxcars and of hurried design and simple construction. Sufficient breathing space has since developed to pay more attention to the technical developments to which Dick du Pont referred and we may expect cargo gliders of the future to be free from drag-producing qualities known as built-in head winds. Such types can be towed faster and for greater distances with the same expenditure of fuel and horsepower by the tug.

Even now the towing technique results in a C-47's ability to increase by two tons its pay load of 6,000 pounds by pulling the CG-4A at a loss of only 40 miles per hour in cruising speed. And pay load is what pays off, whether it is in the airplane or at the end of a tow rope.

Tow ships thus far approved for the CG-4A are the C-47, the B-24 Consolidated Liberator, the B-17 Boeing Flying Fortress, the C-54 four-engined Douglas Skymaster, the C-60 Lockheed Lodestar and the P-38 Lockheed Lightning.

The theory and practice of dropping combat gliders into enemy territory appears to be a one-way operation, but the glider people have a two-way mind on the subject and have worked out a method for getting the gliders back from enemy territory without the tow-plane landing. Though no opportunity has been presented as yet to do this under fire, it has been accomplished with regularity and great success in tests and maneuvers.

The pickup system employed is an adaptation of the one used by All American Aviation Company, of Wilmington, Delaware, formerly headed by Dick du Pont, in flying its mail route and picking up mail from ground stations without landing. For the glider, the setup is easy: Two poles, 12 feet high, are mounted on the ground about 20 feet apart. At the top of each pole is a spring clip to which is attached a nylon towline loop. The loop is stretched between the two poles, like a pole-vault crossbar, drops down parallel to them and meets at the center on the ground. A single nylon line runs 250 feet out to the glider, which is off to the left of the line of flight of the pickup plane.

A Pick-Up from the Air

In the pickup plane, say a C-47, a long rod hangs down with the end about midway between the cabin door and the tail surfaces. At the bottom of this arm is a hook which is also attached to a steel cable that runs back up into the cabin and is wound around a motor-driven reel.

When all is ready, the C-47 swoops down at 110 miles per hour straight for the rope stretched across the pole tops. Just before reaching it, the pilot pours on power. The arm strikes the rope, disengages it from the spring clips, slides down to the hook, and the connection is made. The cable begins to pay out from the drum and is allowed to run free, eventually as much as a thousand feet.

The glider goes into motion and, after a run of a few hundred feet, is in the air. The cable operator in the tow plane then begins to reel in the glider to the normal towing distance of 350 feet.

The combination of the cable paying out and the nylon rope's stretch of up to 15 per cent of its length, eliminates the jerk that takes virtually all shock out of the departure of the glider. The "snatching-off" expression used by glider pilots is not as vicious as it sounds. The effect on pilot and passengers is about the same as a streetcar making a quick start. Hence this operation is regarded as having its highest value in removing wounded and getting the gliders back for another trip at the same time.

In their off-duty hours, the boys talk of the days to come when gliders loaded with merchandise will be sitting on airway sidings waiting for the aerial freight train to swoop them away to market.

THE END

King of the Keglers

Continued from page 21

In 1932, Ned played with Steele in the tough Milwaukee Classic League, and a year later Marino chose him as a member of a team organized to represent the Heil Company of Milwaukee. This team became one of the most famous outfits in bowling history, holding the national title from 1934 to 1937. Besides Marino and Day, the original members of the team were Gil Zunker, Elmer Koch, Doc Ehlke, and Emil Kannenberg, all noted keglers. Several replacements were made later—Fred Lorenzo and Charley Daw bowled with the Heils a season or two, and so did Billy Sixty, now a well-known Milwaukee sports writer. Sixty was one of Ned Day's discoverers, but on one occasion he wasn't sure he had found very much. He had asked Al Lattin, at that time president of the American Bowling Congress, to watch Ned perform, and they looked on while the future champion rolled a puny 146.

"Hell!" said Sixty. "That kid can't bowl! Let's get some beer."

And while they sat gloomily at the bar, as far away from the alley as they could get, Ned regained his form and rolled a perfect game.

Five members of the Heil team—Day, Marino, Daw, Ehlke and Koch—went to Berlin in 1936 to compete in the International Bowling Congress held in conjunction with the Olympic Games. They won the five- and three-men team events, but Day was beaten in the singles by a German entry, W. Goldammer, who rolled 928 pins in four games against 918 for Ned.

"Next to the Americans," said Ned, "the Finns were the best bowlers there. In the five-man match, we beat them by only fourteen pins. The Germans were not very good, although I must say there wasn't much wrong with Goldammer. But they certainly put on a show. Before every match, the German bowlers lined up on the alleys, went through a lot of calisthenics, and shouted 'Heil!' so much that some of the boys thought they must be advertising our team. They were all big men, because the Germans thought that only big men were strong enough to bowl.

"No one in Germany would accept Hank Marino as the champion; they said he was too old and too little. Hank was forty-five then, weighed about 140 pounds, and stood maybe five feet six inches. The Germans insisted that Doc Ehlke, a big six-footer, must be champion, and treated him as such. They were surprised that Marino should be allowed to bowl at all. Me, too, for that matter."

Ned won his first championship in 1938, when he defeated Lowell Jackson of St. Louis, and repeated the feat every year until 1942. Actually, he successfully defended his title that year also, beating Johnny Crimmins of Detroit by half a point, with a strike in the last frame of the last game of a ninety-game series. But because of a change in the setup under which the championship matches were held, he had to risk the title again during the next three days against a field of ten finalists who had survived elimination matches. He was defeated by Connie Schwoegler, the "Blond Giant" of Madison, Wisconsin, whose father owns a bowling alley.

Ned went into the Navy soon afterward, but was discharged in the summer of 1943, and came back to the bowling lanes last December to win the championship from a field of 190 contenders. And he's a top-heavy favorite to retain the title when he lays it on the line next winter against several hundred of the best keglers in the country.

THE END

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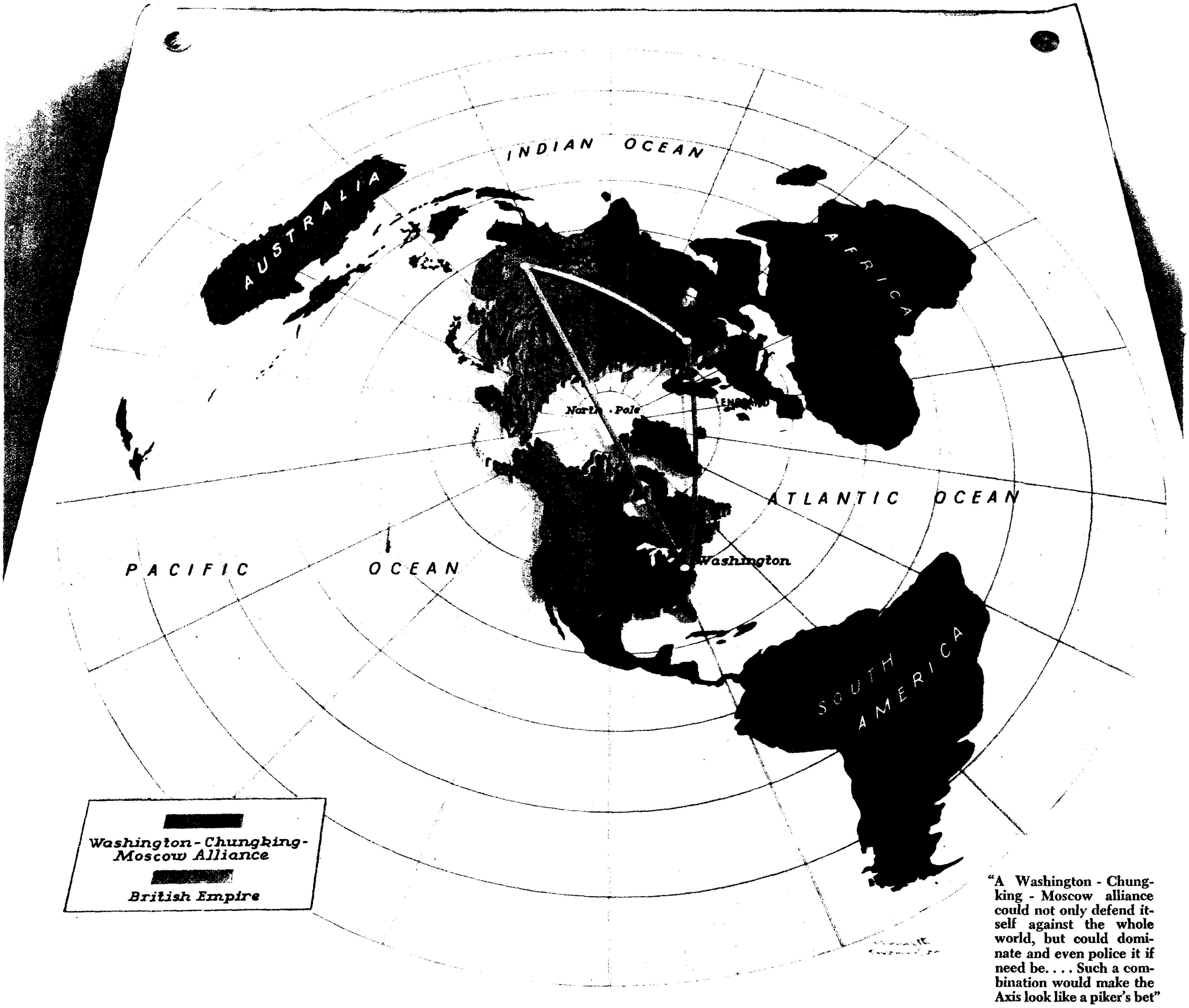


"A Washington - Chungking - Moscow alliance could not only defend itself against the whole world, but could dominate and even police it if need be. . . . Such a combination would make the Axis look like a piker's bet"

PEACE BY THE MAP

By George T. Renner

MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

If we don't heed the grim realities of geography, it won't be long before we'll be headed into a third World War

PROPOSALS for maintaining peace after the war center around four ideas:

(1) That the United States continue to build and maintain the largest armament in existence and enforce peace by its own power.

(2) That the United States join with Britain in maintaining armaments strong enough to enforce world peace.

(3) That the Big Four (United States, Great Britain, Soviet Russia and China) maintain four separate armaments and cooperate under a loose political entente.

(4) That the League of Nations be exhumed, strengthened and put into operation.

Let us examine each of these propositions from the standpoint, not of idealistic theory, but of geographic reality.

World peace is—and always will be—a matter of world control by some power or combination of powers. World control is simply a matter of recognizing and acting upon certain physical facts known as geography. General George Marshall stated recently that the army which knows the most geography will always win a war.

"How else," we may well ask ourselves, "could two second-rate nations (Germany and Japan) and a third-rate one (Italy) come so close to defeating the entire world?" The answer is that they faced all the available political facts, and all the discoverable geographical facts at the same time. When you add political facts to geographical facts, you get the only "secret weapon" which the Axis has possessed, and it was secret only because the democracies had never used it.

Can U. S. Police the World?

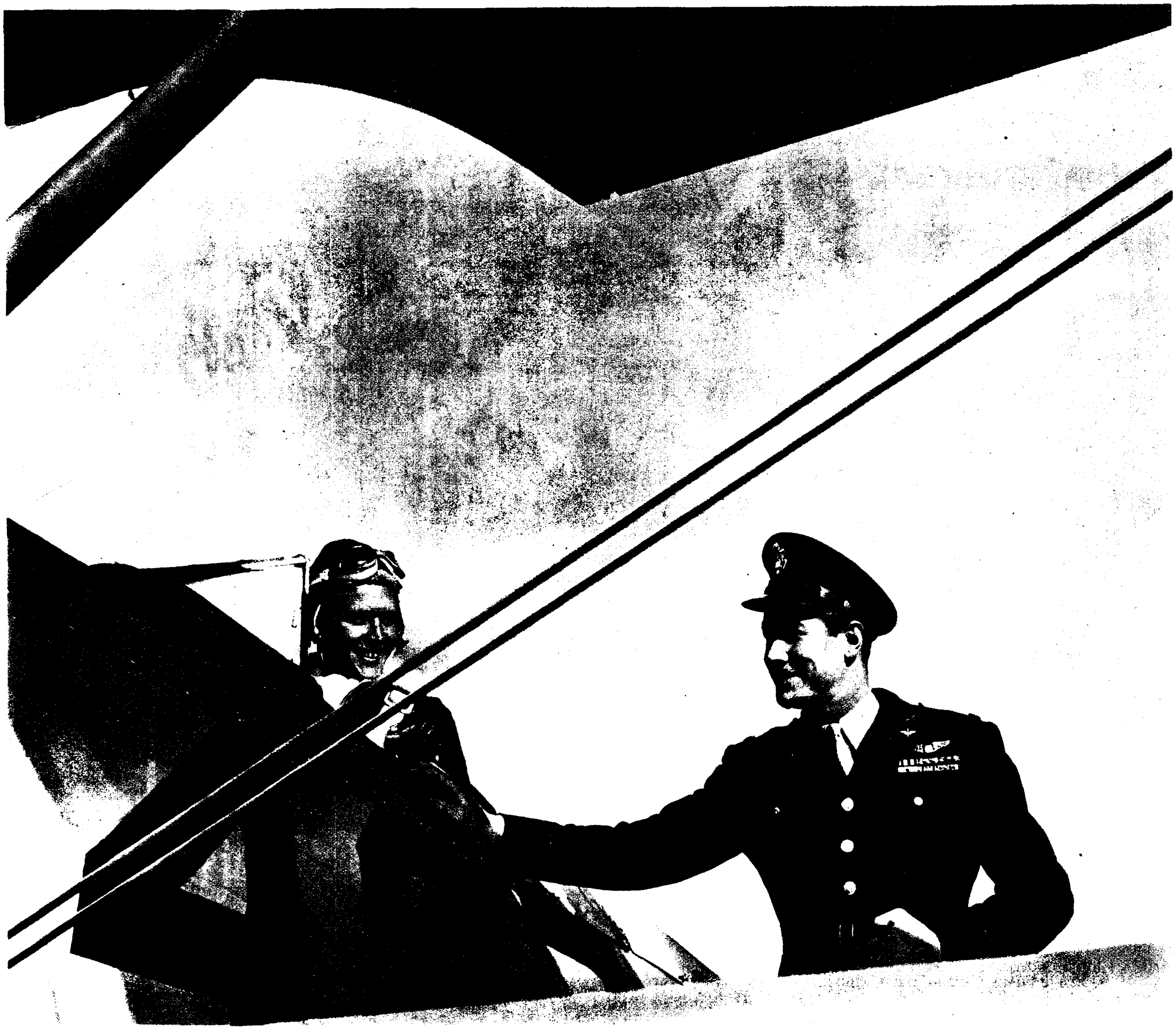
The United States is now the preponderant seapower, and its naval strength is growing rapidly. Suppose the United States, with its naval power, together with its auxiliary aerial might, undertook to police the world. Would such a program be possible?

To answer this, get out a physical map of the world and examine it. Into how much of the land on this map could our seapower penetrate?

It could possibly control all the scattered islands of the oceans, while our landpower could dominate all of North America. Our seapower could also penetrate and dominate the coasts of South America, Australia and Africa. It could not penetrate the interiors of these continents. Happily, these interiors contain few people and no political powers, and hence present no possible major problems. Our seapower could also get into and police the islands and peninsulas of western Europe—easily if it had allies there, but with great difficulty if it did not.

Eastern Europe and Asia are, however, a very different story. Their northern coasts cannot even be approached because the Arctic is frozen. The eastern and southern coasts could be assaulted and occupied, but there are practically insuperable mountain barriers not far inland. From the west, it is possible to penetrate the interior of Eurasia, but only

(Continued on page 47)



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First Love

He came back from a year in the flak-filled sky over Europe. A Flying Fortress pilot, veteran of over thirty bombing missions, with a major's leaves on his shoulders, and plenty of ribbons below his silver wings.

One place he visited was the primary training base where he had done his first flying. When he reached the flight line his face crinkled in a boyish grin.

"Boeing Kaydets!" he said. "If I fly a hundred years there'll never be a thrill like my first solo in one of those babies. I was so scared my fingers felt like sausages. But she took me off and purred away upstairs, sweet and honest and steady — and she was all mine!

"There've been a lot of others since, but I'll always keep a warm spot in my heart for that old PT-17!"

The quality of the training given American fliers is proved a thousand times a day, wherever they strike the enemy. And more of our fledgling eagles have learned to use their wings in the Boeing-built Army PT-17 and Navy N2S-2 and N2S-3 than in any other primary trainers. Hundreds of these same rugged Boeing planes are used for training airmen in other Allied countries.

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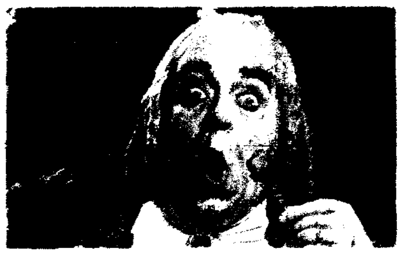

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FIGHT BY HIS SIDE—BUY MORE BONDS!

Peace by the Map

Continued from page 44

after crossing all of western and central Europe. Even the German military machine, on the very edge of this great region, was not able to get in very far.

This Eurasian interior is, then, as far as seapower is concerned, the unconquerable "fortress of the world." It contains about one quarter of the world's population and potentially one third of the world's industrial resources. Moreover, most of the two great nations—Russia and China—lie inside its borders. No matter how much seapower we possess, we cannot get into and police this area. The proposal that the United States police the world is therefore impossible.

Suppose the United States and Britain join forces to police the world. What then? It would not make getting into interior Europe and Asia any easier. Anglo-American seapower, with auxiliary airpower, and with the ability to transport troops, could penetrate the coasts of Eurasia with relative ease. This would be facilitated by the line of British naval bases known as the "Empire Life Line" which runs around the southern shores of Europe and Asia. But it would be much easier for the nations inside Eurasia to drive us off, than for us to maintain ourselves on the margins.

Likewise, if the interior Eurasian countries were thoroughly organized and mobilized, they could easily overrun Europe, close Gibraltar and the Skagerrak and lock seapower out of Europe entirely. Obviously, Britain and America combined do not have the ability to police the world.

It is fairly obvious that any group of nations which undertakes to enforce peace upon the earth, must include the countries which lie inside Eurasia. The Germans and Japanese knew this long ago and made it the underlying principle of World War II. They knew that two of their great opponents—Russia and China—lay inside, while the other two—Britain and the United States—lay outside.

The pattern of their war strategy was to drive around the margins of Eurasia so as to cut off their two landpower opponents from contact with their two seapower opponents. Once this was accomplished, encircled Russia and China would be squeezed to defeat. Next, using conquered manpower and resources, the Axis powers planned to erect an impregnable world fortress and build an overwhelming war machine. Thus equipped, they then planned to track down and defeat Anglo-American seapower and seize complete control of the world.

This scheme failed by a narrow margin, but its underlying principle is still valid. Any scheme of world control for the purpose of enforcing peace must, out of the very nature of world geography, include the two countries inside the natural Eurasian "heartland" or it is doomed to failure.

The recent development of airpower (and its inevitable greater development in the future) has not weakened this principle. Surprisingly, it has, instead, enlarged and strengthened it. This is easily seen when one examines the new Air Age map of the world centered on the North Pole.

Warplane Opened Up the Arctic

The warplane has opened up the Arctic side of Eurasia, but it will also make it easier for Russia and China to drive seapower away from the margins of Eurasia, and would make it more difficult for maritime invaders to maintain air bases on those margins. The warplane has also opened up the Arctic side of North America. Likewise, it will in the future make it very difficult for any hostile navy to approach the shores of this continent.

Thus, the advent of airpower has made Russia and America, which face each other across the narrow Arctic Ocean, vulnerable to each other. To compensate for this, it has made them much more easily defended if they integrate their efforts by aerial supply lines across the Arctic. The Arctic Ocean is no barrier to the warplane. It promises to become a sort of World Mediterranean, across which flying conditions are almost ideal. As a result, the natural world fortress, or heartland, has been expanded to include the interior parts of all the land masses which form a ring around this Arctic Mediterranean—Europe, Asia, and North America—with close aerial ties between them. Within this ring, lie three great nations—Russia, China and the United States. (Canada also lies inside this ring, but she can only be regarded as a perpetual friend and political ally of the United States.)

A political alliance among these three nations would, therefore, dominate the whole inner half of the earth's surface. Almost all the other nations lie outside this central zone. A Washington-Moscow-Chungking alliance could not only defend itself against the whole world but could dominate and even police it, if need be.

This is true because such a combination of countries would be operating on interior lines of communication and supply from enormous arsenals of industry and reservoirs of manpower, while the rest of the world would have to operate on longer and weaker exterior lines. Such a combination would make the little Rome-Berlin Axis and its bid for totalitarian world control look like a piker's bet. It would be power politics played with blue chips. Such a combination, if organized for world peace, would give us world peace.

In the light of these tough facts of world geography, it is distressing to observe the large amount of politico-clerical sniping at Russia, which has been, and still is going on in America. It is also distressing to look back upon our long neglect of China in the face of Japanese aggression. Future world peace must depend upon a strong Russia, a strong China and a strong American alliance with them both.

Recently, many responsible Englishmen and Americans have declared categorically that Britain and America must join in an effort to enforce a postwar peace. Such an idea by itself is as dangerous as it is futile. Anglo-Saxon nations have long maintained a sort of world stability through naval domination, but owing to recent drastic changes in military geography, the day of such control is fast vanishing. The 200,000,000 Anglo-Saxons make up only one tenth of the world's population, and any proposal that they go on dominating the world (even for what appears to be a good purpose) is going to be resented. Moreover, that resentment would alienate the Russians and Chinese at the very start, and the world would immediately fall into two opposing camps.

The Nations That Hold Trumps

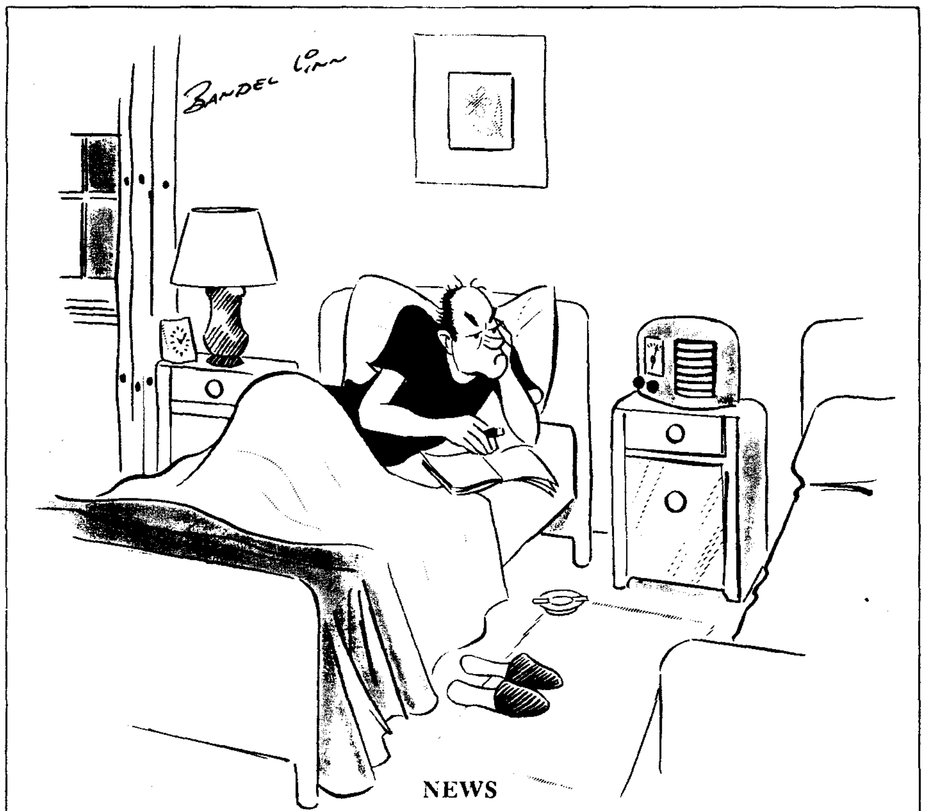
The military-geographic position of Russia and China is central and very strong, while that of the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations is far outside this and much weaker. To make matters worse, in any world wherein Russia and China are paired off against the Anglo-Saxons, it is extremely likely that the former would soon be joined by the small Slav nations, by defeated Germany and Japan, and by disaffected India—perhaps eventually even by the Moslem states.

In such a world, our geographical position would be hopelessly second-rate, and in an armed conflict would probably result in our defeat. In this situation lie both the hope for world peace and the probable pattern for World War III. Which of these alternatives we get depends upon which we choose. Which we choose will depend upon how much geographical gumption we possess.

Modern means of transportation have made it impossible to keep the world geographically separated into continents or even hemispheres. Human security when disturbed in one region promptly becomes threatened in every other region. It can no longer be chopped up into segments. World peace has become indivisible. We Americans cannot even hope to walk alone. We dare not hope to maintain world peace by joining Britain in unilateral action. Actually, the geographic position of Britain in the coming Air Age will be much weaker than our own situation will be. In the present transition period, however, the naval power and the moral and financial strength of Britain make her essential to any world organization. The crux of any plan for peace lies in the united mobilization of the four Great Powers.

To some, the idea of power mobilization for peace is repugnant; they would avoid it by reviving the idea of a world league. This obviously would serve no geographical purpose, and, moreover, it would weaken the total effort through reducing it to many small political fragments. We do not hesitate to mobilize power to win a war. Why should we hesitate to mobilize power to guarantee a peace?

THE END



". . . I believe it is quite obvious that the coming election will see a new President in office unless Mr. Roosevelt decides to run for a fourth term—in which case he might win. The Republicans seem to be in favor of Dewey to smash the Democratic machine, although a close contest between these two men could produce another dark horse. Some Democrats are said to be backing the nomination of Senator Barkley, while others are clamoring for Senator Byrd. Vice-President Wallace may get the nod. Thus, under careful analysis, we see that Roosevelt may be running against Dewey—or else Barkley will be running against Bricker—or possibly McNutt may be slated to battle it out with Stassen. None of these considerations take into account the fact that Wallace might be slugging it out with Taft—or that the Democrats might run a dark horse candidate."

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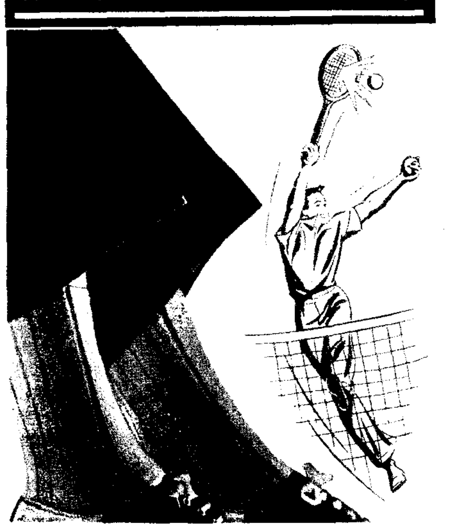

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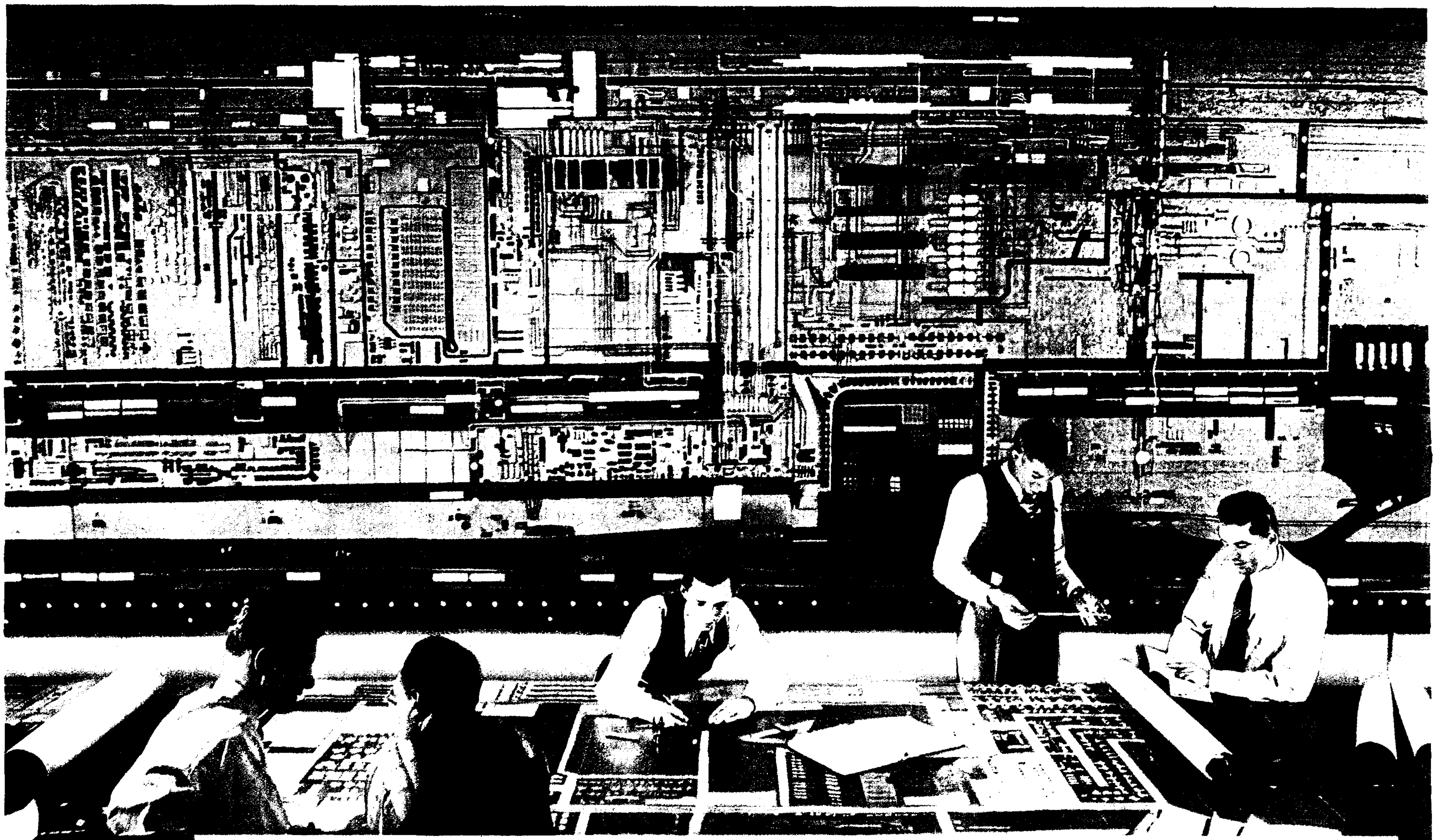

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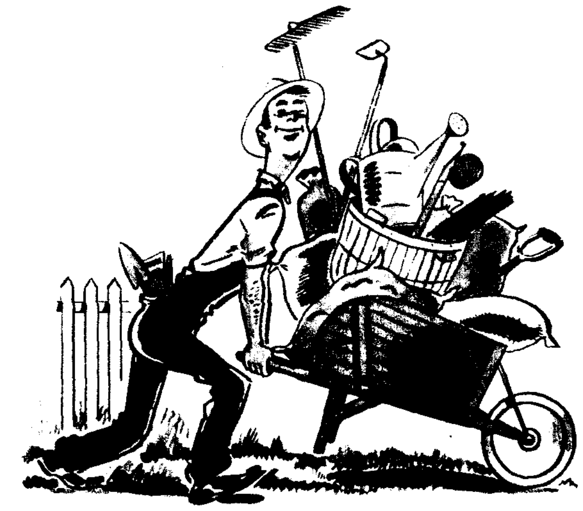
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

Growing Better

BY RUTH CARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BODE



SOIL is being dug, weather eyes are out, and hope is springing eternal; i.e., Victory Gardeners are at work. Twenty million veterans of last year, and 2,000,000 more of us besides—Uncle Sam hopes—to help swell the world's larder for the big push. With plenty of good fresh home-garden taste for extra reward.

Last year's gardeners did a beautiful job. Contrary to the skeptics' predictions, they stuck by their gardens and harvested such crops that home canners were able almost to equal the commercial pack for civilian use; which is the reason ration point values went so low. But, say the experts whose job it is to help them, they could have had an easier and better time of it.

So we consulted Mr. H. W. Hochbaum of the Department of Agriculture's Extension Service, and Mr. Carl F. Wedell, head of the School of Horticulture at the New York State Institute of Agriculture, both with special Victory Garden jobs. To steer you right this year, what, we asked, went wrong most often last year? They gave us these points to double check.

Soil. Too many gardeners thought they could grow plants in anything so long as it was dirt, with fertilizer doused on and lime cast over all. Soil needs to have humus in it and to have the right chemical reaction, or it won't make full use of your fertilizer. And it may not need lime at all. If you are gardening on untried soil, have it tested at your State Agricultural College, or any one of a number of places your local Victory Garden adviser can tell you about.

If your soil needs lime, use hydrated lime at this late date, which will get to work faster than ground limestone.

If it needs humus, which is stuff that will lighten its texture, chop in peat moss, grass clippings, decayed leaves, manure if you can get it; for exact details, ask the place where you had your soil tested. The value of such organic matter cannot be overestimated. It improves the water and air-holding capacities of the soil, especially of a sandy or a heavy soil. It contributes some food value and helps to keep the fertilizer you add from leaching away. It's an essential part of every good gardener's yearly program, returning in this way to the soil what he has taken out of it.

Even if your first seeds are already in the ground, you can now go ahead and work the land to be planted to fall-maturing crops. Planting goes on until August almost anywhere.

Next major criticism is that the minute their seeds begin to sprout, Victory Gardeners become softhearted and weak-minded. They have read in all the books and on every seed packet about thinning. But they can't stand it. So they leave three times too many seedlings there, to smother and choke one another. The old rule is to "plant thick and thin quick." Now in wartime they ask you to go easy on the thick planting, to conserve seeds, but thin as soon as the first true leaves appear. Thin again to final spacing when the plants to be pulled are big enough to amount to something in the salad bowl.

Gardeners are also timid about bugs and diseases. They wait until these afflictions are in full charge, and then run around spraying and dusting like mad and too late. Don't ask how, but bean beetles always know you've got beans, and potato vines automatically have potato bugs. Expect them, watch for them, and get in the first licks yourself.

Treat plant diseases before they appear. A spell of damp, humid weather is your cue to look up fungus diseases in your garden book, and act as directed.

Water is something gardeners need to use more of. Not enough of them watered when planting and transplanting, though seeds need moisture to get started, and transplants collapse and may die without it. And no one yet believes that soaking the ground takes hours of letting the sprinkler run, not fifteen minutes of diddling the hose up and down. Just poke into the soil sometime and see. Don't however, work your soil when it is thoroughly wet. Don't even walk on it then if it is a heavy soil, or it will harden to clods that you'll spend the summer breaking up.

To conserve the water in your soil, and incidentally save yourself a lot of work, you could do more mulching. A mulch is a litter of grass clippings, peat moss, decayed leaves or similar material, scattered around your plants two or three inches deep, after the soil has been cultivated. You can even use tar paper, or old cartons flattened. Anything that keeps moisture from evaporating and resists the weeds. You can then go easier on all that hoeing and watering.

FUNGUS DISEASES

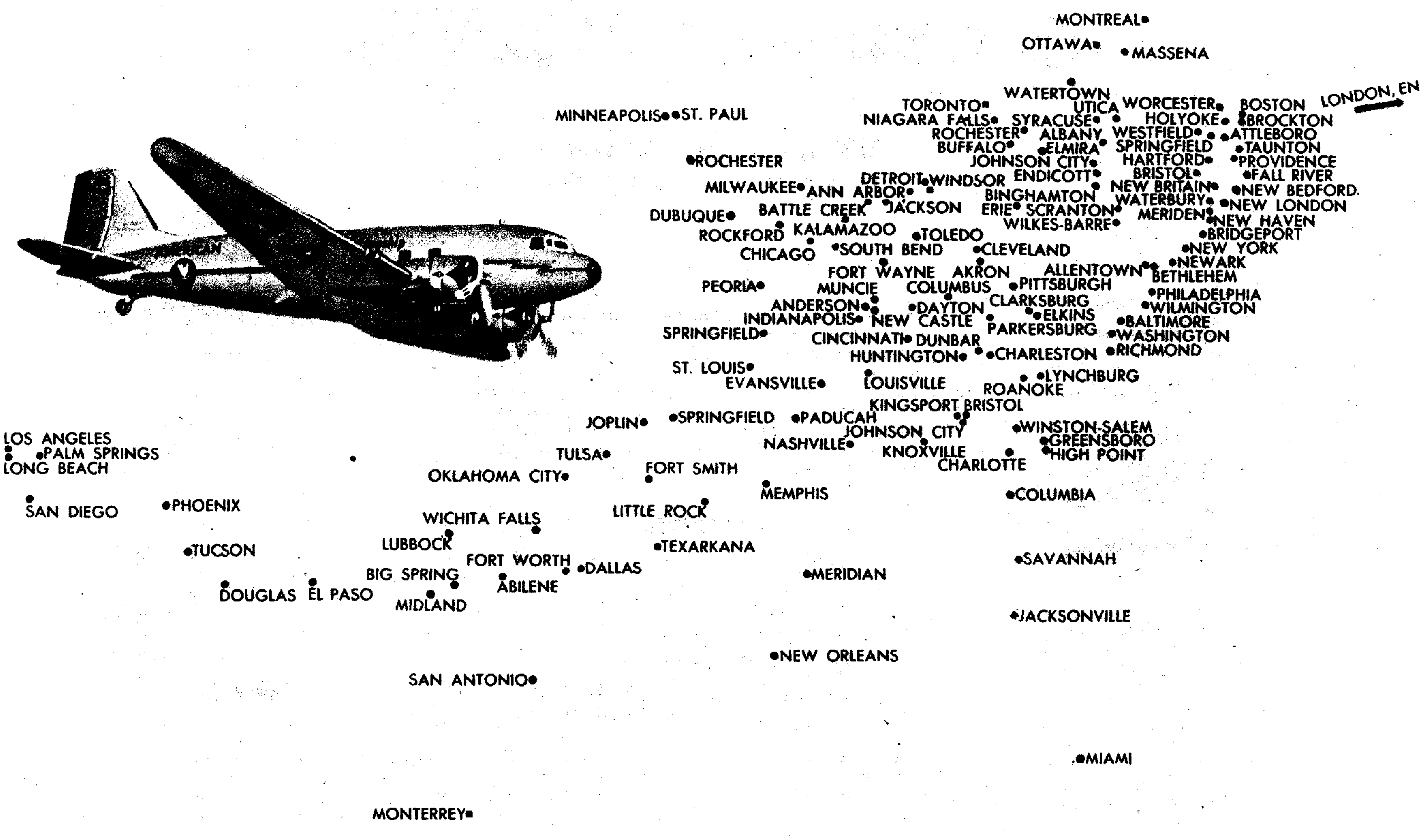
One of the saddest errors of the Victory Gardener has been to miss out on the freshest, best taste of his product. He doesn't pick the stuff in time. Beans grow longer and plumper—and tougher. Beets pass their delectable baby beet stage. Tiny zucchini squash, perfect for frying, Italian fashion, in oil, turn into tough young watermelons—while their grower gloats over his bigger though, sadly, not better crops.

There was also the woman who waited for her radish plants to grow radishes in bunches, and the other woman who planted her carrots in circles because carrots come in bunches. But they wouldn't be you.

You did, however, too many of you, plant too much stuff at once—especially radishes and lettuce. Succession planting, a little every two weeks, will let you enjoy more of that fresh young taste. And in small gardens you planted, they say, too many space-consuming things like potatoes and corn. Though they don't say how you are going to get that fresh-out-of-the-garden taste in corn unless you grow your own. You didn't plant enough root crops and enough summer greens, like chard and New Zealand spinach, nor enough kale, collards and mustard greens that keep growing into the fall. (Before you say you don't like greens, try simmering till tender, then seasoning with bacon drippings.)

You didn't prolong the season, either, by rescuing still green tomatoes from the garden before frost, wrapping each one in paper, and letting them ripen in the house. And even if you didn't want to go in for regular storage space for root crops, you could have used a place like the cellar-window area when the garden got too cold for what was left there. Cover it with boards, or leaves piled on a screen. Let in warmer air from the cellar when needed.

A few of last year's Victory Gardeners, however, are saving their big mistake for this year. They've decided to sit under a tree, and eat out of the grocery store. Didn't we have plenty last year? What these gardeners need is more conceit. Sure we had plenty, thanks to them. And it's still not too late to start digging again. ★★★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Two of a Kind

Continued from page 12

He shook hands with me and introduced the skipper, then turned to face Wilson, whose eyes were appraising the admiral through narrow slits. They did not shake hands. They stared at each other for an uncomfortably long time.

Then the admiral nodded and said, “Good morning, Commander. It's good to have you aboard.”

I blinked at Wilson. Commander? That was pretty stiff rank for a man as young as Wilson—and on the beach.

A light, bitter smile tugged at Wilson's lips. “I can't say,” he replied, “that I feel just as good at being here.”

“Then why did you come?” the admiral asked.

“Four men, sir. They're important, in or out of the Navy.”

“Yes, of course.” The admiral seemed to be on the verge of saying something else, but thought better of it and turned to me: “The sub was rammed yesterday afternoon a short distance from Port Angeles. We don't know exactly how it happened, except that it must have been running submerged, coming into Puget Sound. A Coast Guard cutter sliced across it just forward of the conning tower. The cutter sank also, but about halfway back to port. The sub, of course, went down immediately.”

I asked, “Did anyone get out?”

Admiral Staley nodded. “Six men got out of the rear compartments, using Momsen lungs, but they could throw no light on the accident, as none of them had been in the control room for some time preceding the collision. There are still four men forward, apparently safe for the time being.”

“How do you know?”

“A destroyer is standing by over the sub and has been in touch with the trapped men through its sonic apparatus. One of the four is Lieutenant Commander Bell, the sub's skipper.” An odd look came into Staley's eyes and he glanced at Wilson. “I can't understand,” he said, “why the skipper should have been forward.”

Wilson smiled and said, “Seems to be the same old trouble. You weren't able to understand before, either.”

The admiral ignored that remark and whatever it was intended to mean. He continued: “Naturally, our first thought is to rescue the four men. But there is also another matter of great importance: The sub was carrying confidential papers from the fleet. Those papers are needed in Washington. They must be retrieved.” He glanced at Wilson. “You would probably know where to find them. You—ah—you're well acquainted with the interior of the S type.”

Wilson shook his head. “I'll help free the men,” he said. “I know what they're up against. But don't expect me to help with anything else. I'm not interested.”

“I had hoped—”

“Then stop hoping.”

Wilson turned away from him and poured some coffee. The admiral stared after him. I could not read the expression in his eyes, but they seemed rather bleak.

During the run across Puget Sound, I studied the charts spread on the table and, in particular, the area marked where the sub had gone down. She was in twenty-four fathoms, or a hundred and forty-four feet, which is about as deep as the ordinary diver can go and expect to get results. Pressure that far down would be a little over sixty tons on a man's body. I noticed, too, that the position of the sub was marked on the very edge of an underwater reef, or cliff. On the other side it fell away sharply to better than thirty-five fathoms. Commander Brown informed us that the sub was teetering precariously exactly on that edge, which was one of the reasons for haste. It might slide off into the deeper channel, where no diver could reach it.

ABOUT halfway across the sound I went out on deck and examined the equipment that had been brought aboard for diving. It was fairly complete.

But the weather was terrible. Even in the fairly protected waters of the sound, the racing destroyer rolled her decks under and bucked about like a wild horse in a rodeo. The howling wind drove flat sheets of spray across the decks, and the plunging bow shipped tons of green water to imperil the men working on the boom forward. The whole vessel was coated with a thin sheet of ice, and the sailors, too, were covered with it.

I saw Commander Brown on the bridge and made my way up to his side. I broke the ice from my arms. I said, “Frankly, Commander, I doubt if either of us does any diving in this blow.”

He nodded. “I was thinking of that. But those men down there, slowly suffocating—”

“We'll do our best.”

“Of course you will.”

I looked down from the bridge and saw Wilson and the admiral walking forward, their heads bent to the gale, their arms shielding their faces from the flying particles of ice.

I asked, as casually as possible, “How long has Wilson been out of the Navy?”

The skipper pursed his lips and thought a moment, then replied, “About two years. Maybe a little more.”

“I suppose he was in the submarine service?”

The skipper turned to stare at me. “I thought he was working with you.”

“He is, but I just met him last night.”

“Oh. Well, yes; Wilson was one of the best skippers in the submersible fleet. Admiral Staley was then in command of that fleet. Now he is stationed in this area.”

“H'mm. A little light begins to show. What happened?”

“I don't know the whole story, Moran, only a part of it. Wilson was in command of the submarine Tern, out of Boston. It was rammed by an Army transport somewhere along the Maine coast. Went down with all hands. By some miracle, Wilson escaped. He was the only one.”

“And then?”

“Well, ordinarily there would have been the usual inquiry, but Staley ordered a court-martial. Wilson was found guilty of negligence and discharged.”

“Dishonorable?”

“No. There was some doubt, you see, as to exactly what had happened. He was simply discharged as unfit. That is all I know.”

I went below, gathered Wilson and the helpers in the wardroom and worked out a set of signals to be used. Then we went over the diving equipment inch by inch and got everything ready. The destroyer started bucking more wildly than before and slowed down. I went up to the bridge to see what was going on.

We were approaching the Strait of Juan De Fuca, the dividing line between the Olympic Peninsula in the States and Victoria in Canada. The gale now had a free sweep in from the sea and was blowing off the top of each wave. The chop of the water was like a giant hand roiling up the passage. Dead ahead was a destroyer at anchor and two of the more modern submarines with their superstructures barely awash, also at anchor.

We slid in to a position approximately in the center of the three ships. Signalmen started to work, and in a few minutes we had a number of messages. The four men below were still alive, but the air in the forward compartment was fouled and getting worse. They were in a bad way and I still couldn't see how a diver could go down in that water.

Our destroyer ran out lines to the other three ships and made fast, using them as anchors to hold us over the sub. Then a can buoy was fished aboard with a line attached to a grapnel hooked onto the sub on the bottom. We were ready for diving, if it could be done.

Wilson and I went forward with the skipper and Admiral Staley and looked down into the pitching gray-blue water.

I turned to Wilson and said, “It's your life. What do you think?”

He shrugged. “What's the difference where you get it?”

That placed me on a spot. “Okay,” I said. “Let's get ready.”

WE WENT into a cabin prepared for us and dressed in four suits of heavy woolen underwear, and as many pairs of socks as we could get on our feet. With the help of two dressers, I slid into the canvas-covered rubber diving dress, and jammed my gloved hands into the watertight sleeves. Then the dressers hung an eighty-pound lead belt around my waist and strapped on thirty-pound lead shoes. The copper breastplate was bolted to the rubber collar and a telephone strapped to my ears. Wilson was also ready. We went out to the deck and up to a boom that had been erected forward. Our helmets were lowered over our heads and twisted into place, but the forward ports of the helmets were left open.

I looked at Wilson and he smiled nervously. It was an even chance that one or both of us would never see the surface again.

I said, “Of course, you know there is no decompression tank on board, just in case?”

He nodded. “I know.”

“Then take it plenty easy ascending. If we get the bends out here, there is no tank to save us.”

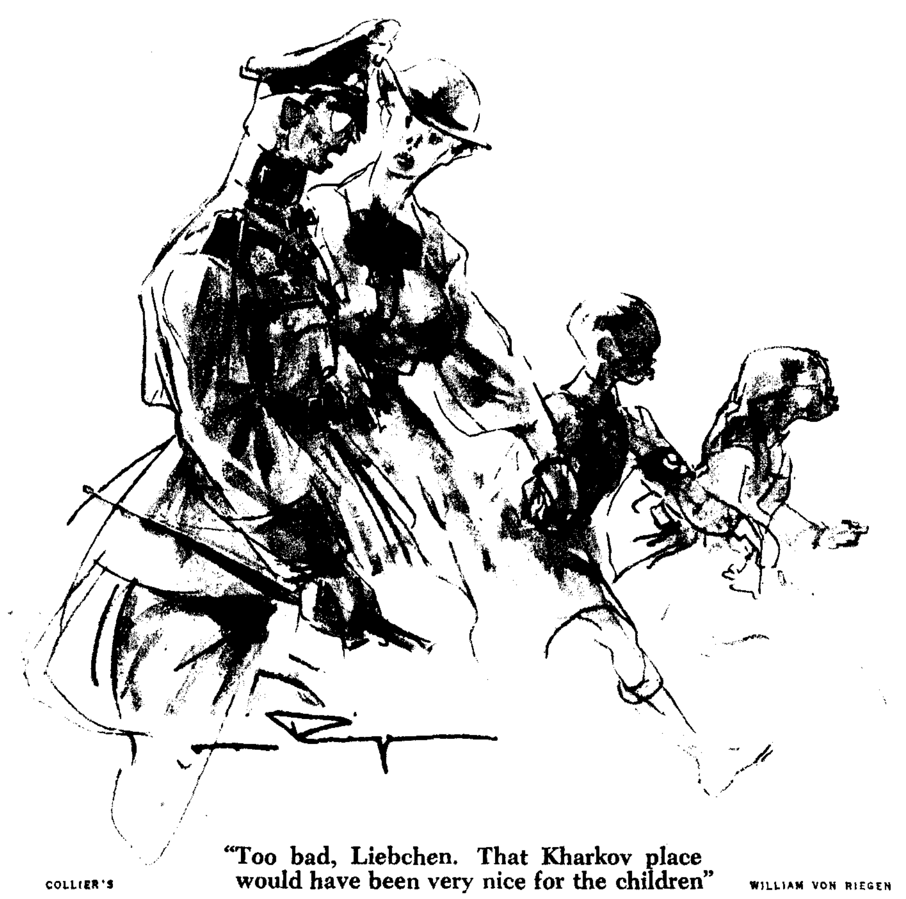
He said again, “I know. Shall we go down together? You're the boss.”

“We'd better go together. And stay at my side. Don't lose sight of me at any time.”

“Right.”

Our dressers helped us onto the diving stage and bolted the forward ports of the helmets. I adjusted the intake and exhaust valves, and nodded that I was ready.

Wilson also nodded. The boom lifted our



“Too bad, Liebchen. That Kharkov place would have been very nice for the children”

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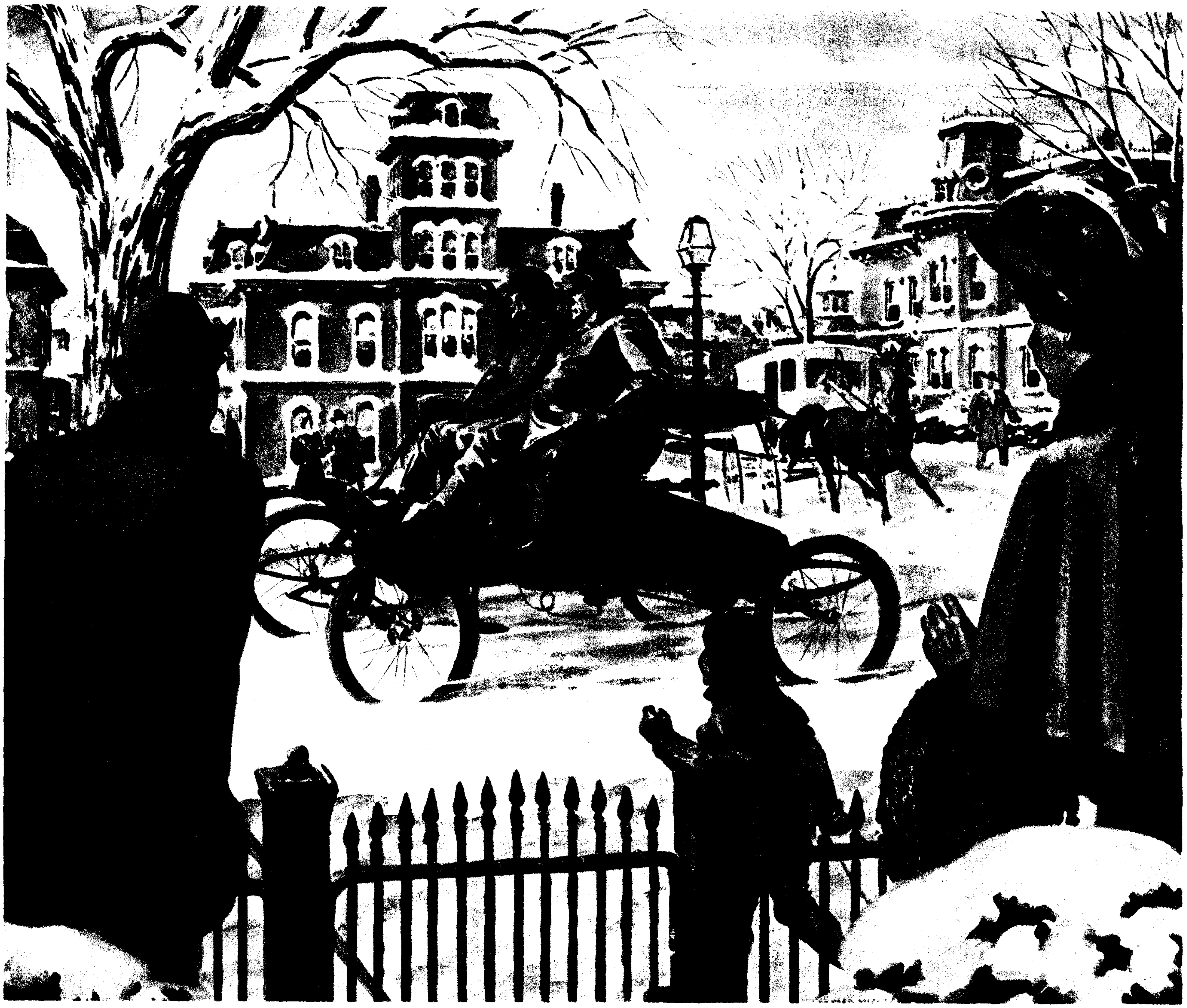

"Swifter than a race horse it flew over the icy streets!"

MANY a mustache cup was put down with a clatter. Many a housewife on this wintry Sunday morning in 1900 began to dream of a new family carriage—*without a horse!*

There on the front page of the newspaper was the thrilling story. Henry Ford had given a reporter a ride in the first Detroit-built automobile—an experimental model. It had been an inspiring expérience.

A speed of 25 miles an hour had been attained. The reporter nearly leapt overboard in fright, but had kept his perch over the 3-gallon gas tank.

He was now able to record ecstatically that the "big machine rode with dreamlike smoothness" despite the ruts . . . that it "stopped within six feet" and was off again "like a frightened ghost".

Mr. Ford had proved himself "an expert in cutting circles and other fancy figures". He turned sharp curves "with the grace and ease of a wild bird". Even a milk wagon and a loaded dray had been encountered without mishap!

From these early days, the name Ford has never ceased to be news.

The reason lies in the basic Ford principle: *build a sturdy, simple car priced within the reach of the greatest number.*

When production was stopped on the 1942 models, more than 30,000,000 Ford-built cars and trucks had taken to the road. Millions of them are still serving America's vital needs.

Much of the present news of Ford is "restricted", for it has to do with the mass production of giant aircraft and other tools of victory.

But there will come a day when Ford news will again feature civilian models. You may be sure they will reflect all the ingenuity and precision engineering which are traditional with Ford. They will benefit, too, by the newer knowledge of materials and fabrication methods.

Yes, the Ford cars of the future may even challenge the descriptive powers of that forgotten reporter who, at the turn of the century, rolled along the streets of Detroit "swifter than a race horse".

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

stage, swung us out over the water and lowered us to the wildly dancing waves. I tried the telephone speaker in the upper part of my helmet:

"On deck. Make the first drop at least twenty feet, or we'll be smashed against the side of the boat."

My telephone helper on the forward deck of the destroyer said, "Twenty feet it is, sir. All ready?"

"All ready. Lower away."

The diving stage dropped, and we plunged down into the sea. The life line and air hose tugged at my breastplate, then went slack as they were paid out. The diving suit pressed in against my legs and lower abdomen, and pressure built up in the helmet. I valved in a little more air, already feeling the chill of the water creeping through the suit and heavy underwear. The stage was dancing under my feet, and I had to hang on or go headfirst into the depths.

I spoke into the mouthpiece: "Topside. Drop us another twenty feet and leave the stage at that level. We will step off from there."

The stage dropped from under us an additional twenty feet, then brought us up with a jolt. It was still dancing crazily. Before my eyes was the one line leading down to the sub. I reached out and grasped it, swung myself off of the stage and hooked my legs around the line. Then I started sliding down toward the bottom. Wilson followed me.

My eardrums dilated badly, and I kept swallowing to keep down the pressure on the inside. Every few feet, I stopped to adjust the air valves and each time I shivered uncontrollably from the intense cold. It seemed that I would never reach bottom and that the ocean was going on endlessly down and down and getting darker and darker, but out of the darkness a huge black shape came swimming into my limited vision from below—the submarine.

Now was the time to use all caution. I could see no farther than fifteen feet in any direction and had no idea where I would land on the sub. I crept down the last few inches until my shoes hit steel, then let go of the Manila line. I was jerked wildly out into the black depths, spun about until I was dizzy, then slammed face down on the deck of the submarine. I grabbed at a projecting piece of the superstructure and hung on.

As soon as I had my breath back, and the cold fear had ebbed away, I asked the deck for more slack. Then I got cautiously to my feet.

I felt something pressing against my back and turned about. Wilson was standing there, like some undersea monster.

I leaned my helmet against his, shut off an air valve for a second, and asked, "Have any idea where we are?"

His head nodded inside the helmet and his voice came, the vibrations transmitted through steel and water, "Aft of the conning tower. We'll have to make our way forward."

"Okay. Follow me. Be careful you don't step into the gash in the hull."

WE CAME to the gash right away. It started at the conning tower and went all the way forward, slicing the hull open like cheese and peeling the superstructure back like leaves of an onion. The cutter had evidently hit near the conning tower, dug in its bow, then slid forward on and over the sub. We were very cautious not to touch the jagged edges of the steel. A ripped suit would have let the protective wall of air out and sea pressure would have smashed us like jelly. We took a long time going forward.

Our lead shoes rang out against the steel of the sub and, suddenly, just as we reached the superstructure's end, there was an answering metallic bang from inside the sub. I paused, crouched down and rapped the huge diving knife against the hull. Four sharp raps answered me. Then all four of the men were still alive. I heaved a sigh of relief and banged out a stupid question, "Are you all right?"

The metallic and eerie answer, rapped out in code, returned, "Air very foul. Please hurry."

I rapped, "Hold on. Two divers now on sub. Get air to you in minute."

I got back to my feet and made my way cautiously forward to the hatch over the compartment where the men were trapped.

Wilson and I stooped down to examine the hatch. We stared at each other. There was no need to say anything. The situation, it seemed, was hopeless. A large chunk of the forward part of the superstructure had been torn loose by the cutter and jammed down over the escape hatch. It would have to be cut away with an underwater torch. That would take time, probably too much time.

I leaned my helmet against Wilson's and said, "We can try it."

He nodded, but shouted, "How about air?"

"We'll get air to them, I hope."

Into the telephone mouthpiece, I said, "Topside! Hey! We're on the sub, over the men. Can you understand me?"

The helper on the other end couldn't understand. A person's palate is formed to be vocal and understandable at the pressure found on the surface of the earth. That pressure was increased many times down where we were. Whistling is impossible and it is difficult to form even the simplest words. I tried again and kept trying until the helper finally understood me. Then I patiently made him understand the situation and asked that an air hose and a cutting torch be sent down. Wilson went aft to get them as they were lowered down with loops around the Manila line.

I INSPECTED the jagged steel around the hatch, and the feeling of hopelessness persisted. There was a lot of steel to be cut through, almost too much of it. Then Wilson returned, dragging the long lines behind him. I took the air hose and felt about the hull until I found the connection leading inside the compartment. Fortunately, that was not damaged. We screwed on the air hose, connected to pumps up on the destroyer, then signaled to start them in operation. The life-giving air hissed down through the hose for twenty-four fathoms and into the forward compartment of the sub.

In a minute, someone inside banged, "Thank God! We sure needed that air. Thanks! But please hurry. Men almost frozen stiff. Hurry!"

We were not wasting time. While the trapped man was signaling, we had turned on the torch and its long sodium-colored flame was cutting into the water. Wilson crouched down and turned the flame onto the steel. I knew he was almost frozen, too, but his hands were steady, and he squatted there as immobile as a rock. The flame started cutting into the steel, and thousands of sparks, which never fail to amaze me under water, shot off in all directions.

We took turns using the torch. While one man was busy, the other exercised, throwing arms and legs about, to keep our chilled blood moving sluggishly through our bodies. We forgot time and doggedly kept at the work. If we had left it to go above, the men would have died. You can't dive twice in the same day at depths that great.

For our own personal safety, we were not supposed to stay below longer than one hour. But that hour passed—and another, and we stayed where we were. Once the submarine shuddered as it slid another few feet on the crumbling ledge.

The wrecked superstructure was at last cut entirely through, but it took our combined strength to shove it away from the hatch.

Then Wilson rapped out a message: "Hatch clear. Flood compartment—come out in Momsen lungs. Remember Navy instructions. Do not hold breath. Fatal. Breathe naturally. Rise to surface slowly. Divers standing by."

We heard the efforts of the men moving about below us. Then came a message: "Compartment flooded. Air pressure good. Think we can make it. About to open hatch."

I rapped, "Good luck," then waited.

What the men were doing inside was a tricky business. They had flooded water into their compartment and that had built up a bubble of air at the ceiling under high pressure. That equalized the sea pressure and allowed them to push the hatch open. Each man, in turn, would then slip a Momsen lung (somewhat similar to a gas mask) over his face, duck under the steel curtain by the hatch, shove open the hatch and pop out into the sea. The pressure of the air in his lungs would correspond with the sea pressure, a vastly different matter from the man in a diving suit, and that pressure would decrease with the sea pressure as he rose to the surface. But if he held his breath at any time, a natural reaction, the pressure in his lungs would become greater as he rose and rupture the walls, leading to death in less than one minute after reaching the surface. So

The Week's Work

Ruth Carson

IN HER article on the pitfalls of Victory gardening and how to avoid them (p. 49), Ruth Carson quotes experts. But she might have spoken out of her own experience.

Miss Carson, a Collier's staff writer for some 15 years, and her husband, Burton Bugbee, an architect, are New York apartment-dwellers during the week, but on Saturday and Sunday they plunge recklessly into rural life, on their 44-acre place in Connecticut. Which gives Miss Carson a special insight when she writes articles on decorating, gardening and house-building subjects. Perhaps you remember the Collier's article describing the Bugbee house and how it grew—from a bunkhouse (now the guest house), to a three-room-and-garage affair, with provision for future growth. This year another room was added, to accommodate their new daughter, Mary Carson, and their cocker spaniel, Red Dog.

Miss Carson, following her Phi Beta Kappa career at the University of Michigan, set herself up as a real-estate agent in Ann Arbor. When, after a year, she earned a full $500 commission on one sale, she used the money to come to New York and look for a different career.

Week-end gardening, she says, is complicated by the rabbits and woodchucks which multiply in the owner's absence. But Mr. Bugbee's sharpshooting is thinning the wildlife ranks. Last week end Miss Carson cooked rabbit sauté. Next week end, if she can find a recipe, she hopes to have woodchuck stew.

Richard M. Stern

NOTMAN

WE ASKED Richard Martin Stern how he happened to write Blueprint of Love, p. 20. Mr. Stern, it seems, is a full-time aircraft worker, part-time author, and he knows a thing or two about how a new airplane is born. "Blueprint of Love is nothing new, nothing original," he writes. "There is always Engineering; there is always the Shop; there is usually the abused Sub-Contractor. And at the start of any model, tempers run high.

"Preceding development there is a period of gestation, during which the design engineers draw their pictures and wave their slide rules and look far, far into the future. Then a torrent of new drawings is loosed onto the shop. Planning gets excited. Tooling is distraught. Purchasing and Sub-Contracting whirl, and the purchase orders fall like spray. Men are hired. There are too many men. There are not enough men. Men are unimportant. The first tools are completed and parts are run, and the parts are wrong because the drawings are wrong. Engineering mutters to itself. The first assemblies appear. They don't fit. New assemblies are built. They fit, but they don't look like the airplane in the specifications. Engineering stirs restlessly. More men are hired. Personnel is excited. There are too many men. Men are fired. But they are the wrong men.

"The frame is complete. The plumbing is cut and bent. The plumbing won't fit the structure. The engines arrive. They don't fit. Someone discovers there is no door in the fuselage and three men are riveted up inside. Engineering begins to shake. The landing gear comes in by special Army transport. It is built backwards. The government-furnished instruments are sent to Martin by mistake. The oil tanks won't hold oil, there are no wires to the wing-tip lights. Engineering screams. The drafting machines begin to click; the pencils fly, smoke pours from the blueprint machines.

"REDESIGN!!!

"That's when Blueprint of Love starts."

George T. Renner

WHITE

THE last time we ran an article by Professor George T. Renner, author of Peace by the Map, p. 44, we received violent protests from readers who did not care for the Professor's geopolitical convictions. Two protesters puzzled him, he says. "How could Dorothy Thompson say I was born in Vienna," he asks, "when my mother insists I happened in Kansas? And how, in view of my upbringing, could Walter Lippmann recommend 'a moral education' as the best way to 'prevent people like Mr. Renner from happening?'

"I was reared in a Methodist parsonage, I attended family prayers every morning whether I wanted to or not, and I was graduated from a Methodist church college. What more does Mr. Lippmann want?

"I got my geographic education at the University of Chicago, Columbia University and various odd nooks of the world," Mr. Renner says; "my dislike of politics, in Seattle, and my fear of New Deal economics, in Washington, D. C."

From 1934 to 1943, he was first senior economist and then consultant to the National Resources Planning Board. Since 1936 he has been professor of geography at Columbia University Teachers' College.

. . . A. P.

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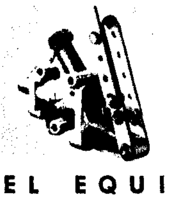

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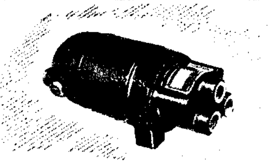

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we waited to see how they would make out.

Suddenly the hatch popped open, and the figure of a man rose before us. It was one of the torpedomen. He was probably as startled as we were, and he started to wave his arms wildly. Wilson grabbed him and held him a moment, until he had calmed down. He probably saved his life by that action. Then he let go of him and he disappeared above our heads, floating upward.

Two others followed about five minutes apart. The last one out was the skipper. He, too, was startled by what he possibly thought were ghostly apparitions on the floor of the ocean, and Wilson grabbed him and held him until he was calm. Then he let go, and the skipper floated away. We were alone.

We were so frozen and exhausted we could hardly move, but we managed to make our way forward to the Manila line leading up to the destroyer. We rose twenty feet and waited a half-hour, properly decompressing our bodies. It took us over an hour to reach the diving stage, bobbing about at seven fathoms. There we stayed another hour, exercising violently, to speed the deadly nitrogen bubbles from our blood and tissues. Finally we were raised to the deck of the destroyer. The two of us collapsed.

Our suits were hurriedly pulled away and we were rushed to a temporary hospital ward. Pharmacist's mates peeled off our clothes and started massaging our frozen bodies. I was so numb at first I couldn't even feel them. Then they fed us hot coffee and, with a wink from the ship's doctor, a couple of good slugs of rum. I began to feel that I might live after all.

The four men from the submarine had been rushed ashore to a hospital. A cherubic-looking ensign reported that the men had been suffering from exposure and shock, but were otherwise all right.

"You men did a terrific job," he said, beaming at us.

Wilson said, "Nuts!" and closed his eyes.

Admiral Staley came in after a while and stood at the doorway, looking at us. Then he stepped to the side of Wilson's cot and looked into the younger man's eyes.

"Would you mind," he asked, in a hollow voice, "explaining once more how you lost the Tern?"

Wilson's eyes turned to cold chunks of ice. "What the devil—"

"Please. This—uh—it may be important."

Wilson glared at him, then he shrugged and wrapped his arms around his knees.

"You didn't believe me the first time," he said. "But what's the difference? I told you then exactly how it happened. We were running at periscope depth off the coast of Maine. The weather was bad, and that way we didn't get bounced around so much. I saw the Army transport a few miles off, crossing our course. I started planing for the surface, but at that moment we hit something, a floating piece of wreckage, something waterlogged—I don't know—anyway, we hit it and smashed the periscopes. We were blind, then. I ordered course changed, but evidently the transport changed course as well. We planed for the surface smack under it. The sub broke in two. I found myself on the surface, floating and still alive. Too bad. I should have gone down, too. No witnesses."

The admiral nodded. "Yes, that is the way you told it before. But the coincidence of damaging your periscopes at that exact instant was almost too great to believe."

"You were the one who recommended court-martial," Wilson reminded him.

"In view of the few facts then at my disposal, it was the only course open to me."

Wilson grunted, "The Navy way."

The admiral straightened like a ramrod. "Of course." His eyes wavered for a moment, and an expression almost of indecision came across his face. But it passed quickly and he asked, as gruff as ever, "Will you dive again for the confidential papers?"

Wilson laughed. "Not on your life."

"Perhaps you will change your mind. We'll stand by."

He stepped out of the cabin, and Wilson reached for more coffee. A few minutes later, he swung his feet from the cot, got dressed and paced back and forth. We had dinner in the warm security of the officers' mess and listened to the strictly Navy talk of the officers.

I WATCHED Wilson. He was fighting his own private battle, and it was no concern of mine, but I was curious as to how it would come out. As a matter of fact, I was prepared to dive for those papers myself, but I kept my mouth shut.

I don't think Wilson slept very much that night. When I got up at dawn, he was already out of the cabin. I found him on the foredeck, talking with some of the men from the two submarines still anchored over the wreck. The admiral's pennant was still on the mast, so he had not left the ship. I found him up on the bridge, in discussion with the skipper.

The admiral informed me, "The sub slipped again during the night. The grappling line went out another three or four fathoms. I doubt, now, that we could get to the papers."

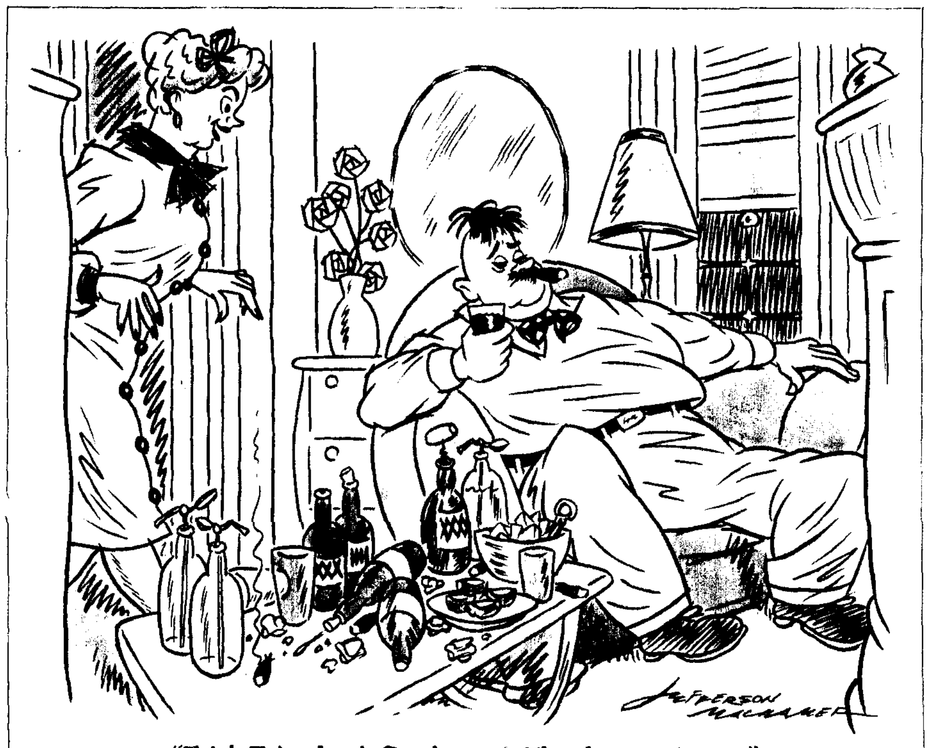
I was about to reply, but Wilson came onto the bridge and faced the skipper. He had won his battle during the night. He said, "If you will give the necessary orders, Captain, I'm ready to go down."

The skipper glanced at the admiral, who nodded. "Very well," the skipper said to Wilson. "The papers are locked in a small steel trunk in the radio operator's cabin. Do you know where that would be located?"

"I know exactly where it is. I'll get them for you."

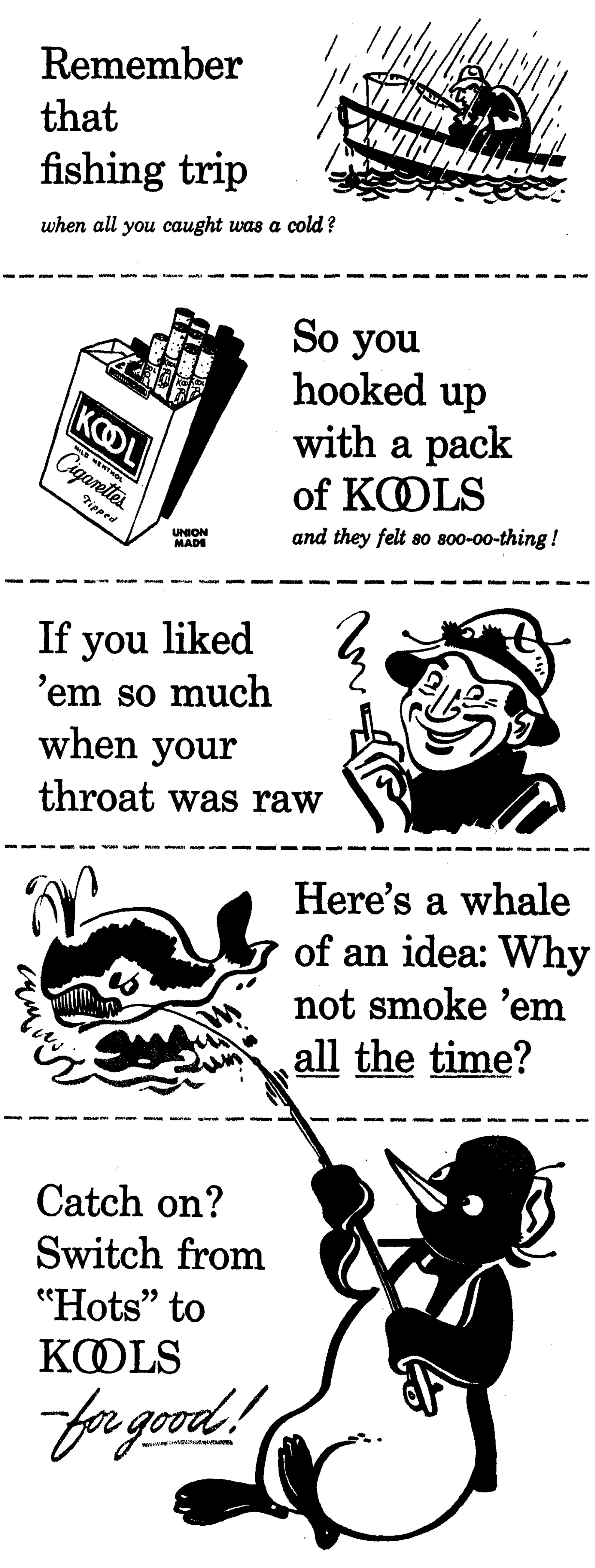
He left the bridge to dress in diving clothes, and the rest of us went down to the foredeck. When Wilson joined us, I screwed on the helmet and tested his air hose and telephone lines. Then we helped him to the diving stage.

The admiral looked out over the sea, which



"Eric! Eric, dear! Good news! The shortage is over"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER



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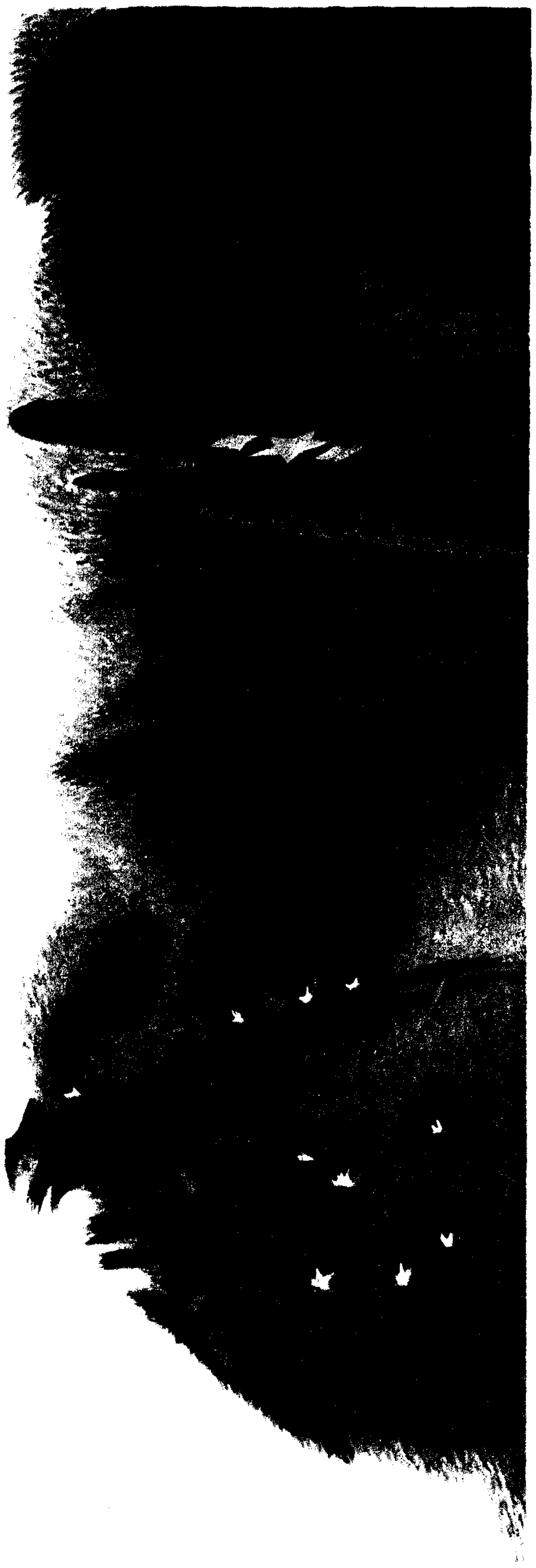
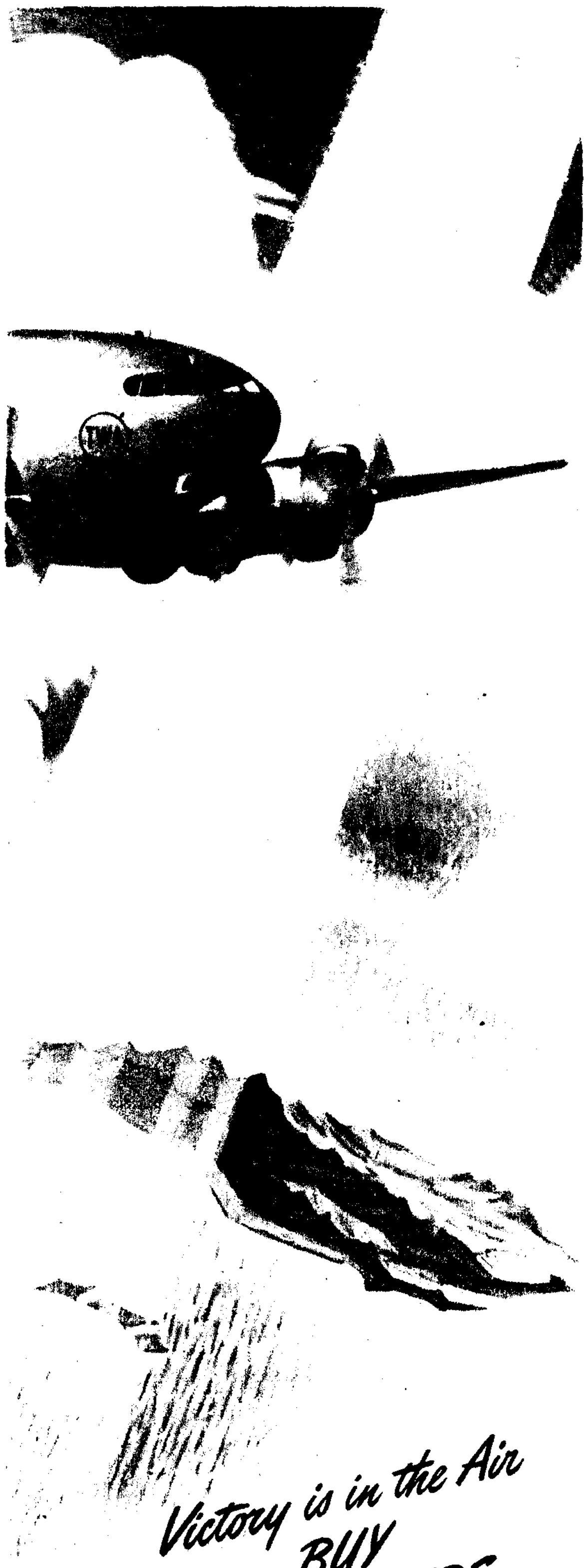


PERFORMANCE IN WAR MAKES PERFECT FOR PEACE



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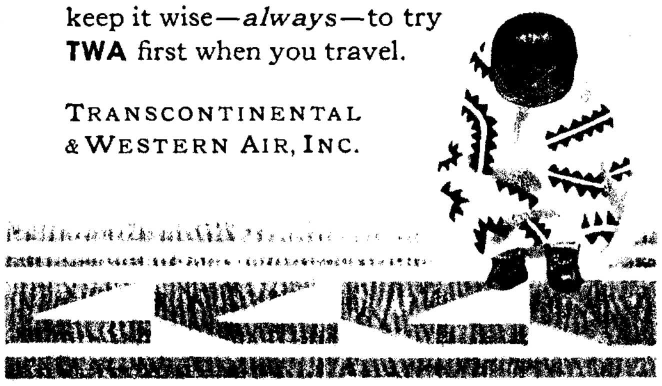


TWA GOES ALL THE WAY

was even rougher than the day before, then put his face close to Wilson's open foreport. "Good luck to you." Then he stepped back stiffly.

Wilson smiled and nodded to me. I slammed the front port and dogged it down. The boom swung him out over the sea and a moment later plunged him below the surface. I waited until he reported, from seven fathoms down, that he had left the stage. Then I went back to a cabin and put on my diving clothes, except for the helmet. When I had rejoined the others, they looked at me curiously.

I shook my head. "No, I'm not going down—unless—"

The admiral blinked at me. "I see. It is that dangerous?"

"Worse. He has to get into that submarine through the gash in the hull, then make his way back to the radio compartment. With the sea in this condition, I'll give ten to one that he fouls his lines. He knows how to dive, but he doesn't know all the tricks."

"And you do?"

"I think so."

WILSON telephoned from the bottom. He had missed the sub entirely and was waist deep in clay muck. The tenders pulled him out, and he made another try for the Manila line and found it. A few minutes later, he reported that he was on the sub, which was now at a thirty-degree angle over the edge of the submerged cliff. There was no further report until fifteen minutes later, and the tender could not understand it. He waved to me and I took the telephone.

Knowing conditions below and what he would probably be trying to say, I made out his words: "Radio compartment—steel trunk—heavy—hardly move—take slack—grappling line—guide out."

I handed the set back to the tender and told the crew, "He has the trunk with the grappling line fastened to it. Winch it in slowly, but don't put too much load on it. Wilson has to guide it through the passage to the gash in the hull."

The winchman eased in the slack gently until the line was taut. It took a good half hour to get that steel trunk into position below the gash, and I could easily picture Wilson sweating it out down there. Then the winchman threw on full power, and the small steel trunk shot up through the sea and broke surface. Admiral Staley was all smiles as it was swung aboard. It was immediately rushed aft and locked up in the captain's quarters.

Then we waited to hear from Wilson. The minutes ticked by, and there was no word from below. The tenders tried his lines, but they were taut, so he was not on his way up. I took the telephone set and listened, but could hear only the boom of air in Wilson's helmet.

"Something has gone wrong," I said to the admiral. "I'm going down."

The admiral's lips set in a grim line and he nodded. As a submariner, he, too, had considerable knowledge of what went on below. He slammed the foreport of my helmet as it was screwed on and saluted me. I was beginning to like the old boy's grimness. You knew where you stood with a man like that.

The diving stage was pulled up, I stepped aboard and was dropped into the sea. When it came to rest at seven fathoms, I stepped off, grabbed Wilson's lines and slid rapidly down toward the bottom, adjusting pressure as I went. A few minutes later I stood on the submarine, on the edge of the gash in the hull. Wilson's lines disappeared inside. I followed them down into the interior of the submarine and found where they were fouled around the smashed instrument panel. But Wilson was nowhere in sight.

I ran my hands along the lines and found them again where they came out from under the instrument panel. They ran straight back up into the sea. I followed them up out of the gash and looked overhead, where the lines disappeared above me. Wilson was up there somewhere and I had an idea what had happened.

When I tugged on the lines, they were taut and firm, so I valved in a little extra air and climbed up the lines hand over hand. Thirty feet above the submarine, I came upon Wilson, spread-eagled in the sea. His suit was dangerously ballooned out and his arms were straight out at his sides, so stiff that he could not bend them to reach the air valves and cut down the surplus air in his suit.

An accident of that sort is not uncommon in diving. It happened to Wilson when he left the sub without knowing his lines were fouled. Too much air got into his suit, pressure dropped as he went up, and the air ballooned out his suit, so that he could not bend his arms, and he was spread-eagled. In another few seconds the suit would have burst.

I pulled myself up to him and cautiously bled off the pressure through the exhaust port in his helmet. His eyes watched me, wide and frightened, while I worked. As the pressure eased off, he smiled and winked. His suit was now supporting the two of us, but as the pressure was bled away, we descended slowly back toward the submarine. I made a grab at the conning tower and held him with me, then bled off more air. He was then able to bend his arms and help himself and in a moment was standing erect, back to normal, but badly shaken. He had been within a split second of the most horrible death imaginable. Another minute and I would have found his body smashed to pulp and jammed up inside his own helmet.

I dropped back into the sub, freed his lines, then started with him toward the top. We knew there was plenty of nitrogen bubbling in our blood, so took three hours decompressing ourselves on the way up. Just before we were swung aboard the deck of the destroyer, the Manila grappling line parted, and a cloud of mud came up through the sea. The sub had slid off the cliff into the greater depths of the channel.

The destroyer, that afternoon, traveled at full speed back toward Seattle, where we could get adequate hospital attention for shock and exposure. The two of us were conscious and sitting up in the temporary hospital cabin, but that was about all we could do. My left hand was frozen and there were dangerous frost spots on my cheeks. Wilson was just about frozen all over. It was even difficult for him to hold a cigarette to his mouth.

THAT evening in a Seattle hospital, we had more than enough company. Commander Brown was there, the young Lieutenant Commander Bell, skipper of the sunken sub, a rear admiral, a Marine guard and, last but not least, Admiral Staley. They all stood before our beds, citations were read, and words of praise were showered upon us. I felt a little embarrassed by it all. Wilson, however, sat up in bed staring straight ahead of him, his face as pale as a ghost.

At the end of the little ceremony, Admiral Staley stepped forward and looked down at Wilson. He cleared his throat and said gruffly, "It was a tremendous thing you did, Wilson, going down after those confidential papers, especially—ah—in view of your—er—last connection with the Navy. Would you mind telling me why you did it?"

Wilson still stared straight ahead of him, but said through clenched teeth, "Damn it all, sir, once a Navy man you're always a Navy man." Then his eyes swung to the admiral. "Don't you see, sir? I had to do it."

The admiral nodded. A slow smile started in his cold eyes and spread to the rest of his face. He looked positively human, the way he was grinning.

"That is exactly what I thought," he said. Then he turned to an aide, took a telegram from him and read aloud. "Reinstatement granted." Then he looked down at Wilson. "Know what that means?"

It would have been impossible for Wilson not to know what it meant. It was pretty obvious, even to me. But Wilson was unable to reply. I glanced at him and started praying he would be able to control those tears.

The admiral stepped back, his usual cool self. "Commander John Wilson, report to me for duty the day you are discharged from this hospital." He turned to leave, but paused and looked back. He pulled at his lower lip a moment, then said, "By the way, Commander, in view of the further evidence, we can remove the present unfortunate blot from your record."

"Further evidence, sir?"

"Yes. The sub you were working on this morning was sunk in collision in almost the identical manner in which you testified your ship was lost. Lieutenant Commander Bell was entering harbor at periscope depth to escape the wave action of the storm. Flotsam of some sort fouled his periscopes. He ordered his ship trimmed for the surface and was traveling blind when the collision occurred. It was the crash that propelled him forward and saved his life. Odd coincidence, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. Very odd."

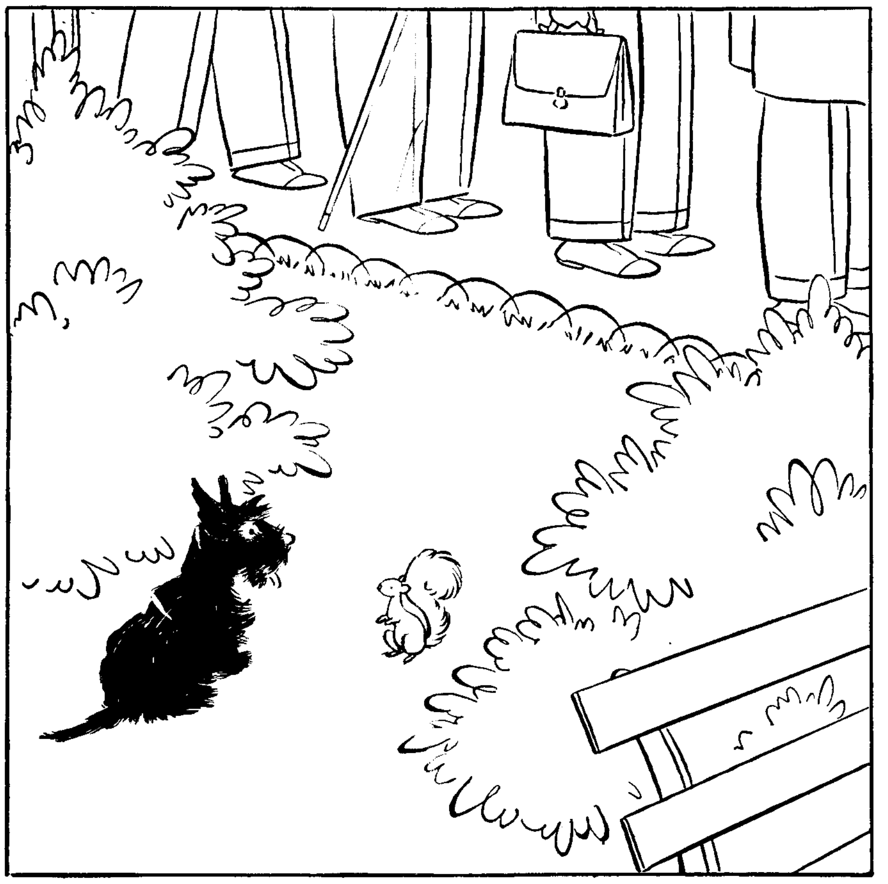
A lot of saluting went on, then the nurse shooed everyone out of the room. Wilson lay back and clasped his hands behind his head, smiling up at the ceiling. I looked up at the ceiling, too, but I was thinking of the stricken look in the eyes of young Bell, the skipper of the sub, and seeing again two thin periscopes at the bottom of the sea. I had never had time to examine them.

Perhaps, I thought, it was just as well. The sea is sometimes a better judge than any of us.

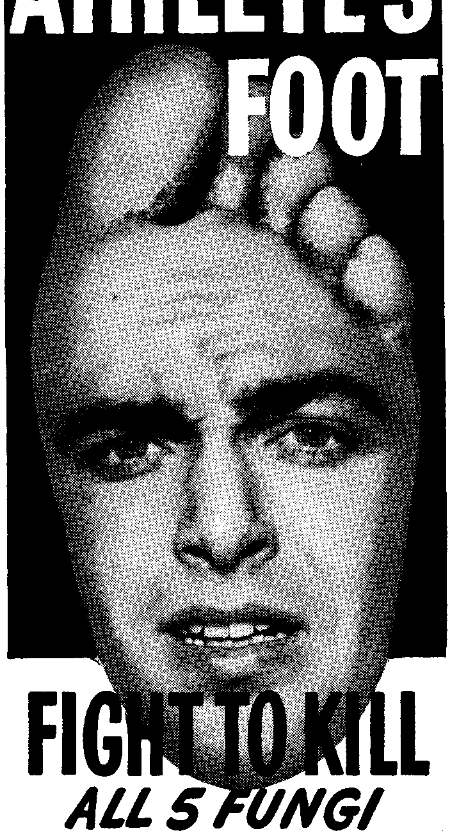
THE END

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "There's always quite a line waiting to see Mr. Baruch"



WHEN YOU FIGHT
ATHLETE'S
FOOT

FIGHT TO KILL
ALL 5 FUNGI
OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED

Five fungi may cause Athlete's Foot. Any one alone—or all of them.

•

Fungi are hardy, persistent, difficult to reach.

•

SORETONE KILLS ALL 5 FUNGI ON CONTACT.

•

Soretone contains powerful 4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol—*not in any other Athlete's Foot preparation.*

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ATHLETE'S FOOT

• This malady is stubborn. Don't trifle—fight to kill. Soretone helps relieve that maddening burn and itch, while it attacks the cause. Soretone cleans and dries the skin. Dissolves perspiration deposits—on which fungi feed. Soretone helps promote healing of broken tissues. *McKesson makes it.*

MONEY BACK —if Soretone doesn't bring satisfaction.

SORETONE

Powerful Help—**TONIGHT**

Spread toes apart. Pour Soretone full strength. Let dry. Repeat in morning.

Avoid reinfection. Spray or wipe shoes with Soretone. Boil socks 20 minutes.

McKesson gives a big bottle for $1—so use liberally. (Also 50¢ size.)

If not relieved promptly, see your doctor.

FIGHTS TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI

Beech-Nut SPEARMINT Chewing Gum

Beech-Nut SPEARMINT GUM today has the same delightful flavor that you have always known. Because now, as always, its goodness is assured by this company's familiar Beech-Nut oval label on the package . . . the famous hallmark of fine quality and exceptional flavor.

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN ARE URGENTLY NEEDED TO JOIN THE WAC ENLIST NOW!

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Any Week

Continued from page 4

Navy can vote, too?" demanded the soldier. "Sure," replied the sailor. "Well," said the soldier, "that certainly is democracy." As you see, our armed service agents are not so good this week. Colonel Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas, reports, however, that a New Yorker pausing in his part of the country seemed mildly astonished by the size of families down in the Ouachitas and inquired into the reason for such a towering birth rate. "Mister," replied a native, "it's mostly because we use nature's forces kinda carelessly down here."

MOREOVER, Senator Eastland of Mississippi should be more careful. When the readers of this magazine saw that the Supreme Court's decision that Negroes might vote in Democratic primaries made the Senator so indignant that he advocated a law limiting the vote to "only those who can speak English," they began reading the Congressional Record. And having done that, they began to check off the number of our statesmen who would be disenfranchised. We haven't room to print the list. But it's something terrible.

ALSO, some of our correspondents leap out of bed to write us. For example one of them got out his pen and ink at five A. M. to let us know that a directive had just been issued by Major Clarence C. W. Arnold, Post Engineer, Fort Riley, Kansas. The directive: "Effective at once, all employees of this division will, in every way, perform, produce and participate better than their best. This is compulsory."

AND from Madison, Wisconsin, Mrs. A. H. A. writes: "I'm a poor bedeviled housewife who feels like turning on the gas, only we're supposed to conserve gas. I'm told to fry out extra fat but don't use gas to do it. Wash your clothes and keep clean but don't use soap, and be very sparing of hot water. Go out and get a war job but be sure and stay home so that your offspring don't go delinquent on you. Be cheerful but don't show it because you must take the war seriously. Be an American first and last but not an America Firster. Have faith in your government but don't believe what you hear. Oh, well, spring's here, although you mustn't let the enemy know. What's going on around here anyway, these days? Is everybody as crazy as I am?"

SIGN in a Detroit boardinghouse: "Bed to let Seven A.M. to Noon. Strictly Private. Ad in a California newspaper: "Nonessential man wants light work. Has own overalls." Question from gentleman in Topeka, Kansas: "What's all this about Henry Wallace going to China and Russia? Has Mrs. Roosevelt pulled up lame?

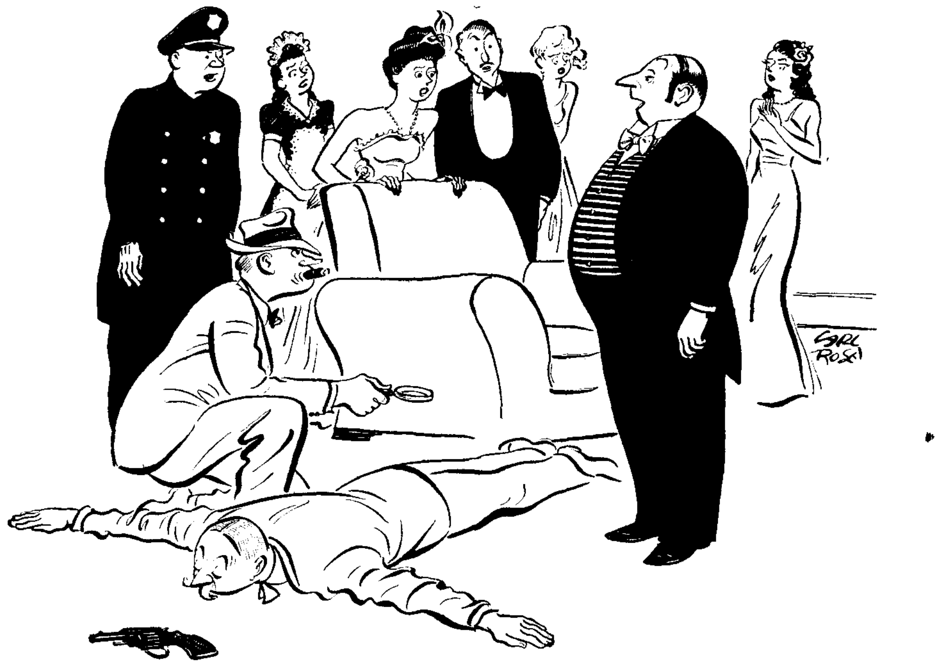
QUITE a few of our soldiers have a word or so to say about clergymen and others who are deploring the bombing of German cities and about rough battle tactics in general. For the most part they're pretty well epitomized by Staff Sergeant Marion A. Venturini USAAF. "We in uniform fear that certain of you people at home are going a little soft. Particularly those who think it horrible that our troops are using flame throwers. What the hell do they think the enemy is using, fly spray?" And Top Sergeant Barney Trukus, USA, takes this opportunity of telling whom it may concern that it is possible that the failure of the soldiers to vote in large numbers will not be a calamity to our federal administration. "I haven't taken any polls," says Sergeant Trukus, "but seventy-five per cent of the Joes I've talked to would vote against anybody in office just on general principles. They ain't sore. Just agin the government, like good Joes always have been."

OUTSIDE of the incontrovertible fact that there's a sign on the front door of a building reading: The Perfect Pant Company—Apply in Rear, there is no news from Toronto, Canada, this week.

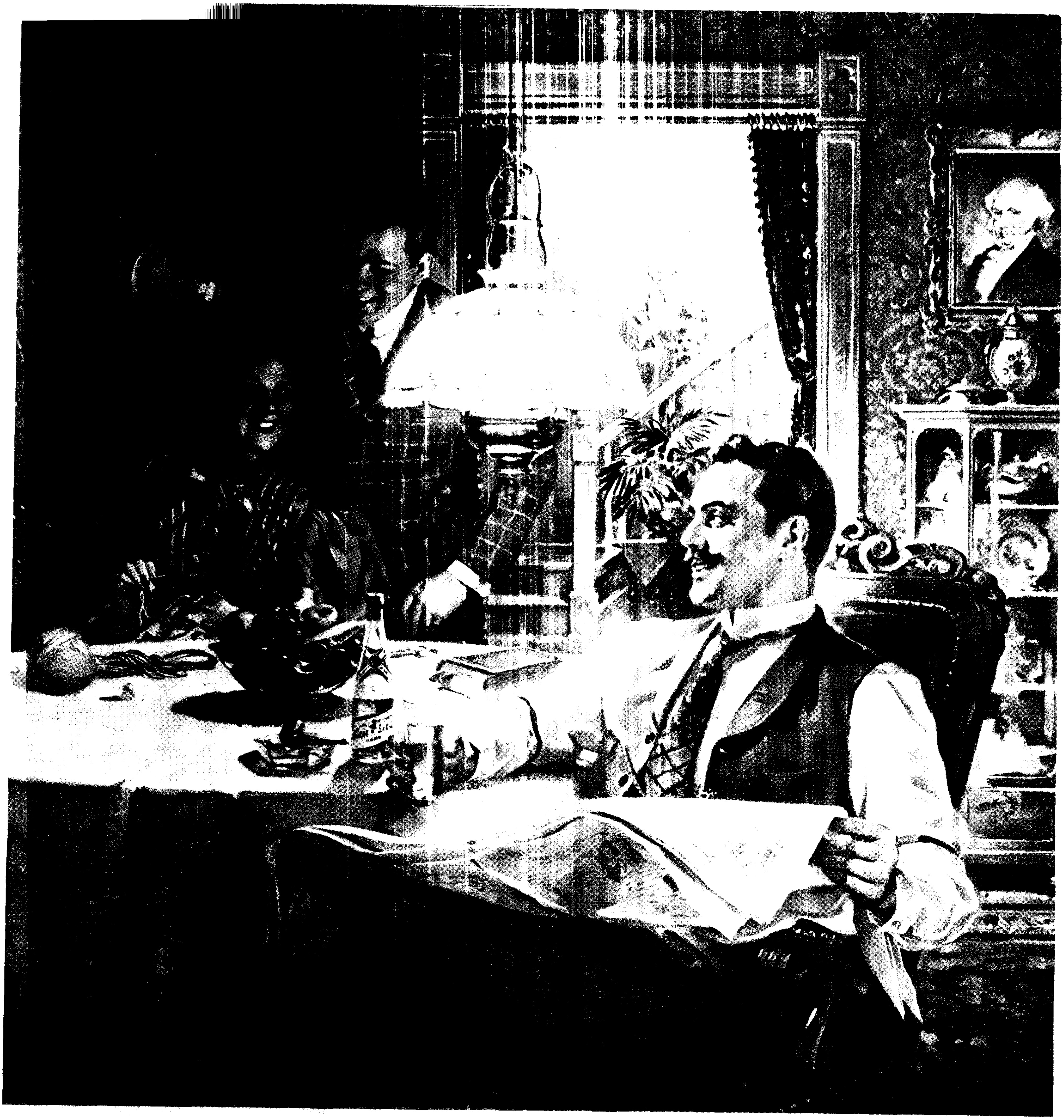
BUT we find that Mr. L. P. M. of Montreal, Canada, is out of patience, too. He has discovered in his newspaper the following ad: "Wanted—Boy under sixteen by editorial department of publishing house. Knowledge of typewriting helpful. Editorial duties. Give particulars of education." And Mr. L. P. M. adds, on his own: "Why don't they say they want a new editor-in-chief and be done with it?"

JUST in the event that you're doubtful we warn you that the following story may not be wholly dependable. Anyway, just at the close of the Teheran Conference, Mr. Roosevelt casually mentioned that he had had a dream —that he had become the President of the whole world. Mr. Churchill said that that was a curious coincidence, because he had dreamed that he had become the world's Prime Minister but that maybe it had been something he ate. After a small silence, Mr. Stalin said that he, too, had dreamed but he couldn't recall having made any such appointments.

MOREOVER, Mr. Bill Mason, the big synthetic-rubber man of Akron, Ohio, says he knows a gentleman and his wife who managed, by means that we're sure were devious, to engage a whole section in a sleeper to New York. He occupied the upper and she, of course, the lower. He had a very nasty cold. She was intent upon curing it. He went to bed. She got out a mustard plaster, took it to the washroom for preparing, hurried back to paste it on her suffering husband's chest. Yes, you've guessed it. Next morning the husband, feeling much better, went to the washroom, where a very hirsute fellow passenger was asking profane advice regarding the removal of mustard plasters. Said the unhappy fellow, between curses: "Okay, so I was drunk when I got on at Cleveland and went right to bed and right to sleep. But I didn't think I was this plastered. Ouch!". . . W. D.



COLLIER'S "I did it, Inspector. Corny of me, wasn't it?" CARL ROSE



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BOTTLED IN BOND
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12
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The whiskey-wise prefer Kentucky Tavern. They take their cue from the fact that for 73 years only the direct descendants of the original maker have ever controlled its quality . . .

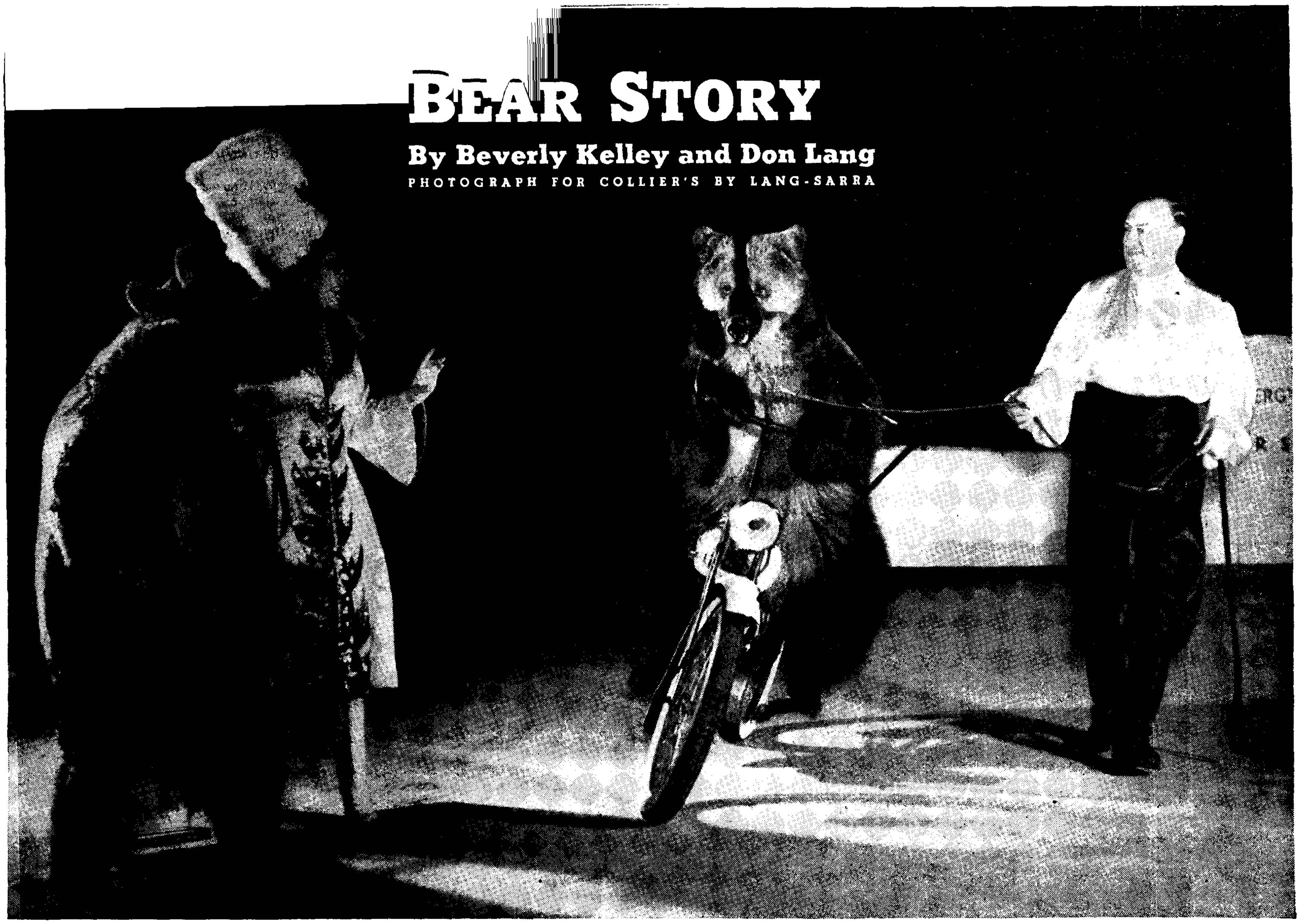
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc., Louisville, Kentucky

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*

BEAR STORY

By Beverly Kelley and Don Lang

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LANG-SARRA



Fritzie, the ursine speed demon, zips around on her motorcycle while Mitzie, obviously bored, watches

Want to train a bear? It's not easy, but maybe you can learn by reading about Emil Pallenberg. For him, they ride bicycles. For you—well, you can always ride the bicycle yourself, if you survive

IF YOU'RE ever out in the woods without a gun, and a grizzly bear makes a pass at you, don't slap him on the nose. And don't try to pull his ears. Just step in close and give him the old one-two on his feet. Stamp hard on his bare toes and then run while he's hobbling around, growling about his bunions.

This may—in fact it does—sound pretty silly; nevertheless, toe-stamping is the first rule of all animal trainers who handle bears and want to finish the show in a condition to count the house.

Emil Pallenberg, who trains most of the performing bears you see in the circus and was the first man ever to teach a bear to skate and ride a bicycle, says it has been his principal protection throughout the forty years he's been working the big brutes.

"It's no good to use a whip on a bear," says Pallenberg. "You couldn't hit hard enough to hurt him through that hairy hide. Pistol shots only infuriate him, and if you poke a chair at him, he'll take it away from you and bash your brains out with it. So if a bear gets troublesome I step on his feet. That usually diverts his attention, and his fuzzy mind goes back to the routine of the act.

"But if you ever try to handle an angry bear that doesn't mind having his feet stepped on, then you're probably through. For the big bears you see in the animal acts at the circus are not the docile creatures they seem to be. On the contrary, they can be a great deal more savage than lions or tigers. And a big bear on a rampage is terrible; nothing but a bullet will stop him.

"A trainer must remember, too, that performing bears are apt to be insanely jealous, and unless he gives every one of them the same treatment, he's heading for trouble. If one gets more petting or a bigger piece of meat, the others are likely to kill both teacher and teacher's pet."

Pallenberg became interested in bears when, as a youngster of fourteen or so, he went to visit his brother, an animal sculptor, who did most of his work at the Hagenbeck Zoological Gardens near Hamburg. Together they watched Hagenbeck's trainers working with bears, and Emil was surprised to learn that the animals were not taught anything except to dance and to climb atop a pedestal and then clamber down; this was supposed to be the limit of a bear's capabilities. But Emil was convinced that a bear was a smart animal; he had an idea that he could even teach one of the brutes to ride a bicycle, an unheard-of feat. He already owned a small menagerie of rats, mice and pigeons, and when he returned home to Cologne, where his father was an art dealer, he began pestering his mother to buy him a bear.

Finally she said, "If you'll get rid of those rats, I'll help you buy a bear."

Within a few hours the rats had been sold, and Emil was bringing home his first bear, a lively little fellow nine or ten months old. He set to work, but the bear never learned to ride a bicycle; in fact, it never learned anything. Emil had reckoned without the fact that some bears, like some humans, are dopes. So the bear was sold, and Emil and his mother bought another, and another, until all told he had tried six. And they were all dopes.

At this point, Mrs. Pallenberg announced firmly that she was out of the bear business, that Emil was quite a grown man now and should try something with a future instead of teaching simple tricks to moronic animals. But Emil finally talked her into trying once more and so managed to buy his seventh bear, named Ella, for $45.

And Ella was terrific. She would try anything, and most of the things she tried she could do. She learned a comparatively complicated dance and, finally, after a year's hard work, she learned to skate and to ride a bicycle. Then Emil went on the road with her, and came the night when Ella was to give her first exhibition in public. She mounted the bicycle, shoved off—and fell. She got up, picked up the bicycle, shook it, smacked it savagely about the stage, then got on again and rode around, to thunderous applause. But the cheers went to her head.

Instead of dismounting and taking a comic bow which she had learned, she rode down the steps of the platform and out through the tent entrance and went pedaling furiously along the main street of the town, with Pallenberg chasing after her, yelling, "Stop the bear! Stop the bear!" But none of the townspeople displayed any enthusiasm about interfering with a bear out for a ride on her bicycle, and the chase went on until Ella got tired. When Pallenberg finally caught up with her, about a mile out of town, she was sitting under a tree, obviously well pleased with herself.

Only Females Can Be Trained

Ella was the first of more than forty bears trained by Pallenberg (all of them roller skaters or bicycle riders) that have formed the famous act known as Pallenberg's Bears, familiar to circusgoers all over the world. Pallenberg always starts working with them when they are about a year old. And he always uses females.

"Working with the girls is tough enough," he says. "Trying to train male bears is just a nasty way of committing suicide."

Pallenberg doesn't mind if his bears have babies while belonging to his act, as occasionally happens. A newborn bear weighs from half a pound to two pounds, and is about 8½ inches long, and since a mamma bear has little if any labor pains, cubbing doesn't discommode her in the least.

When Pallenberg starts training a new bear, he begins with the toughest trick—riding a bicycle. The animal is first of all cajoled to get up and sit in the seat of a stationary bicycle, built large and heavy according to Pallenberg's specifications. One at a time, the bear's hind paws are placed on the pedals, and the animal is gradually taught to put them there of her own accord. Balancing and steering are comparatively easy for the smart bear, but all of them have trouble with the pedaling, the hardest thing of all to teach. But when the pedaling is finally learned, the bear is transferred to an ordinary bicycle and starts riding.

The star of Pallenberg's present act, and probably the best-trained bear in the world, is a brown bear named Mitzie. She can ride a hobbyhorse and a scooter, play basketball and roller-skate. She can ride a bicycle, too, but she doesn't like it and won't be bothered. Her partner in the act is Fritzie, a big grizzly, who can do most of the things that Mitzie can do and, besides, rides a bicycle and a motorcycle.

She dotes on this last accomplishment, and when she climbs aboard her motorcycle, she rides extremely fast and describes an incredibly small circle. The circle was measured and her time taken once in Toronto, and then several members of the Toronto police department's motorcycle corps tried to duplicate her feats. Every time they pushed their motorcycles up to Fritzie's speed, they fell off.

Pallenberg has had but one close call in all the years he has been handling bears, and his wife, Mrs. Cato Pallenberg, who works the act with him, has had another. Some years ago Pallenberg had one of his bears in a movie starring the late Rudolph Valentino. This bear was trained to chase a man into a house, and he loved it. When the take was made and the chase began, the bear didn't stop; he chased the man a mile off the lot before Pallenberg caught up with them. Then he turned on the trainer and injured him so severely that he had to spend some time in a hospital.

Mrs. Pallenberg's accident happened in Moscow the first night she ever entered the working cage. When she started to take a bear into the act, the animal turned on her, knocked her down and bit her. Where?

"I won't tell you," said Mrs. Pallenberg, "but I certainly didn't enjoy sitting down for a long time." ★★★

TONIGHT ... taste the difference! TOMORROW ... feel the difference!

... says MARION HUTTON, America's Newest Singing Star

Miss Hutton insists on serving White Rock in highballs... says it makes drinks taste better, helps keep one feeling fit next day.

She takes a glass of plain sparkling White Rock before going to bed and again in the morning for good health's sake. You see, White Rock's *natural* mineral salts combat acidity . . . help keep you on the alkaline side.

❶ WHITE ROCK IS DIFFERENT: Compare it with any other mineral water-mixer or club soda.

❷ WHITE ROCK IS BETTER FOR YOU. Natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity . . . help keep you feeling fit.

❸ IT'S SUPER-CHARGED Its sparkle stays to the end of your drink . . . it points up flavor!

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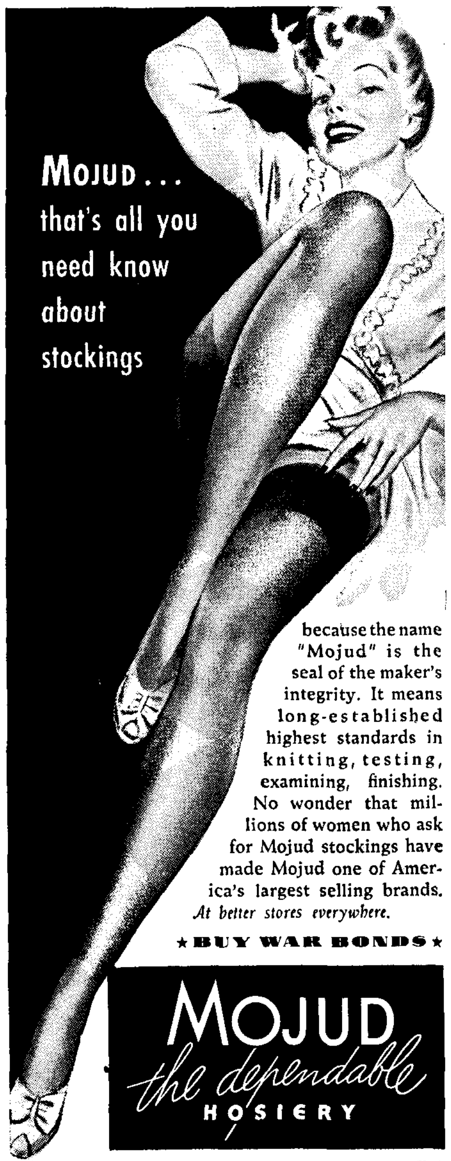
Please! We and your government will appreciate your returning empty bottles and cartons to your dealer.

SERVE IN ALL HIGHBALLS, INCLUDING RUM, GIN, WINE



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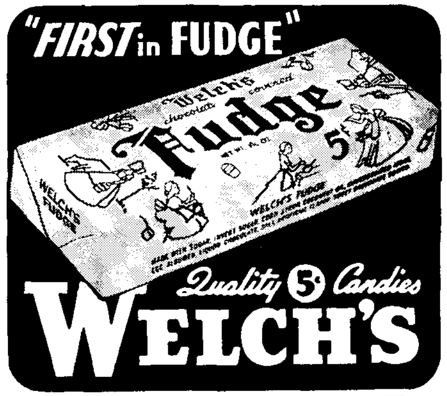

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Quality 5¢ Candies WELCH'S

FREE! Package of TOBACCO

America's Most Distinctive Pipe Mixture. Postcard brings you FREE sample-package Original Rum & Maple Tobacco, Blend 53. Address Rum & Maple, 192D Fourth Ave., N.Y. 3, N.Y.

RUM MAPLE BLEND 53 Original

Free Speech

Continued from page 11

at efficiency with somewhat startling results. It merged the Office of Facts and Figures, the Office of Government Reports, the Office of the Co-ordinator of Information and the Information Division of the Office of Emergency Management.

Maybe the President was right in refusing to appoint a big-time publicity propeller to the directorship. We shall never know that, either, although to think of what a truly great woosher might have done with the job generates shudders. As it was, the President selected Mr. Davis, one of the more-listened-to news broadcasters, who gave up $52,000 a year to take this $12,000 beating. As it is, according to its critics, nothing in all the history of propaganda is even a circumstance to OWI. Mr. Brendan Bracken's Ministry of Information in London is a sparrow chirp in comparison, and Doctor Goebbels is just a trifling little one-lung liar. Mr. Davis stoutly denies this.

The greater part of OWI's money is spent on overseas ballyhoo. And as we draw closer to the war's climax, the disparity will become even greater. Europe and Asia must be deluged daily with stuff warranted to win the masses over to our side. Postwar patience must be made a virtue. Revolution must be discouraged. Order must be preached.

On Capitol Hill, Congress swings blindly at Mr. Sherwood's overseas machine, but it is the domestic job that gets the solid kicking-around. Congress doesn't know just what Mr. Sherwood is doing and is a little afraid of upsetting the applecart. But what Mr. George Healy, Jr., head of the Domestic Branch, is up to is here to be seen—with thundering results.

We aren't allowed to be too specific about the interesting directives issued by Mr. Davis. Perhaps there's trouble in Asia. Maybe Lord Mountbatten isn't doing so well. The rumors grow that he and General Stilwell are far from lost in admiration for each other. That's got to be explained without giving offense to either side. And Chiang Kai-shek is teetering. The White House is sending Henry Wallace to Chungking, but in the meantime, OWI has to buck up the Chinese with good news from America.

The Poles in London and the Poles in America are howling for postwar assurances, and neither Washington nor London will commit itself, lest conquering Russia be annoyed. If Russia is offended, she may hold back when America and Britain need her most—when the second front begins. Either OWI must say nothing about the Polish situation, or issue soothing words which say nothing but sound nice.

What's become of the Atlantic Charter? OWI takes on that job. It writes prim editorials and sturdy feature articles which will, it hopes, appear in newspapers here and there. Or be paragraphed in newspaper columns. It promotes speeches and articles by important government officials. But it can never be certain that somewhere in Europe or Asia someone won't rise to mock.

Anglo-American relations are never above suspicion on both sides of the Atlantic. Therefore OWI treads lightly, carrying no big stick. Has King ibn-Saud become coy on that Saudi-Arabian pipe-line project after taking 33,000,000 American dollars? Be as nonchalant as possible, because the British sphere of influence is involved. Are there race riots in South Africa? For the moment, *we look the other way.*

Is Britain suggesting that we send a few divisions of soldiers to India? Let us be as diplomatic as possible, but remember that in America this can be political dynamite. Is General de Gaulle acting up, seeking American recognition? Let the State Department handle that. Has an independent radio commentator irritated Moscow, China, Australia or a government-in-exile? Well, if OWI can't assuage such grief, with sixteen broadcasting studios to shout from, 250 announcers, 2,450 radio programs every week and short-waves covering the globe, there's something wrong somewhere.

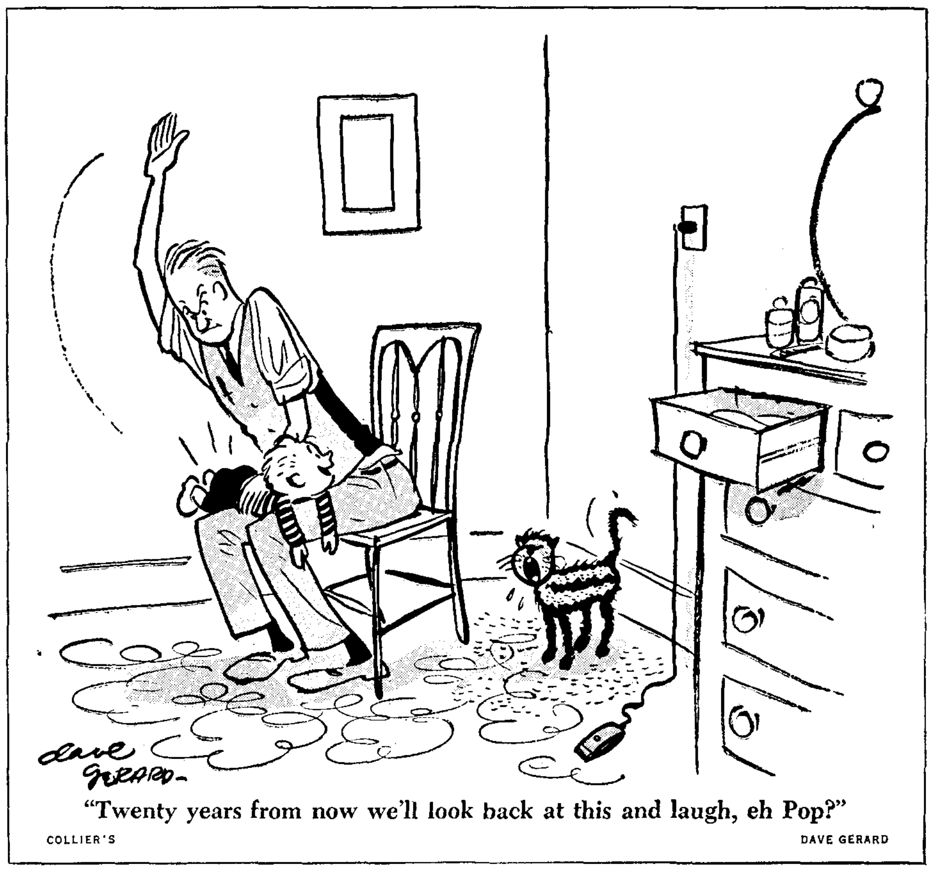
Whipping Boy for Congress

These are merely samples. Any day in OWI is *bedeviled with them.* Congress as a whole has only a hint of Mr. Davis' tribulations. Congress doesn't care. A Representative gets a letter from an important constituent. The constituent asks him what has happened to him. For the past six weeks, the letter goes on, he hasn't raised hell about anything. What are they paying him for? Has he become one of these international statesmen, frittering away his time thinking about foreign parts? If he has, maybe his constituency had better look around for another Representative.

Whereat this Representative gets up and demands a Congressional investigation of the OWI, wants Mr. Davis fired, charges that Mr. Davis' offices are filled with Communists, that OWI is spending millions for no other reason than to smear Congress and destroy the *faith of the great American people in* their form of government. That ought to placate the folks back home.

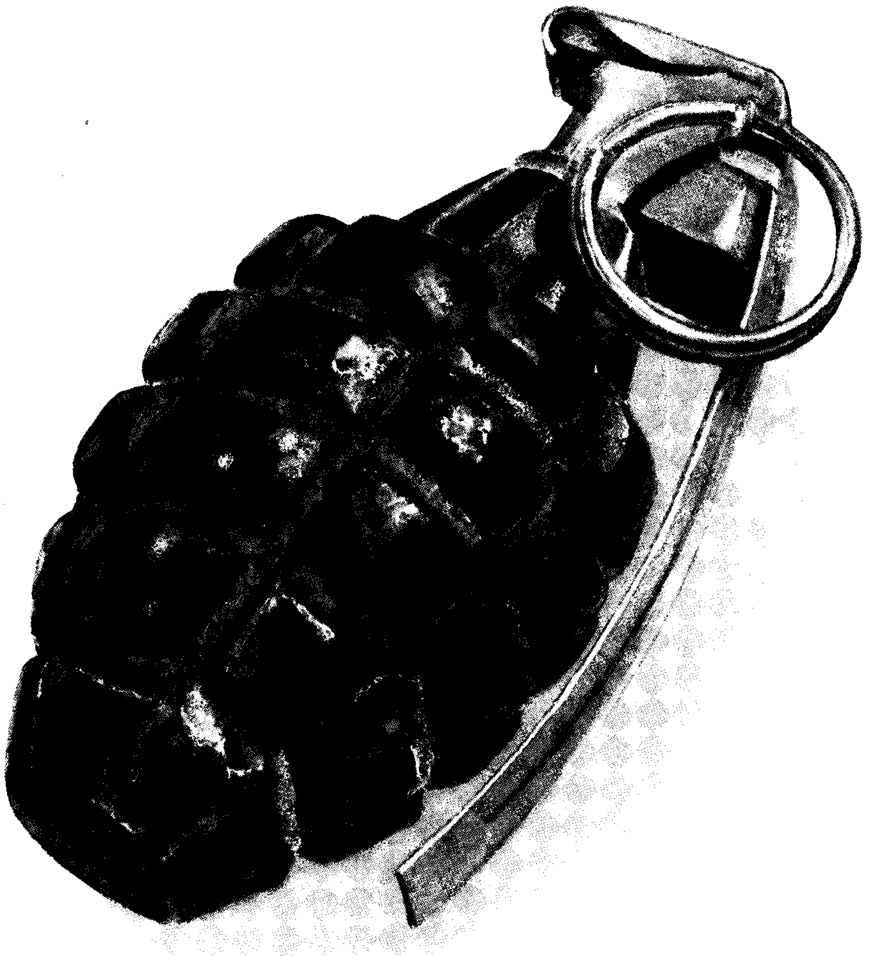
While we're on Capitol Hill, we may as well listen to a few more gentlemen blast OWI—the most vulnerable agency in Washington and the safest to bawl out.

A gentleman takes the floor, waving aloft a copy of a Chicago newspaper. This newspaper, the editor and publisher of which has been responsible, he says, for every truly American triumph from the Bill of Rights to the bazooka, has at last got the goods on Mr. Davis. The OWI is merely a front for a Ges-



"Twenty years from now we'll look back at this and laugh, eh Pop?"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD



IT MUSTN'T bite the hand that throws it

THIS IS A HAND GRENADE. When you pull the firing pin and release the lever you have only the length of time it takes the fuse to burn down to get rid of it or get away from there—and that's only a handful of seconds.

If you made hand grenades, or used them, you'd want to be mighty sure about these fuses.

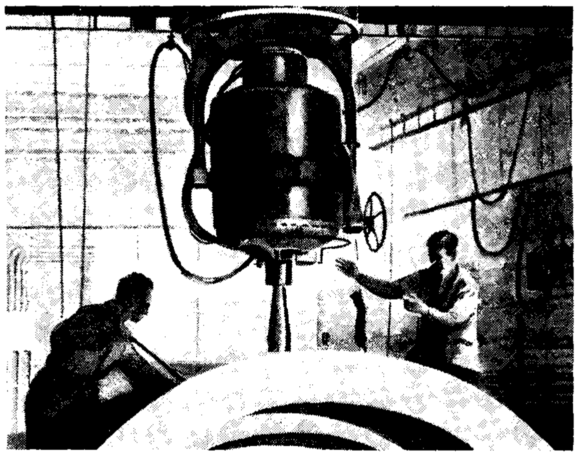
You can be. The fuse of this grenade, and thousands of others just like it, was individually X-rayed while passing down a production line at the rate of 4000 an hour. When a bad fuse showed up, something equivalent to the signal for a four-alarm fire took place. A bell rang, a red light flashed, the bad fuse was automatically daubed with red paint, and finally, to make assurance doubly sure that the bad fuse didn't slip through, it was recorded on the chart of a photoelectric meter.

From sorting oranges for California fruit growers to sorting hand grenades is quite a step—but it is typical of the new wartime jobs G-E scientists and engineers have put X rays to work on. It is also typical of the application of G.E.'s peacetime research and engineering to war.

Nearly twenty years ago Dr. William D. Coolidge, now G-E vice-president and Director of the Research Laboratory, developed the Coolidge X-ray tube—one of the most important developments of all time in science and medicine. In the years that followed, he and other scientists and engineers worked steadily to improve this almost magical tool of research and healing.

Then came the war, and the X ray in its latest and most powerful form became almost overnight a vital tool of war production, testing for hidden flaws no human eyes could reveal the metals on which the strength and endurance of our arms depend.

Which makes the X ray another good example of the way G-E research and engineering work to meet America's needs—constantly, in unexpected ways—in war and peace. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*



The G-E million-volt X ray cuts from hours to minutes the time required to examine metal parts—from airplane crankshafts to turbine shells.

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

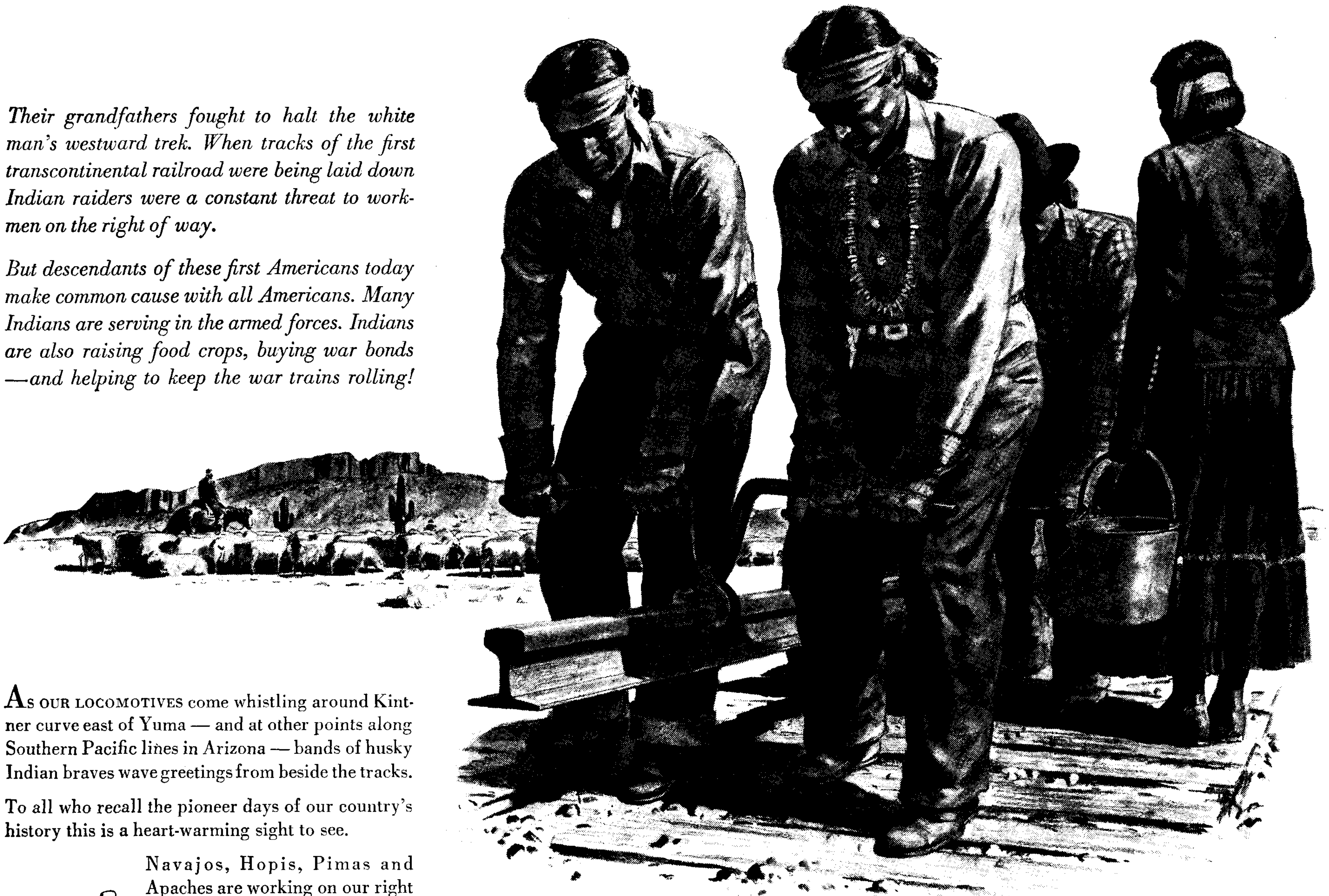
BUY
WAR
BONDS

952-601K-211

Indians on our Warpath

Their grandfathers fought to halt the white man's westward trek. When tracks of the first transcontinental railroad were being laid down Indian raiders were a constant threat to workmen on the right of way.

But descendants of these first Americans today make common cause with all Americans. Many Indians are serving in the armed forces. Indians are also raising food crops, buying war bonds —and helping to keep the war trains rolling!



DIG DOWN . . . BUY WAR BONDS!

As our locomotives come whistling around Kintner curve east of Yuma — and at other points along Southern Pacific lines in Arizona — bands of husky Indian braves wave greetings from beside the tracks.

To all who recall the pioneer days of our country's history this is a heart-warming sight to see.

Navajos, Hopis, Pimas and Apaches are working on our right of way—the railroad's warpath. These patriotic Redmen came from the reservations and from scattered hogans in answer to our wartime call for extra manpower.

Garbed in purple and scarlet shirts, wearing bright headbands, the Indians form America's most colorful and unique section gangs. Under the brilliant Arizona desert sky they swing picks and tamp ballast with the easy grace and endurance for which the Indian is famous.

During this war emergency Americans of varied backgrounds and skills have rallied to the railroad's aid. People know the trains must run, and they see that we are handicapped by shortage of help — that we badly need more men and women.

In many communities along our 15,000 miles of line Southern Pacific is the main war industry . . . often the *only* local industry which is directly engaged in war work.

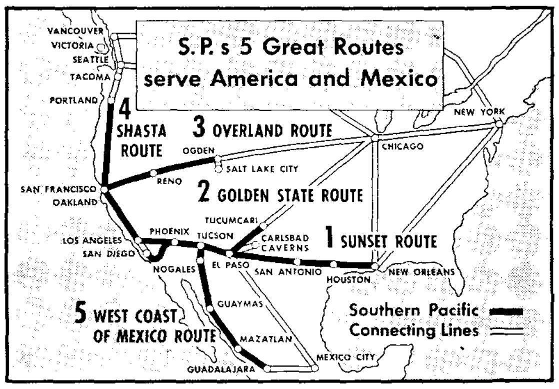
So throughout the West and South, thousands who never did railroad work before have come to help out in our offices and machine shops, in our stores and yards and roundhouses. Women have stepped into hundreds of Southern Pacific jobs which were formerly handled by men.

Without this fine cooperation from the folks along our lines we railroaders could hardly hope to carry our war load successfully, as we are now doing.

From new orleans in the deep South, from the Pacific Northwest, from Chicago and all the great Midwest, S.P. lines converge at busy harbors of America's West Coast.

To these "take off" points we haul a large proportion of all the troops, arms and supplies necessary for the great Pacific offensives. No railroad in the nation is more strategically situated to help win the war than our own.

And in the postwar world, when good railroad service will also be vital, we will be a stronger railroad. Stronger in facilities, and able to provide better transportation than ever before. *Stronger, too, in friendships we have gained and kept through public understanding of our railroad's wartime problems.*


S. P. s 5 Great Routes
serve America and Mexico
VANCOUVER
VICTORIA
SEATTLE
TACOMA
PORTLAND
4 SHASTA ROUTE
3 OVERLAND ROUTE
OGDEN
SALT LAKE CITY
RENO
SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND
2 GOLDEN STATE ROUTE
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
TUCUMCARI
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO
PHOENIX
TUCSON
CARLSBAD CAVERNS
1 SUNSET ROUTE
NOGALES
EL PASO
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
NEW ORLEANS
5 WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE
GUAYMAS
MAZATLAN
GUADALAJARA
MEXICO CITY
Southern Pacific
Connecting Lines

S·P

The friendly Southern Pacific

Headquarters: San Francisco

One of America's railroads— ALL united for Victory tapo, compared with which Herr Himmler's outfit are Junior G-Men. In OWI, it says, there is a ruthless mob called disarmingly the Correspondence Panel.

At the head of this terrorist organization is Doctor Clyde W. Hart, professor of psychology in the University of Chicago, and he has a staff of twenty-two equally conscienceless triggermen. Throughout the land, according to the newspaper, they have recruited spies, *agents provocateurs* and the like, who have, in turn, recruited lesser torpedoes who lurk around in barrooms, hotel lobbies, barbershops, clubrooms and even ladies' aid societies, ever alert for an unguarded word from an unwary citizen who in his or her heart desires to uphold the Constitution, or something equally distasteful to the Roosevelt Administration.

The gentleman's voice shakes badly as he informs his colleagues that, thus, innocent little children may be informing on their patriotic fathers and mothers, that even our beloved servicemen might at that very moment be being beguiled by OWI sirens into uttering a small complaint about the conduct of the war with, of course, horrid consequences to the servicemen.

A number of the gentleman's fellow members had pricked up their ears. Word went forth that something pretty racy was being pinned on OWI, and a dozen Representatives moped back to the floor. But they didn't stay long after identifying the newspaper. Yet this attack aroused Mr. Davis to one of his infrequent replies.

This Gestapo, said he, is composed of 114 clergymen, 62 editors, 46 labor editors, 39 social workers, 72 businessmen and 54 housewives. Every month these "terrorists" write voluntarily to Professor Hart, telling him just what they and their neighbors think and are saying about rationing and other wartime expedients, what their complaints are, what suggestions they have to offer for change in operational methods and what about Victory Gardens, Gray Lady service, automobile pooling, and the like. None of the correspondents is paid wages or salary, and none, as far as he knew, totes a gun or has any desire to get up a totalitarian state in America.

Now the Honorable John Taber of New York, his voice bitter with scorn, takes the floor to say that, in OWI's opinion, such patriots as George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, to mention but a few American giants, were little better than minor prophets compared with Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

To prove it, he holds aloft an OWI publication of 178 pages called—even miscalled—A Handbook of the United States of America. Our history from the discovery of America in the year 1000 by Leif Ericsson to the birth of the New Deal is crowded into four and a half pages. Ten and three-quarter pages are devoted to the Presidency of Mr. Roosevelt. The book, written by OWI but barred by Congressional ruling from United States circulation, is being sold for two dollars by a private British publisher with the consent of OWI.

When a Book's a Boomerang

Mr. Davis replies that the book was not intended to be a history of the United States, merely another effort to place our country as it is today before the outside world. The book, he adds, is being misinterpreted and distorted for political reasons. And yet few attacks on OWI have been received with such shudders by those who fear that British influence in the United States is too great. The book's principal fault is its title. But it is all very unfortunate for Mr. Davis' hope for a vastly increased budget that it ever was written at all.

This sort of thing goes on daily. A congressman takes the floor to ask, "What is wrong with the Army and Navy giving out their own statements? They did it in the first World War."

To which Mr. Davis replies, "They did not do it then. They do it now."

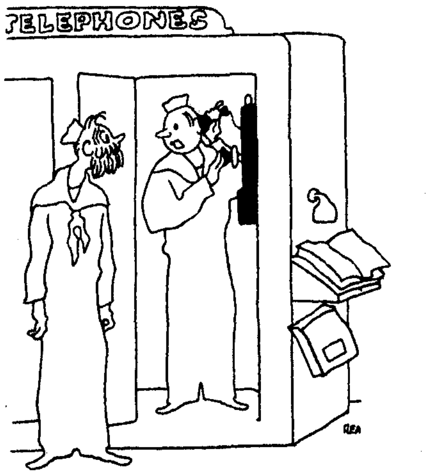
Another wants something drastic done to OWI because, says he, General Draja Mikhailovitch in Yugoslavia is a patriot in the eyes of everyone except Mr. Davis. Immediately another member charges that General Tito is Yugoslavia's only hope and that he is being ignored by OWI in favor of that "well-known Nazi collaborationist Mikhailovitch."

A gentleman from Arkansas has discovered that a fellow in the New York office of OWI has written a novel wherein a cast of completely uninhibited ladies and gentlemen were consecrating their energies to sex. This discovery might have mounted to a major crisis had not one of the outraged statesmen swiped the only copy immediately available and, followed by equally infuriated colleagues, hastened to his private office. However, the point was: Was this obscene work written on government time, supported by the money of honest taxpayers? And was the author of such itching prose the sort of fellow we wanted to teach the enslaved peoples of Europe, Asia and Africa the American way of life?

A Representative reads a letter from a soldier in North Africa. The soldier says that he and his fellow Joes are being "flooded with Roosevelt pin-on buttons, told to take handfuls." He says that the lads don't want them, but that the Arabs do, the pins being very handy for the Lend-Lease diapers in which desert babies are now being swaddled. The soldier added that the pins are much sought after by the natives for Lend-Lease adult underwear, too. The gentleman revealing this news is not at all happy, demanding to know whether OWI isn't thus proselyting for the fourth term and by what right.

Mr. Davis is caught at a disadvantage. A year ago, his organization did send thousands of lapel buttons to North Africa, Mr. Roosevelt's picture being on one side and the American flag on the other, with appropriate Arabic inscriptions. He concedes that this was probably unnecessary and one of the several mistakes OWI has made. Still, says Mr. Davis, Mr. Roosevelt is the President and the symbol of the United States.

A gentleman from Ohio rises to protest that OWI takes over the largest movie theaters in inhabited places occupied by our troops and exhibits therein OWI films. The gentleman has seen some of these films and, in agreement with many other citizens, does not regard them as first-rate entertainment. He calls them New Deal propaganda, and grudgingly OWI officials agree that, in a way, they might be just that, adding that before 1932, there wasn't a great deal of social uplift material available in America which might inspire faraway peoples to fight on our side.



"The girls want to know what you look like. Can you give me a hint?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

These movie shorts cost about $7,500 apiece to make, and OWI turns out about fifty a year, with ambitions to do better. There is no evidence that they are going to win the war or even shorten it, unless of course we, the audience, determined to put an end to them, redouble our effort. But they are aimed at teaching the Pacific islanders, the Hindus, the Arabs and others that we are, after all, a homey, industrious and even folksy people and not a nation of mobsters, wolves and penthouse slickers, Hollywood to the contrary.

Anyone sitting through them will behold us fighting boll weevils, diligently planting Victory Gardens, pushing buttons in magical transparent kitchens, turning out jeeps at the rate of one a minute, virtuously going to church and throwing picnics under large elm trees.

The gentleman's complaint goes on to include southern Italy's libraries stocked with OWI literature which, he thinks, includes too many speeches by Mr. Roosevelt, an unnecessary number of reveries by Mr. Wallace and much too much about New Deal innovations. There are also picture books with simple texts for the native kiddies, and the gentleman wants to know how many employees of OWI are assigned to no other task than to invent new ways of spending money unnecessarily.

Over in the Senate, the Honorable Theodore Gilmore Bilbo of Mississippi and the Honorable Ellison DuRant Smith of South Carolina are demanding to know who in OWI is responsible for 2,500,000 sixty-eight-page pamphlets, The Negro in the War. It cost $85,000 to produce this work, and the two senators call it just another and more expensive government effort to destroy White Supremacy.

Prominent in the pamphlet are pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt. Pages are devoted to reminding the Negro that the New Deal is his eternal friend, and that the President and Mrs. Roosevelt think very kindly of the colored man. Mr. Davis' observers on Capitol Hill report that these pamphlets have caused "noticeable comment" in Congress. Mr. Davis is himself a self-contained gentleman and he has let it be known that he prefers those about him to avoid overstatement.

A Difference of Opinion

There is no feud between Mr. Davis and Mr. Sherwood, rumor to the contrary. Their relations might, however, be more cordial. Some time ago, Mr. Davis decided that three of Mr. Sherwood's aides were unnecessary in OWI's scheme of things, and Mr. Sherwood thought otherwise. The dispute landed in the President's lap, and Mr. Roosevelt followed his usual routine in such squabbles—telling them to settle it between them and may the better man win. Mr. Davis won. Aside from all that, a lot of Congressional criticism of OWI might be avoided were Mr. Sherwood less intimately identified with the White House.

He's the man who garnishes Mr. Roosevelt's speeches with apt phrases, dramatic turns. He's well equipped for the job, being one of America's prize playwrights. But it makes him no more popular that it is said that while he is thinking up phrases for the President he roams the White House corridors in his shirt sleeves. This informality is not enjoyed by Mr. Davis, who is not a shirt-sleeves person anyway.

The trouble is that Mr. Davis believes OWI should be wholly independent, serving no interests but news dissemination and anti-Axis propaganda. Mr. Sherwood believes that Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal are fundamental, that they cannot be separated from news and propaganda. To him, Mr. Roosevelt is America, and his policies are the formula for the postwar world.

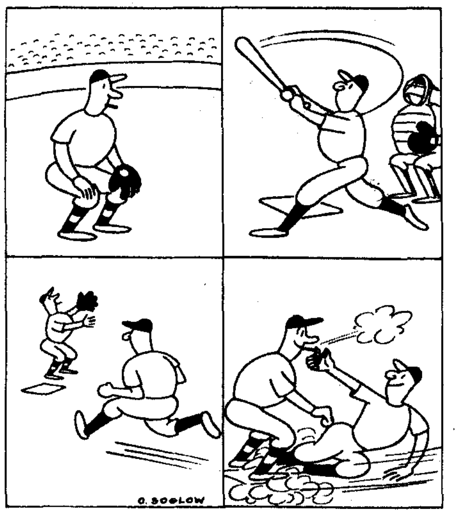
And yet the temperature in these OWI offices is quite normal. There is a noticeable absence of scurrying, corridor racing, telephone jangling and high tension. If there are calmer men in Washington than Mr. Davis and his first deputy, Mr. Edward Klauber, we haven't seen them. And we've been around quite a bit, too. Out of these offices pours an ever-swelling flood of booklets, pamphlets, leaflets, broadcasts and photographs and whatever else OWI has decided is necessary to tell the world how to live and enjoy it. Now as we trudge from office to office, 350 broadcasts in 27 languages fill the air, wheedling the coy, warning the recalcitrant, exhorting the faithful. Much of it is straight evangelism, shy of facts but long on emotion. They've got to be cagey about promises because, like the rest of us, OWI doesn't know what promises can be kept.

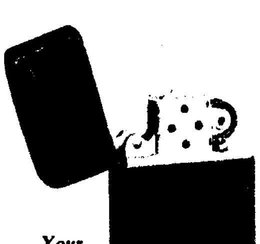
We might go on like this indefinitely. Before we've wound up looking at that Russian movie, we begin to suspect that OWI is completely out of hand. Anyway, that makes a day of it. Or so we hoped. In the middle of the movie, the tired little audience of OWI workers is aroused from its lethargy by word that Mr. Davis is wanted in his office. A proud piece, written that day with a view to placating the Arabs, has to be killed. Something has happened in Palestine. Nobody present knows exactly what it is. But the British have sent word that the piece is dangerous, must be withdrawn.

Wearily Mr. Davis returns to his office, begins the recall. Several of his staff are with him. They want to know whether they should turn out something to take the place of the withdrawn piece.

Mr. Davis shakes his head. "No," he says, "not tonight. Something seems to tell me that if we never write about it again it will be all right."

THE END





I'VE GONE TO WAR SO BUY WAR STAMPS INSTEAD

IF IT'S A ZIPPO IT'S WINDPROOF

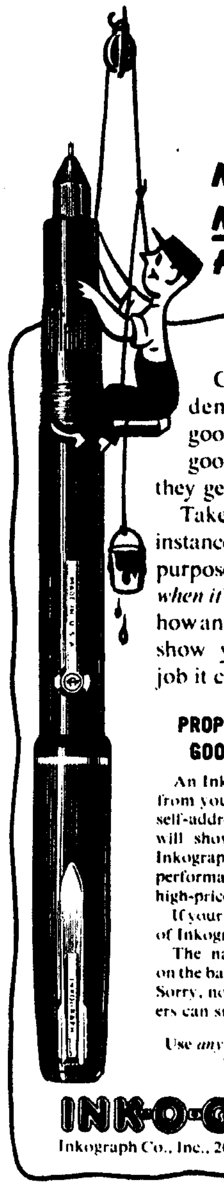
—and ZIPPO IS A REAL ONE-HAND LIGHTER, TOO. When the demands of our boys at the front and on the high seas are met, we have every hope that a given supply of *genuine* ZIPPO Windproof Lighters will be permitted for sale through dealers.

Your Dealer has ZIPPO Flints and Fluid

U.S. Pat. No. 2,032,695

ZIPPO MFG. CO.
Dept. C
Bradford, Pa.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER



NO, JUNIOR, NOT THE HARD WAY!

Good fountain pens demand and deserve good treatment, can give good service *only* when they get it!

Take an Inkograph, for instance . . . a sure-shot, all-purpose writing instrument *when it's filled right*. Learn how and then let Inkograph show you what a grand job it can do with V-Mail!

PROPER FILLING MAKES GOOD PENS WILLING!

An Inkograph Instruction Sheet from your dealer (or send us a 3c self-addressed envelope for one) will show you how to fill your Inkograph correctly . . . insure performance equal to that of any high-priced fountain pen.

If your dealer happens to be out of Inkographs today, keep trying!

The name Inkograph stamped on the barrel identifies the genuine. Sorry, no mail orders—only dealers can supply you.

Use *any pen* to sign up for more WAR BONDS!

INK-O-GRAPH $2
Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., N.Y.C. 13

THE BIG ITCH

By Howard C. Forst

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY SANDY GANDY

The poison-ivy season is here again. You'll save yourself a lot of scratching if you will learn—first, to identify the plant, then what to do if you miss it

IF YOU'RE going into the woods this spring and summer, you'll be smart to exercise a little vigilance. Look out for poison ivy. Remember that all such growths have certain characteristics that anyone should be able to spot if he doesn't go barging about with his eyes shut. These are the most important:

1. The division of each leaf into irregularly shaped leaflets from one to four inches in length.
2. The coloring of the leaves. When the plant is young, the leaves are a wrinkly red, gradually trending toward dark green on the upper surfaces, with the undersides holding to a lighter shade. Later, as autumn approaches, the color again turns, this time to brilliant tints of orange and scarlet.
3. The waxy-white berries. In some poison growths, they remain on the vine until late into the winter.

If you run onto a plant, whether vine or shrub, bearing any of these characteristics, keep away from it. As an added safeguard, write to the Department of Agriculture of your home state, ask for literature about poison growths and make yourself familiar with the varieties common to your locality.

The average man, coming in contact with a plant that gives him dermatitis, or inflammation of the skin, usually calls it poison ivy (or perhaps something a bit more colorful) and starts scratching. But from a scientific point of view, it is not strictly accurate to speak so specifically, for poison ivy is simply a generic term for a large number of plants. They're all of "somewhat vinelike habit," to quote the dictionary, and they're all botanically related, but in many cases they represent separate and distinct species. Among them are poison oak, poison sumac, markweed, mercury, and many others—all poison ivy, and all dangerous and a nuisance.

Some varieties of these plants grow as climbing vines, such as the common poison ivy of eastern and central United States, and some, like poison oak, are of the bushy type of vine. Others take the form of trailing shrubs only a few inches off the ground, while still others, particularly a variety common on the West Coast, shoot up into erect bushes which frequently reach a height of eight feet. One or another of this itch-provoking conglomeration is to be found nearly everywhere in the United States.

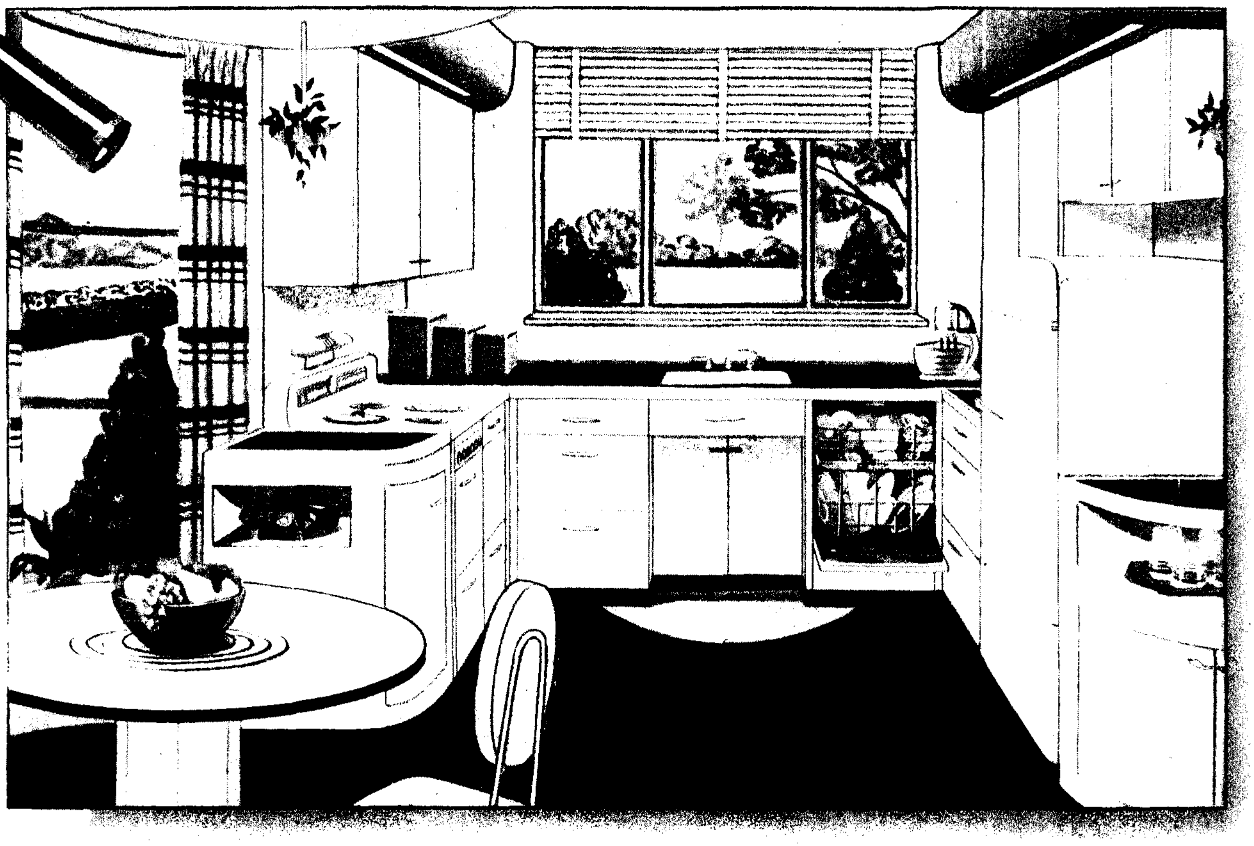
Generally speaking, all members of the poison-ivy family owe their toxic properties to a heavy, oily substance variously known as urushiol or toxicodendrol. The poison is present throughout the plant from root to fruit, and is so violently irritating that unbelievably small quantities may cause severe inflammation of the skin. Danger from its venom is considerably greater during warm weather, when sap is plentiful in the plant, but it's dangerous the year around. Even when the foliage is withered and apparently lifeless, the poisonous substance remains active.

Obviously the most frequent source of infection is direct contact with a plant, but there are also many other causes. You may acquire a painful attack of poisoning merely by touching your shoes or other clothing after

(Continued on page 74)

The lower leaf of this poison-ivy plant is red because it has been touched by frost. Sometimes people use them for table decoration. They're always sorry

Take a look at your Next Kitchen...



IF YOU could step into that new Hotpoint Electric Kitchen you plan to buy after the war, you'd be delighted with its smart styling! And we think you'd be even more amazed at the careful way our designers have laid it out so that you'll save thousands of steps day after day.

Here, you'd say, is a room that makes child's play of routine homemaking tasks! And when you found how reasonably the kitchen will be priced, you'd pass the good word on to your friends—"By all means earmark your War Bonds for a new Hotpoint Electric Kitchen!"

and **Hotpoint** *will save you time on All these tasks!*

The cost of a Hotpoint Electric Kitchen averages about 10% of home-building cost

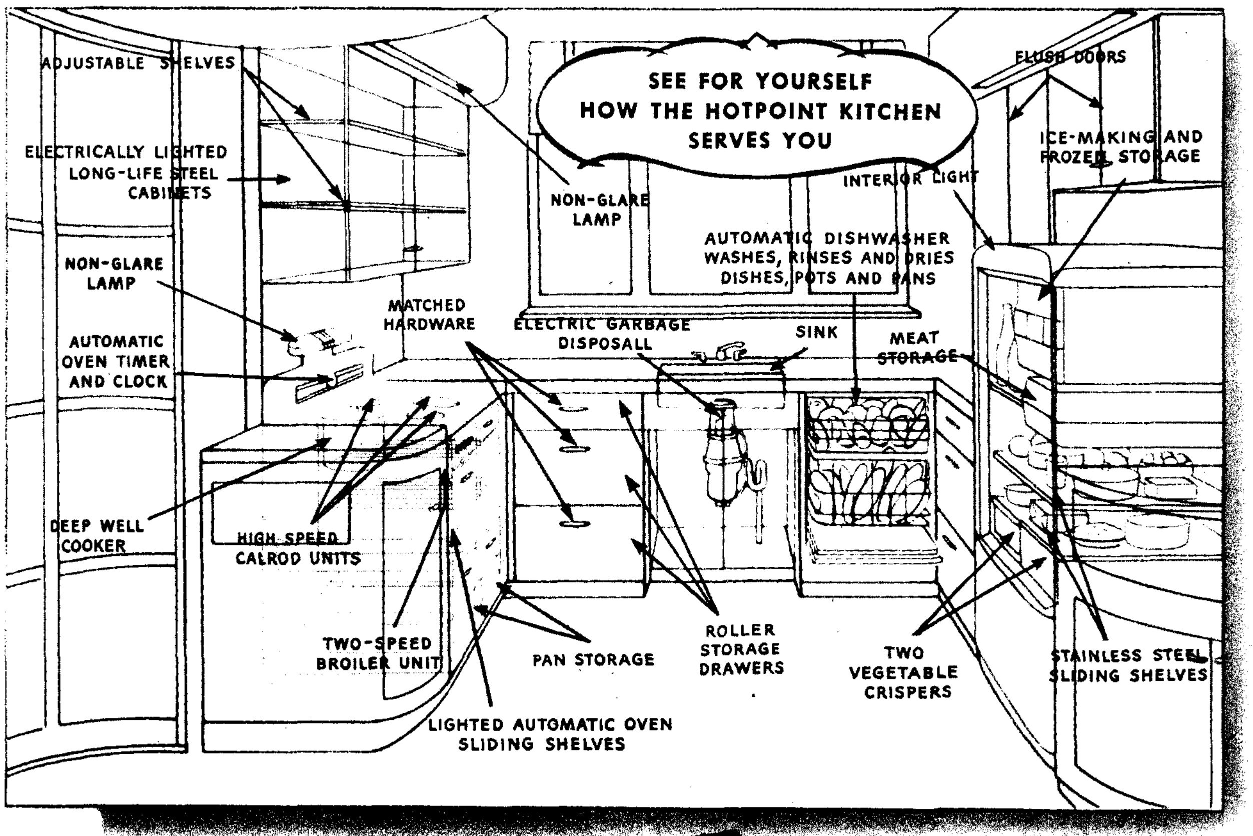
WORK CENTERS MAKE MINUTES COUNT IN THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC KITCHEN

Refrigeration Center—Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator keeps foods fresh—provides fast, thrifty freezing and better arrangement of storage space.

Cooking Center—Hotpoint Electric Range, with all utensils stored within arm's length, cooks fast and thriftily. Since there's no combustion dirt, pans and walls stay clean. Automatic controls end cause of many cooking failures.

Dishwashing Center—Hotpoint Electric Dishwasher-Sink washes and dries dishes, pots and pans cleaner without your hands touching water. Hotpoint Garbage Disposall whisks food waste away electrically. Space is provided in cabinet below sink for soap, towels, etc.

Equipment Storage—Electrically lighted Hotpoint Steel Cabinets afford abundant space for dishes, utensils and dry foods.


SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THE HOTPOINT KITCHEN SERVES YOU
ADJUSTABLE SHELVES
ELECTRICALLY LIGHTED LONG-LIFE STEEL CABINETS
NON-GLARE LAMP
AUTOMATIC OVEN TIMER AND CLOCK
DEEP WELL COOKER
HIGH SPEED CALROD UNITS
TWO-SPEED BROILER UNIT
LIGHTED AUTOMATIC OVEN SLIDING SHELVES
MATCHED HARDWARE
NON-GLARE LAMP
ELECTRIC GARBAGE DISPOSALL
PAN STORAGE
ROLLER STORAGE DRAWERS
AUTOMATIC DISHWASHER WASHES, RINSES AND DRIES DISHES, POTS AND PANS
SINK
MEAT STORAGE
TWO VEGETABLE CRISPERS
INTERIOR LIGHT
FLUSH DOORS
ICE-MAKING AND FROZEN STORAGE
STAINLESS STEEL SLIDING SHELVES

Hotpoint ELECTRIC KITCHENS

Your Next Kitchen
—by Hotpoint

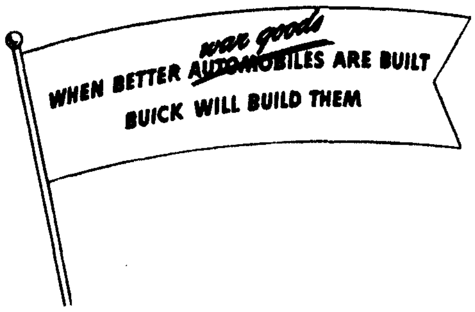
Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc.
5663 West Taylor Street, Chicago 44, Illinois

Enclosed please find ten cents in coin or war stamp for which send me your new kitchen planning guide entitled, "Your Next Kitchen by Hotpoint."

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City and State ____________________


WHEN BETTER ~~AUTOMOBILES~~ war goods ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

HE SAID: "WE THANK ALL YOU FOLKS FOR DOING A SWELL JOB"

The Army doesn't endorse any product. Neither may any of its personnel.

But here at Buick we get letters from people who've learned that Buick powers the Liberator.

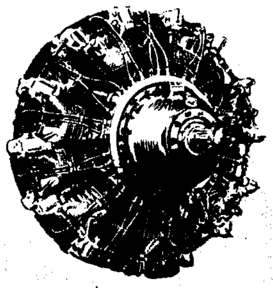
And there's one that holds a special place with us because of what shines through its direct and homely phrasing. It reads, in essence:

"This bomber I was in had Buick's bomber engines. Well we got shot up bad . . . Our engines were shot up bad too . . . They held out just long enough to get us back to our base.

"We 8 of that bomber thank all you folks for doing a good job on them engines. We can't lose with folks like you all that are making them engines."

No heroics. No colorful writing about bursting flak, riddled wings, vicious enemy attack.

Just faith. Good, solid American trust in every word!



What honest American can fail to put his best into any task, big or little, with faith like that riding on what he does?

Buick powers the Liberator. And as long as we do, we'll do the best job we've ever done on anything.

BUICK POWERS THE LIBERATOR*

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BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

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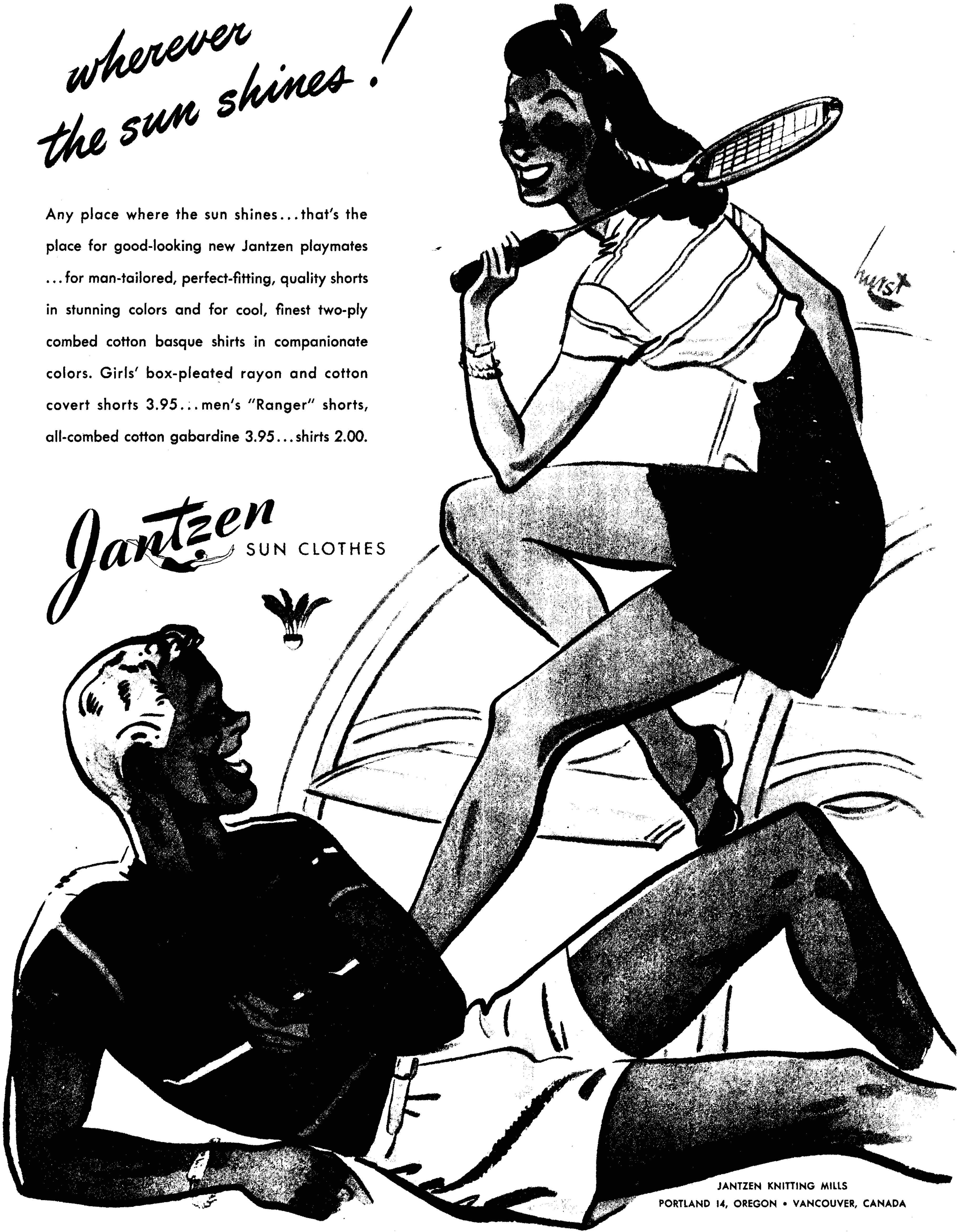
Jantzen SUN CLOTHES



JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
PORTLAND 14, OREGON • VANCOUVER, CANADA

BUY MORE WAR BONDS . . . AND BRING HIM HOME SOONER!

Yellow Color Suit

Continued from page 23

They began living foolishly hard. Recollecting substitutes that women had to use during another war, they stored away their last little mite of sugar, coffee, coal oil, and flour with the stupid idea that it might do the country some good. Parched sweet potatoes became their coffee, sorghum their sweetening, corn meal their bread and the fireplace fire their lamplight. They had meat in the smokehouse, old Bessy in the cowpen, chickens and eggs, garden greens; they managed, though they were hard worked. Nothing was wasted, everything was 'lowanced. Persimmons that usually rotted on the ground were gathered and used for sweet bread, even wild plums and haws and locusts were brought in to help out the table fare. Eveline did not get sleepy over her good dishes any more.

The poorer they fared at the table and the harder they had to work at living, the more their thoughts dwelt upon the country and the soldiers who, the storekeeper said, were dying in the Solomons and Guadalcanal and places.

Henny talked less about dying, and instead of putting cross-stitches on her burial suit she started knitting stockings for the living. It took thick, heavy stockings now that work shoes were wearing thin. One night after Ailey had brought bad news back from the store, Henny paused in her knitting and said "You can bury me under the stunted cypress. I don't want to lie yonder on the hill, myself." The rest felt that way about Caleb Day, too and the worse the news got the more they felt it.

Eveline was not cooking dishes that made her sleepy in the eating, but she was still the speller. Around the fireplace of nights she spelled "Solomons" and "Guadalcanal" and places the way they sounded, and that was correct enough for the rest.

Names of far-off places made Ailey sigh for the free circulars and catalogues that had been cut off since the war. Making a new quilt of nights, she pictured to herself free mail from Guadalcanal with her name on the label. "How do you spell that long name where they're fighting?" she would ask Eveline.

Lollie rarely counted her hoard of money, in secret, any more. There was little time. The withholding of coins from her sisters did not give her the same pleasurable sense of power, nor did being able to pay for one's own burial seem so important now that soldiers were lying where they fell.

When the news from the store was at its worst, each sister walked off and stayed to herself a little while. Except Henny, she stood right there and cried before them; she was old and easy to cry anyway.

SO THE days passed until one morning Ailey brought bad news back from the cowpen.

"Look!" she said, showing the group around the breakfast table an almost empty milk pail.

"It's no time to be spilling milk," Lollie said. "If you can't tote a pail stud-dy—"

"I didn't spill no milk," Ailey snapped, a little of the "harnet" in her voice again. "That's every drop old Bessy would give down this morning."

"She must be drying up," Henny said, siping her potato coffee.

"No such a thing," Ailey said, "and her just fresh three months."

"Maybe she's sick," Eveline suggested.

"No such a thing," Ailey declared. "She et all her feed, she's peart a-plenty."

"What ails her then?" Lollie demanded. "A half gallon last night and now this morning—"

"She's already been milked, that's what!" Ailey said.

"Milked! By who? Nobody goes to the cowpen but yourself," Lollie reminded her.

"*Somebody* has. Old Bessy's been milked!" Ailey insisted, turning to strain the cupful of milk from her pail.

"Maybe it was witches," Henny said.

"Hush, Henny," Lollie ordered sharply, getting up to start the day's work. "Go bring a pail of drinking water from the spring and hush about witches!"

Lollie's work on this particular morning was not routine, and it was not cheerful. The soles of her work shoes that had been wearing thinner and thinner now had holes in them, her feet were on the ground. All the work shoes on the place needed mending. It was going to be a hard winter and extra wraps would be needed, too. There was the chest of homespun clothes that had belonged to Caleb Day, and in it were cowhide boots, untanned leather shoes, one woolen suit, odd breeches, an old coat or two. Lollie had made up her mind to air the chest of clothes, packed away so long in cedar boughs and tobacco scrap, and to use such materials as proved fit. Hanging the things on the clothesline, she caught herself thinking witches and felt fretted with Henny for it.

Just then Henny called out that the water pail was gone; the gourd was gone, too. Ailey had not moved it, Eveline had not, Lollie knew she hadn't. They hunted the place over, but could not find the missing articles.

"The witches must've got the water pail, too," Henny said.

"Hush," Lollie ordered again. "Get the kitchen bucket and bring here some spring water and hush about witches."

All day there was a kind of tightness in the air, a sense of unease, occasioned by the strange disappearance of the water pail and of Bessy's milk and, in addition, by the sight of the deserter's clothes stretched on the line in the winter sunshine, the cowhide boots swinging by their knotted laces beside them. The wind blew across the yard and filled the clothes with an odd semblance of life. The woolen work suit that Caleb Day had set such store by looked like a headless man standing behind the grindstone. Caleb Day had died in that suit; he had been out coon hunting and was taken with a spell in the woods; getting home only to die on the doorsteps. Lollie had been old enough to recollect how he looked stretched out on the steps. But now she resolutely turned her face from the headless suit on the clothesline and thought of the warm jackets and underskirts that could be made from them around the fire of nights.

Henny, recollecting Caleb Day in that suit only too clearly, recollecting the store he set by those cowhide boots he made himself—and died in—crept out of sight of the clothesline, shut herself in the corncrib and shucked corn most of the day. Eveline and Ailey kept going to the door, in spite of themselves, to stare at the headless man, half expecting each time that he would not be there, that he would have run away—deserted.

AIRING those clothes was marking the Days again as the deserter's folks, when they were for the country and soldiers like anybody else. Ailey felt crabbed and ill all morning, and at twelve o'clock she pushed her dinner away untasted and slipped off across the creek for news of the war. At sundown, when she got in sight of the house, the deserter was still there on the clothesline.

It was a miserable night. The war news had been bad. The deserter's folks felt restless and ill at ease. Henny sat in the chimney corner recollecting strange things that had come to pass in another day. Lollie kept peering out into the moonlight, avoiding only the window that looked out upon the clothesline. The others listened warily into the night silences. Nobody slept much till near day. The night finally passed.

Ailey was the first one to look toward the clothesline next morning.

"It's gone," she said dully, staring at the blankness where Caleb Day's clothes had been.

"What?" Lollie asked. Then she looked out and saw. "Who took that suit down?" she demanded. In herself she knew, though, even without their denials, that none of them had touched those clothes. She hurried out to investigate. There was no trace of the suit in the yard or on the porch or anywhere around the place. The yellow cowhide boots were gone, too. Lollie was troubled now, as well as the rest and it did not help any when Ailey came back from the cowpen with only about a cupful of milk again. They went about their morning chores in strange quiet. Something was over Haw Island. It was the first time in their lives that things were missing from their accustomed place, and there seemed no pattern in their disappearance.

"It's witchy," Henny said, and Lollie did not say hush.

During the day rusty keys were fitted into the locks of outhouses; washtubs and basins and tools were brought into the kitchen, old Bessy's stall was padlocked, window sticks were braced tight above the lower sashes of windows, and the ax was brought in from the woodpile and set behind the front-room door.

The evening chores were done early. There was an unwonted silence around the supper table, nobody ate much. In the front room, after the dishes were washed and the kitchen doors buttoned and locked, the four sat down around the fire, oddly idle and speechless. Lollie did not rip up any old clothes that had been airing two days, to fit into warm jackets and underskirts. Eveline did not spell herself sleepy with long words, nor did Ailey picture circulars from Guadalcanal with her name on the label. Henny, her knitting needles idle on the bureau, slipped into the passage and secretly laid brooms before the front and back doors, just in case there were witches and they might try to cross the threshold.

They all sat wide awake and alert, listening. Lollie kept going to the windows, nervously scratching her side every now and then. Eveline belched for courage and unloosed her skirt binding. Ailey rose suddenly and pinned the dark curtains together over the windows. Finally Henny, crouched in the low rocker, looked up at the clock.

"We just as well's to lie down," she said. "Muh used to say long as you set up waiting, nothing wouldn't come." She crept out to the shed room and went to bed.

THE others sat waiting. They didn't know what for. It was the first time in all their lives they had known this queer dread. When one wanted to go out at night, she had gone alone, in moonlight or thick darkness, with not a thought of fear. Outside had seemed as secure as the walls of the old house, as familiar at night as in daytime. Now, outside was like a strange presence not familiar at all; for all the bright moon shining down over it, nighttime was a stranger that could not be trusted.

The clock struck twelve, half past. Eveline nodded herself out of a fitful nap and looked up. Lollie was adding a stick of wood to the fire. Ailey was staring at nothing.

"No use all of us setting up," Eveline yawned. "Two of us should stay up the fore part of the night—"

"Hush," Lollie said. "Don't talk out."

Eveline started toward the shed room. "If you hear anything bothering around—"

They all heard it at the same time. At first it was just a break in the stillness of the night. Gradually it took shape. It sounded like footsteps on the hard ground outside. Lollie, seizing the ax, moved quietly to the window and peeped from behind the curtain. Eveline, dead still near the shed room, listened. It was not the kind of sound they had been waiting for, subdued and witchy, but definite steps, like somebody walking.

Lollie suddenly dropped the curtain and motioned the others toward the window. Her face looked like flour in the dimness of the firelit room. "Look!" she whispered. "Come here, look!"

Ailey was the first to draw back from the window. "That suit!" she gasped. "With a head."

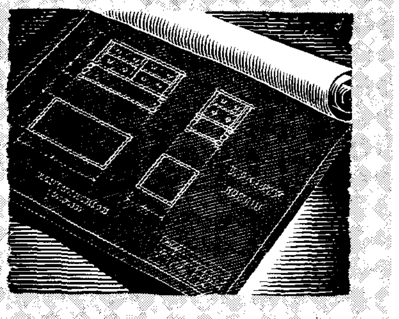
"And them yellow boots," Lollie said hoarsely. "Pa's yellow cowhide boots."

"Coming right straight toward this door." Ailey was trembling.

"Somebody say 'What in the name of the

ANSWERS TO HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?—PAGE 38

Group No.	*Words*	*Pronunciation*	*Caution*	*Sounds like or rhymes with*
1.	ECZEMA	*ek* zee mah	Accent first syllable	DECK-zy-ma
	DISCHARGE	dis *charj*	Accent the charge, noun and verb	this-LARGE
	BROUGHAM	broom	One syllable	GROOM
	CARBINE	*kahr* bine	The i is long	CAR-line
2.	ADMIRABLE	*ad* mih rah b'l	Accent the first syllable, short i	DAD-near-a-bull
	DECOROUS	*deck* oh russ	Accent first syllable, long o	ECHO-Russ
	CONTRAST	con *trast*	Verb. Accent last syllable	gone-PAST
	PUSILLANIMITY	pew sy lah *nim* ity	Accent nim. Means cowardly	you-fill-a-DIM-ity
3.	HELICOPTER	helly *cop* ter	Accent the cop, first e is short	Well-he-COPped-'er
	VELODROME	*vee* lo drome	All vowels long, accent ve	WE-load-Rome
	DIRIGIBLE	*dir* idge-jy b'l	Accent first syllable, not ridge	STEERAGE-a-bull
	HELIUM	*he* ly um	The e is long	REALLY-mum
4.	DINOSAUR	*die* no sawr	The i is long	DINE-oh-sawr
	AMHERST	*am* erst	The h is silent	SAM-Erst
	PROBLEM	*prob* lem	Say lem, not lum	ROB-Lem
	REVOCABLE	*rev* oh kah b'l	Accent first syllable	REV-choke-a-bull
5.	GALAXY	*gal* ak sy	Accent the gal, all vowels short	GAL-taxi
	GEISHA	*gay* shah	Ei is like long a, gay, not guy	SAY-pshaw
	GEYSER	*guy* zer	Say guy, not gay, change s to z	KAISER
	GHOULISH	*gool* ish	Ou like oo in pool	FOOLISH
6.	GUIMPE	gamp	One syllable, ui is like short a	VAMP
	FRUMENTY	*froo* menty	A pudding. Accent fru like through	DO-plenty
	GOULASH	*goo* losh	Accent the goo	BOO-bosh
	GOURD	gore'd	Ou is like long o	BOARD
7.	BELLIGERENCY	beh *lij* er entsy	Say lij, not lig, first e is short	REFRIGERANT-cy
	MISCHIEVOUS	*mis* chy vus	Accent mis, say chiv, not cheev	MISS-Chivvus
	NATATORIUM	nay tah *toe* ry um	First a is long, accent toe	Nate-a-SO-ye-bum
	NUISANCE	*new* sans	Not noo, but new	NEW-sans
8.	NAPE	naype	The a is long	CAPE
	LONGISH	*long* ish	Say ish, not gish	WRONG-wish
	LICORICE	*lick* oh ris	Say ris, not rish. Look up lickerish	LICK-'o-this
	PALL MALL	pal *mal*	Both a's short, accent the mal	pal-AL
9.	CURATOR	cue *ray* ter	Accent ray, the u is long	few-HATE-her
	DAIS	*day* iss	The a is long, don't say die	SAY-this
	ACOUSTICS	ah *koos* ticks	Say coo, not cow	a-GOOSE-ticks
	RHEIMS	reams	Anglicize to reems. French, ranss	DREAMS
10.	CICERONE	chee che *row* nay	A guide. Keep it Italian	screechy-ROW-nay
	MONOLOGIST	*mon* oh log ist	Accent mon, say log, not loj	MONologue-hissed
	RECITATIVE	*res* ih tay tiv	Accent res, the a is long. Adj.	MESSY-native
	RECITATIVE	resy tah *teev*	Last syllable is eve accented. Noun	messy-tot-EVE



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Since 1907 we have been famous for our cedar chests. Come peace, we are prepared to launch our new furniture creations . . . with an inspired flair for design—well built of fine materials.

Remember the name
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FOR MODERN LIVING

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HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster—
Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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FOR EXTRA SATISFACTION
ASK FOR HOOD
RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES
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Lord do you want?' " Eveline said, shakily.

"Say nothing," Lollie ordered under her breath.

Just then there was a knock at the door. Lollie tipped toward the shed room where Henny still slept, motioning the others to follow. Inside, she closed the door and slid the bar in place.

"What are we going to do?" Eveline asked.

Ailey was beginning to shake with a nervous ague.

"I don't know," Lollie said.

There was a dull thud, like something falling, out front. And then silence. Henny's even breathing was the only sound in the tight stillness.

"It was a man," Eveline whispered, "in looks."

"A robber, maybe," Lollie said.

"Is he gone, you reckon?"

"Let's keep quiet," Lollie said, "and listen."

They listened until their ears were broken down. The bed creaked as Henny turned on her side. Ailey's ague was vibrating the floor and windows. Lollie wrapped a quilt around her. An hour passed and another. They were cold and a little sleepy at last.

Then Henny stirred and reached sleepily across the mattress. Finding Ailey's place still empty, she slid off the bed. "Where is everybody?" she called out.

Lollie, quieting her, had to explain.

"A robber?" Henny asked. "Is he still out there? I'll go see."

Before they could stop her, Henny had unbarred the door and was hurrying toward the front window. Lollie followed, holding to the ax.

"Somebody fell," Henny said, peeping out; "he's lying right here on our porch." She whispered, "It's the deserter, come back."

Lollie saw that a man was lying very still in front of the door. His face was in the shadows, but the moonlight fell clear and bright on the feet; they were encased in yellow cowhide boots.

There was no more sleep in the old house that night. The Day sisters kept watch, and at daybreak the man still lay there on the porch. They could see his face then, it was a young face, just a boy's, not bearded like the deserter's. He was wearing the old suit off the clothesline, and on his feet were Caleb Day's boots; their eyes had not fooled them.

They stared down at him from the window. He might be a robber, but he did not look dangerous. He could not be dead, his face was too flushed. From a scratch on his forehead the blood had trickled down on his cheek. He was bareheaded, his hair was yellow.

How could they know whether he was really asleep or drunk or just making pretend, so that they would be fooled into opening the door? How could they know if he was their kind of folks or— How could they know he was not a German? Or a Jap-pan?

"Poor thing," Henny said at last. "On that hard floor all night," she mused, looking at the yellow hair, "and maybe no supper."

The boy began to move restlessly. The women at the window heard him groan.

"He ain't making pretend," Lollie said. "He's poorly, something ails him."

"He looks ga'nt," Eveline said. "Maybe it's them clothes, 'way too big. Maybe he had to steal from the clothesline to keep warm."

"Maybe"—Ailey was studying the stranger—"maybe he was the one milked old Bessy. Maybe he was starving."

WHILE they were trying to make sense of the past two days' happenings, Henny slipped out and opened the front door. It had been a long time since she had seen yellow hair curling up from a boy's temple, but she had not forgotten how it could look.

When Lollie turned back to the window, she saw Henny bending over the stranger. She had roused him, he was saying something to her. Without a word Lollie went out to the porch and the others followed. The stranger had closed his eyes and was moaning a little.

"Poor thing," Henny was saying. "He's sick, but he don't want no doctor, or nobody."

"Who is he?" Lollie demanded. "What's he doing here?"

"He hurts right there." Henny touched his chest. "And he's got a high fever. Turn down the covers and let's get him to bed."

At first Lollie said, "No, no indeed." Ailey and Eveline echoed her decision that they couldn't take a stranger in like that. But soon, strangely, Henny the foolish one was taking charge and they were letting her.

"She's the oldest," Lollie said in a daze as she helped to move the stranger into the front room according to Henny's directions, excusing herself to Eveline and Ailey.

"Yes," Ailey echoed, "she's the oldest," and Eveline nodded.

They laid him on the bed. Henny smoothed his pillow, put her old hands on his yellow hair. Eveline blew the embers into a blaze and piled wood on the firedogs. Lollie went out after quilts and Ailey for a basin of water.

"Help me strip him," Henny directed from her post at the bed.

Eveline at the fireplace looked up aghast to Lollie, re-entering with the quilts. Ailey stood motionless in the passage doorway with the basin of water. Henny was the oldest, yes, but it was time now to look back to Lollie.

"We can't strip—a man," Lollie said. She started to spread a quilt over the stranger.

Henny was already unbuttoning Caleb Day's coat. "He's got to come out'n these damp clothes," she said. "I'll unloosen his coat and breeches. You undo them wet boots."

Ailey set the basin of water under the bed and helped Lollie remove the cowhide boots. The feet they could strip, but a strange body, a man's— They undressed before one another only in the dark.

"He's got on another suit, under this top one," Henny said, opening the woolen coat and slipping it off one shoulder with surprising ease. "Yellow color."

Ailey glanced up from the footboard and dropped the boot she had just undone. She moved around to the side of the bed and stared down at the yellow color suit.

"He's a soldier," she exclaimed. She bent over to look close at the buttons. "That's a soldier suit!"

"Confederate or Yankee?" Henny asked. She turned loose the shoulder and stood back. The situation was slipping out of her grasp, she began to do odd, foolish little things about the room, things that did not have to do with the comfort of the stranger at all.

"America," Ailey said. "No 'I reckon' about that. He's been fighting for the country."

It did not matter then that Henny had gone to dusting the bureau and winding the clock and placing chairs in a semicircle around the bed. The rest took hold, stripped off the damp clothes, wrapped the soldier in a cotton-flannel gown, and covered him with a new quilt. They bathed his face and hands in cool water, they greased his chest with hogsfoot oil, gave him feverfew, got him to drink some milk, watched by him all day.

Henny was not much help now; her little flare of initiative had left her more relaxed than usual. Only when the doctor was named did she speak up sure and firm. "Don't send for no doctor," she ordered. "He said not get a doctor." Sensing the indecision of her sisters, she added: "I'm the oldest."

They did not send for a doctor, for the soldier began to show signs of mending, the second day. As soon as he was himself a little, he wanted to know where he was, who they were, how he came to be lying in that bed. They told him. He said his name was Bill Something, they didn't quite catch it all, not that it mattered since You was as familiar as was fitting to address a soldier. They did not ask him questions about himself. The yellow color suit was credentials enough; it had been washed and ironed smooth with tedious care and was hanging in the passage ready.

Only Ailey did ask him one question: Did he want anybody to know how he was getting on or where he was?

"No," he said, looking at her funny. He studied a minute and added, "Who?"

"Your folks."

"I got no folks," he blurted out. "Not a damn' one to write me or send me things like them other jerks gets, or to care if I go or stay. So what the hell—" He broke off, he looked mad all of a sudden, his face got red; his fever was going to rise again, they saw. So, there were no more questions.

EVEN after he was mending, he did not seem inclined to talk. He watched them cagily. He knew he was being well taken care of. He could not know the funny women were using up their last little store of sugar in custards for him, were giving him white bread which they denied themselves, were making him milk toddies with their mite of medicine brandy. He could not know that Henny had secretly ripped up her pretty burial robe and made him a nightshirt out of it. Nor that Lollie had taken dollars from her hoard so that Ailey might get the best supplies the store had, among them such little cakes and candy as could be bought. He knew they were waiting on him hand and foot like somebody's fair-haired boy, and he didn't know what to make of it.

It got on his nerves; he began to ask questions about the roads in that part of the country and later he asked if there wasn't a man around, he hadn't remembered seeing anything except women. But the shirt he had on looked something like a man's, and—

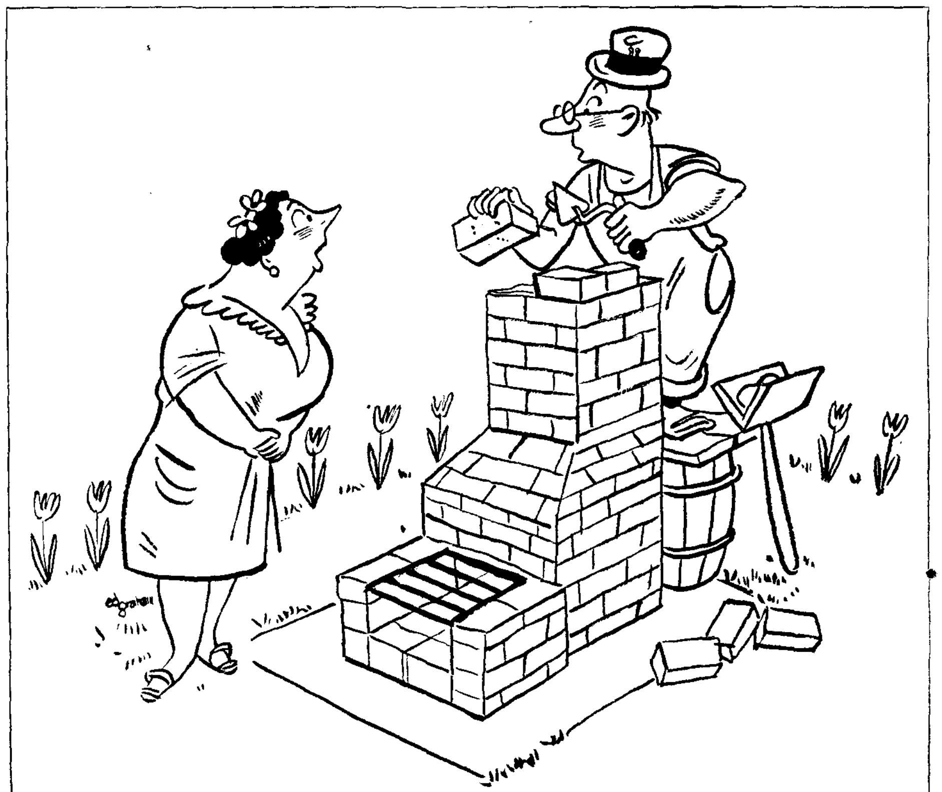
There were just women, only the four of them he had seen, Lollie told him, not explaining about the nightshirt Henny had made out of her shroud.

"You couldn't fit me up in a suit, a man's suit, could you?" he asked after a thoughtful pause. "One near my size, I mean?"

Then Ailey proudly went out in the passage after the soldier suit. She brought it in, all freshly washed and ironed. "This one's ready soon as you're able to stand on your feet."

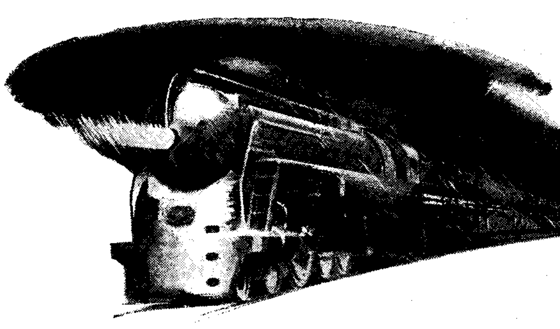
"Hell, I don't want that!" he blurted out. "What ails it?"

The eyes of the four women searched the



"To grill *what* when we have company?"

> "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."
>
> Herodotus



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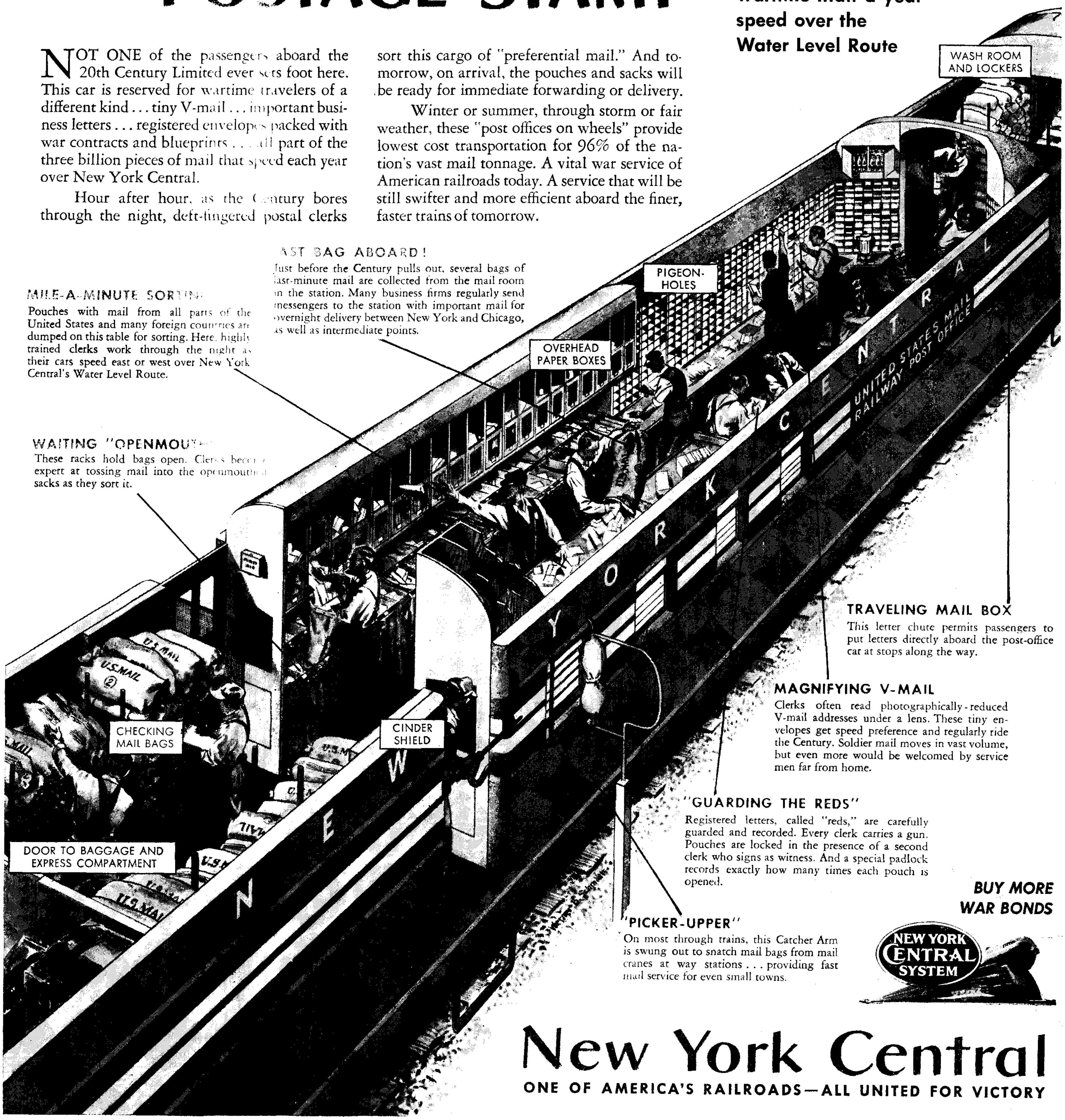
Hour after hour, as the Century bores through the night, deft-fingered postal clerks sort this cargo of "preferential mail." And tomorrow, on arrival, the pouches and sacks will be ready for immediate forwarding or delivery.

Winter or summer, through storm or fair weather, these "post offices on wheels" provide lowest cost transportation for 96% of the nation's vast mail tonnage. A vital war service of American railroads today. A service that will be still swifter and more efficient aboard the finer, faster trains of tomorrow.



LAST BAG ABOARD!
Just before the Century pulls out, several bags of last-minute mail are collected from the mail room in the station. Many business firms regularly send messengers to the station with important mail for overnight delivery between New York and Chicago, as well as intermediate points.

MILE-A-MINUTE SORTING
Pouches with mail from all parts of the United States and many foreign countries are dumped on this table for sorting. Here, highly trained clerks work through the night as their cars speed east or west over New York Central's Water Level Route.

WAITING "OPENMOUTHS"
These racks hold bags open. Clerks become expert at tossing mail into the openmouthed sacks as they sort it.

TRAVELING MAIL BOX
This letter chute permits passengers to put letters directly aboard the post-office car at stops along the way.

MAGNIFYING V-MAIL
Clerks often read photographically-reduced V-mail addresses under a lens. These tiny envelopes get speed preference and regularly ride the Century. Soldier mail moves in vast volume, but even more would be welcomed by service men far from home.

"GUARDING THE REDS"
Registered letters, called "reds," are carefully guarded and recorded. Every clerk carries a gun. Pouches are locked in the presence of a second clerk who signs as witness. And a special padlock records exactly how many times each pouch is opened.

"PICKER-UPPER"
On most through trains, this Catcher Arm is swung out to snatch mail bags from mail cranes at way stations . . . providing fast mail service for even small towns.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

New York Central

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY soldier suit to find wherein they had failed.

"I meant a plain suit, nearer my size."

"Ain't it a soldier suit?" Ailey asked.

"Yes, but—"

"Ain't you a soldier?"

"No."

"You had on that suit when you come here."

"Maybe. But I'm not in the Army no longer. So—"

"Are you a deserter?"

Henny's question struck them all like lightning. The Day sisters stood there shocked, staring at the boy who said he was no longer a soldier. Henny's words had crystallized their sudden formless dread.

They did not chide Henny for that awful accusation, they just kept staring.

He did not answer immediately. He seemed to be studying, making up his mind.

"He's a deserter," Henny said. She sat down in the corner rocker and started crying.

The boy stared at the funny little woman in the corner. "What ails her?" he asked.

"You hain't denied it," Lollie said, motionless at the foot of the bed.

"Listen," he said, "if you all are scared about getting into trouble on account of me not being in the Army no longer— Say, what is she crying about?" He could not seem to take his eyes off that little old woman in the low rocker, crying just like a kid.

Then he saw that the others were fit to cry, too, that their faces were in a kind of work.

"Damn it!" he said. "I'll leave. I'll leave right now. I'll take the road again. Gi'me a suit, that Noah's Ark one or that damn' khaki or—" He sprang out of bed and started toward the door. "Quit crying! Nobody'll ever know I turned into your damn' cart path. I'll—"

"No!" Lollie got to the door first. Blindly she grabbed the ax and stood there facing him. "You're not going to take the road. You're going back to fight for the country!"

"Please do," Henny said through her tears, "Billy."

He turned, crumpled and fell at Henny's feet in a faint and they let him lie there a minute. Then Henny moved forward, wiping her eyes with her apron.

"Poor thing," she said. She put her hand on his yellow hair.

They finally lifted him to the bed. Only Ailey hung back. "He's a deserter," she said; "he never denied it."

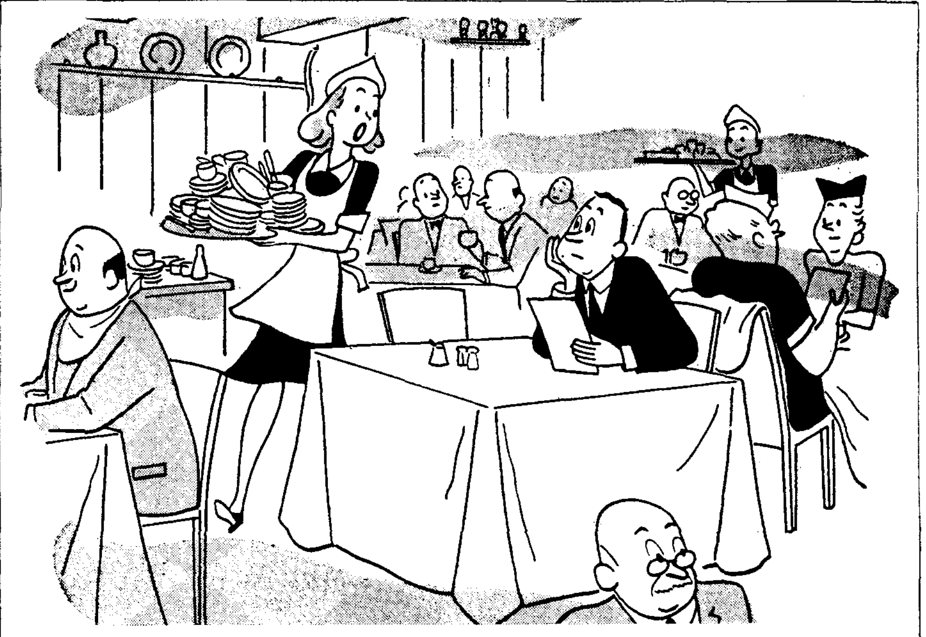
But when at last he was able to stand on his feet, there was no need.

"I been thinkin'," he said. "Them jerks that's always getting letters and things from their folks, that's always shooting their lip about what they're going to do on their furloughs at home—they kind of got me down. But I been thinkin', and hell, I bet you all would write letters to me, and I bet I could come here and spend furloughs, same as them jerks does with their folks."

They told him that they would, that he could.

Then he asked for his soldier suit. He put it on and walked before them. He marched, a little, as he set off, back down the cart path, toward the highway.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Were you here yesterday, or are you still here?" HENRY BOLTINOFF

The Big Itch

Continued from page 66

having walked through poison-ivy growths. You may be poisoned by digging up soil that contains roots of a poison-ivy plant or by handling tools which have been in contact with it. A nasty dermatitis may result from stroking your dog after the animal has romped through a patch of poison ivy (the dog is immune), and many children have been seriously affected by eating the berries. People burning the apparently dead vines have been poisoned by exposure to the smoke.

It is extremely doubtful that anyone actually possesses complete immunity from poison ivy. In virtually every recorded case where exposure has continued over a long period, poisoning has ultimately resulted. Also, investigations indicate that hitherto immune persons, once stricken, retain a very high sensitivity to even the slightest exposure. And don't think you can immunize yourself by eating the leaves of the ivy; there is no scientific evidence that this can be done.

If despite your precautions you are exposed to poison ivy, wash promptly and repeatedly with hot running water and soap, preferably the strongly alkaline laundry type. Don't use a stiff brush; this will only serve to scrub the poison into the skin. Ivy poisoning ranges in intensity from simple skin redness and mild sporadic itching to severely inflamed conditions which in some instances have proved fatal. The usual attack is not severe, but if the symptoms are at all persistent, a doctor should be consulted.

Important medical progress is being made in both the prevention and the cure of ivy poisoning. Inoculations have proved of considerable value, and so has a new technique, now in the experimental stage, in which gradually increased doses of poison-ivy extract are given in tablet form. A new and efficient protective ointment has been developed by Doctor Louis Schwartz of the United States Public Health Service. Doctor Schwartz and his associates have also been markedly successful with a new cure that involves the use of tannic acid. This treatment is so efficacious that in all likelihood it will soon be adopted as standard medical practice.

And there's more good news for poison-ivy sufferers. Recently it was announced that a new chemical called Ammate, based on ammonium sulfamate, will be available for consumer use this summer for the first time. Dissolved in water and used as a spray on foliage, it is sure death to poison ivy, sumac, ragweed and other vines and shrubs. If spread on the soil, it will also kill many other species of plants and some trees. But it's not inflammable, nor is it hazardous to animals, and it will not sterilize the soil for long periods. Until recently, all production of the chemical has been used by the Armed Forces or in large-scale agriculture.

THE END

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Also Pebeco Tooth Paste—clean, refreshing flavor—10¢, 50¢

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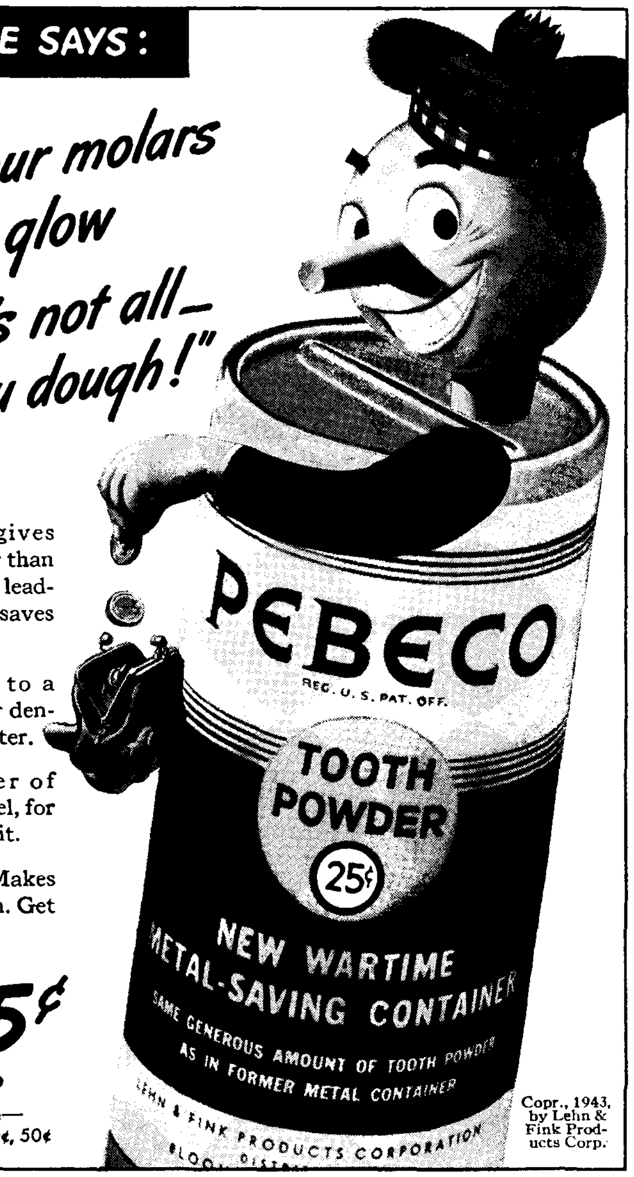
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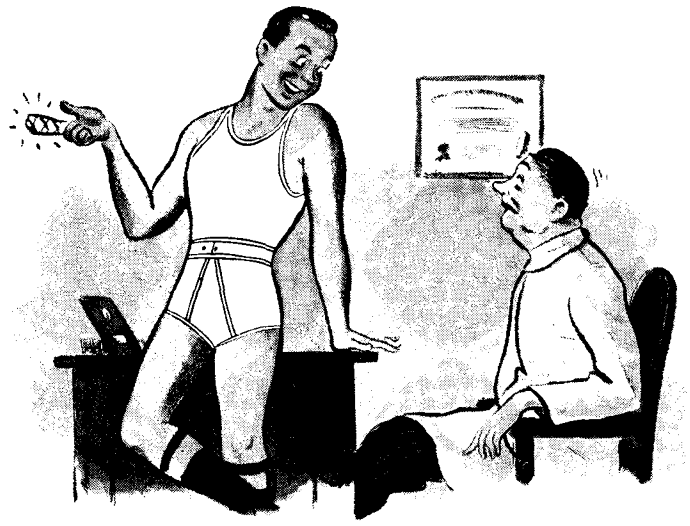

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Blueprint of Love

Continued from page 20

whether I have to use stainless tubing or will 1010 or 52SO do the trick. Or do you want me to figure that you're playing games, that you don't care whether school keeps or not? Do you want me to throw your whole contract to hell out of my shop?"

Van said, "Shep knows the installation. Better than I do."

The girl made a little sound with her breath. Mike turned to look at her. She stood quietly defiant, her eyes unwavering. "I designed it," she said softly.

Mike said nothing. He lifted his great shoulders and then let them fall and turned away and walked around the back of the car with the blueprints still tucked under his arm.

In silence Van opened the door. He touched Shep's elbow. She didn't move. "I won't—" she began.

"You will," Van said, and he looked at her steadily until her eyes fell away and she turned and got into the car. He closed the door and, reaching through the open window, he touched her shoulder gently. He was smiling. "He's all right," he said. "He's real people. You'll find that out. He knows his business."

Shep didn't answer.

Mike opened the door on his side and tossed the blueprints into the back seat. Van said, "You signed a secrecy agreement for the Army on those prints, remember, Mike. You'll make me a lot happier if you'll treat them with some respect. They're not what you might call public."

Mike nodded. He slid in under the wheel and closed his door. He started the engine and gunned it, and the governor sucked air lustily. "I'll call you tomorrow," he said.

Shep said nothing. Her lips were unsmiling and her eyes were cool. She raised her hand to Van briefly as the car pulled away from the gate.

The valley dropped behind them, and Los Angeles, and the neat, fat oil tanks that flank Wilmington. They caught the shipyard traffic in Long Beach and crawled along with it, and the car handled sluggishly and the governor sucked air and Mike's temper climbed. His brows were black, crowded together in a constant frown.

Shep said finally, "Is it a pose for my benefit, or are you always like this?"

Mike swerved to miss four hard hats crossing the street in the middle of the block. "Look," he said softly, "I'll lay it on the line for you. So far on this contract Southern Airparts has sunk about three hundred thousand dollars in development work. And from the looks of things we're no closer to being tooled up to build what you want than we were when we started. I just finished reworking the four installations we sent up here last week because you'd made some changes in your design and forgotten to tell us about them. Now you've got another change, a big one. It'll mean scrapping tooling and scrapping parts and doing development work all over again. I'm not happy."

"I see," Shep said. She held her hands taut in her lap. "Added to that you don't think that I'm going to be able to help you. Is that right? Because I'm a woman."

Mike didn't answer.

"Is that right?" she repeated.

"I've never seen a woman who knew anything about manufacturing," Mike said finally. Shep was silent. She opened her purse and took out a cigarette and her fingers trembled when she lighted it. But she said nothing for a long time.

THEY reached the highway finally, free of the traffic. Mike tromped on the throttle, and the speedometer climbed to thirty-five, to thirty-seven, and hung there quivering. And the governor sucked air in great noisy gulps, and words formed in Mike's mind.

Shep looked at her watch. It was five-thirty. "We've been gone two hours," she said. "We'll be there by morning, if we're lucky." She was mad clear through and she pressed her lips tight after each word.

"There's a governor on this car," Mike said. "Or hadn't you noticed?" He didn't turn his head. "Maybe you can do something about that."

"Do you have a pocketknife?" Shep asked.

Without a word Mike dug into his pocket and produced his knife. Shep took it and turned it over and over in her hand. "If you'll stop," she said, "I'll see what I can do."

Mike turned his head to look at her.

"Will you stop?"

He pulled the car off to the side of the road and watched her as she got out, pocketknife in hand, and walked around the car and reached in his window to release the hood latch. She raised the hood and bent over the engine with the open knife. The suck of air through the restricted carburetor grew louder and then stopped suddenly as the engine died. Mike turned off the ignition. Shep worked on imperturbably. Presently she straightened, and closed the hood and got back into the car. "If you're ready," she said, "we can go." Her eyes betrayed her triumph.

Mike started the engine. It took hold quickly. He gunned it and felt it race without restriction. He looked at the girl. She was wiping the blade of his knife with a piece of cleansing tissue and one of her hands was stained with oil. She handed him the knife.

"I'm an engineer," she said evenly, "a power-plant engineer."

"And I," said Mike, "am damned!"

He drove in silence for a time, watching the road and the speedometer but constantly aware of the girl as she leaned against her window sill and said nothing and watched the scenery on her side of the car. He felt his anger slipping away and in its place came a vague sort of shame that was disturbing.

THE miles flowed behind them and the bright sun became less direct and the ocean took on the golden color of the sunset. By seven o'clock the day was gone and wisps of fog began to trail in from the ocean. The fields and the low rolling hills disappeared slowly and the gray world closed in until there was nothing but the white line marking the center of the road. Once the line disappeared for a few hundred yards, and it was like walking in the dark in a strange house. It was not good.

At Oceanside, Mike had had enough. He turned off the highway toward the ocean and Shep spoke for the first time: "San Diego is this way?"

"There's the Ocean Hotel here," Mike said. "We can take out early in the morning. I don't hanker for another forty miles of this fog." He looked at her. She said nothing; she might not have heard. "Agree?"

"I'm outnumbered," she said uncompromisingly.

The Ocean Hotel was where Mike remembered leaving it. It had been a long time. A very long time. And it didn't seem to have changed, and Mike wondered how that could be when so many other things had changed, when the whole world had changed.

He put the blueprints on the counter while he registered, but he carried them up the two flights of stairs, following Shep and the clerk who doubled as the bellboy. Their rooms were in the front of the building, facing the ocean, opening onto the glass porch that ran the length of the hotel. At the door to Shep's room, Mike said, "Whenever you want some dinner, you can give me a shout."

"I never eat," Shep said, and she closed the door firmly.

Inside, she stood for a long time looking at the door and listening to the footsteps going down the porch. Then she turned away and her face was suddenly tired. She sat down on the edge of the bed and lighted a cigarette and stared at the floor while she smoked. Presently she reached into her pocket and took out her badge and held it in the palm of her hand and read over and over again the words that were printed on it: *Elizabeth Shepherd, Design Engineer.*

There was nothing there to arouse his contempt, or the contempt of any man. But always it was there, openly or just beneath the surface.

She stood up from the bed and crushed her cigarette out in the ash tray, still holding the badge in her hand. She stood for a moment, studying it. Then, with a sudden fury, she turned it face down on the bedside table and went over to her suitcase and opened it and took out a red dress and unprofessional pumps and underthings and laid them out on the bed. She dressed herself with care, and when she was done she faced the door and lifted her head and stood for a moment proudly before she went out onto the porch.

Mike heard her door close. He was perched on the edge of his bed with the air-filter installation drawing spread out in front of him and a cigarette between his lips. He had

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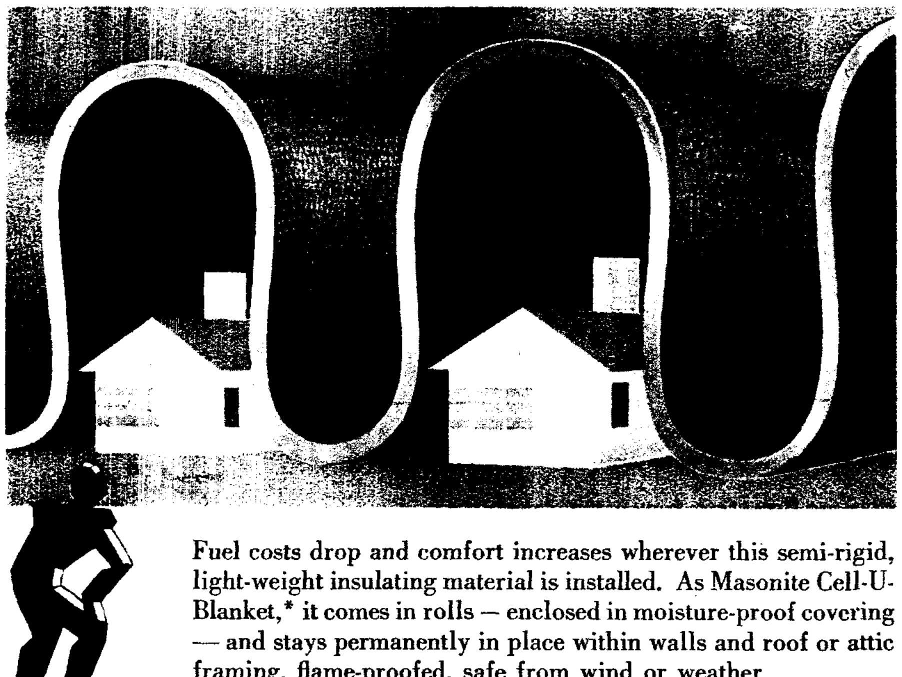
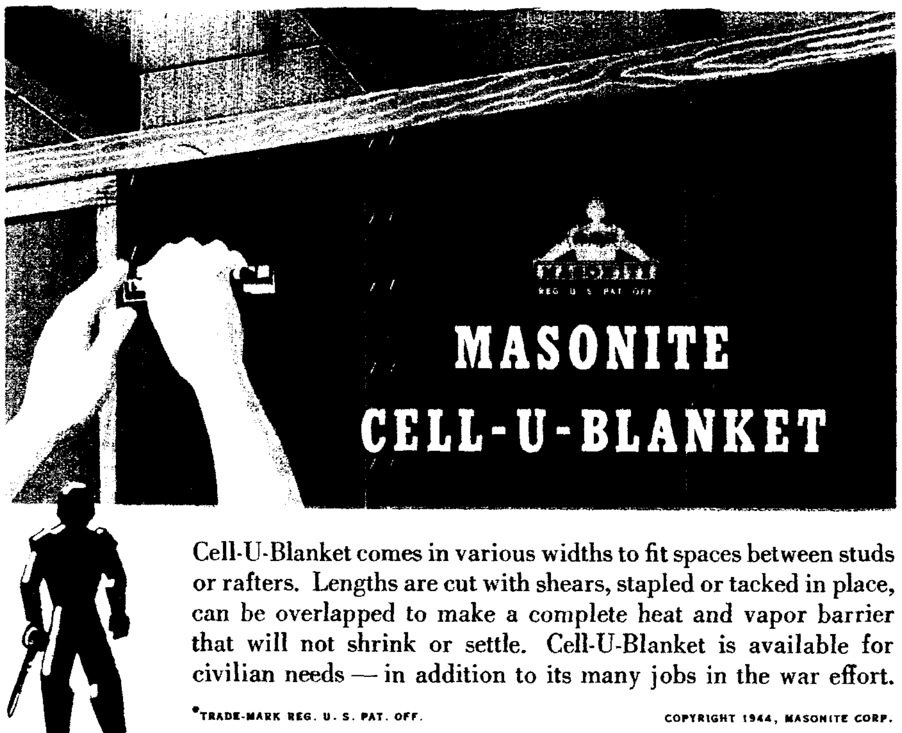


Fuel costs drop and comfort increases wherever this semi-rigid, light-weight insulating material is installed. As Masonite Cell-U-Blanket,* it comes in rolls — enclosed in moisture-proof covering — and stays permanently in place within walls and roof or attic framing, flame-proofed, safe from wind or weather.



Cell-U-Blanket comes in various widths to fit spaces between studs or rafters. Lengths are cut with shears, stapled or tacked in place, can be overlapped to make a complete heat and vapor barrier that will not shrink or settle. Cell-U-Blanket is available for civilian needs — in addition to its many jobs in the war effort.

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• *Write for a free copy of "OUR HOME" magazine, a review of what's new in ideas and materials (including Cell-U-Blanket) for your post-war home.*

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Round buns or toast

Slice Treet into 8 slices and brown lightly for 1½ minutes to the side in a very little fat. Meanwhile, poach the eggs and serve them on buttered, toasted halves of buns or on toast.

To poach eggs—have shallow pan of water boiling vigorously, break egg into sauce dish and slip it carefully into the water, turning the heat low so that the water no longer boils. When white is set, the egg is done. Remove with spoon to toast, draining off all water.

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been listening for the door and for her footsteps on the porch; one part of his mind waiting and listening while the rest of his mind examined and digested the design that she had done. He looked down at the title block of the big drawing. Her name was there, *Shepherd*, in neat printed letters.

The design was good. There was no denying that. It was simple and compact and clean. It would be easy to build; there would be none of this thing of riveting up the structure and then not being able to get your arm out. He had seen many, many installations. And this one was good.

Her footsteps were gone. Mike got up from the bed, leaving the drawing spread out. He put on his coat and lighted a fresh cigarette and went out of the room.

He found her in the bar. She was perched on a high stool, and three Marines at the end of the bar were studying her. In one of the booths, two men were examining the table between them intently, and Mike wondered if his wallet was safe.

He slid onto the stool next to the girl and he found her eyes in the backbar mirror. "I'll buy you a drink," he said. "It's on Southern."

She turned to look at him then. Her eyes were cool and her lips were unsmiling and she searched his face carefully.

"I'm trying to apologize," Mike said gently. "I'm not much good at it. I don't do it often."

She said, "I don't change my personality with my clothes. I'm still the same person, you know."

He nodded, smiling, thinking of the car governor and of the installation print spread out on his bed. "I know. A female engineer. I'll take the risk." He beckoned to the bartender.

"I've already ordered," Shep said.

Mike waved his hand grandly. "Don't apologize. It was your prerogative." He ordered his drink. "I looked over the drawings."

She did not reply. She sat quite still and she felt her hands tighten as she waited for him to go on. She wondered why his opinion should mean so much to her, and as she wondered she found the answer.

But he didn't go on. He leaned his elbows on the bar and looked at her, smiling. "Don't you care what I think of your installation?"

She opened her mouth to answer and then she closed it again. And, quite suddenly, all of the resentment went out of her. She began to smile and her hands relaxed. "Yes," she said slowly, honestly. "I think I do."

"I like you when you smile," Mike said. "You should smile oftener. But maybe that's my fault."

"It could be. Partly, anyway." But she was still smiling.

THE bartender served their drinks. Mike raised his glass. "To your installation." He drank deeply. "Incidentally, it's good." He set his glass down and turned it around slowly in his fingers. Then he raised his head to look at her. "Even from my point of view it's good."

"From a man," Shep said slowly, "that's satisfying; from a production man, it's staggering." She was still smiling, but there was warmth in her eyes that had not been there before.

They finished their drinks slowly. Mike slid from his stool. "We'll have a try at dinner."

Shep said sheepishly, "I never eat, you know. I told you that."

"That was upstairs. That was a long time ago." He took her elbow and steered her into the dining room. And the two men in the booth finished their drinks in some haste and one of them tossed a bill onto the table and they, too, went into the dining room, talking busily.

At their table, Mike said, "We'll pretend the curtains aren't drawn and that we can see the ocean, which we couldn't do anyway, because there's a fog."

"You're so romantic," Shep said. "Always saying the right thing."

"It was so last time I was here. There was the ocean and there was the moon and there was a wide silver path on top of the water like a highway. And the food was not so good, but I didn't care."

Shep said, "Oh. Because there was a girl with you. And love is wonderful when the moonlight is on the ocean and the surf is—"

"There was no girl. I was alone. I had two hundred and eighteen dollars and a little car and a camera and I was headed as far into Mexico as my money would take me.'

She looked at him curiously. "Why?"

"To take pictures and eat tortillas and see if tequila boilermakers were as bad as I had heard and to—well, to do whatever I wanted. But mostly to take pictures."

"Did you?" she asked softly.

He shook his head. "I got this far. I sat here at dinner and somebody turned on the radio in the lobby and Germany walked into Poland."

She was watching his face and her eyes were no longer cool. "And?"

"And so I drove on to San Diego the next morning and put away my camera in the back of the car and got out my toolbox and struck up an acquaintance with Southern Airparts."

They were silent for a time and the pound of the surf was dully audible. Shep asked, finally, "And after the war, what then?"

After the war. He let his mind dwell on that. "That's a long time away," he said finally. "But I still have my camera and I still want to know if tequila boilermakers are as bad as I've heard they are." He lifted his big shoulders and let them fall wearily. "But first, before I do much of anything, I'm going to find a shack at the beach somewhere and I'm going to hibernate there and walk on the sand and swim in the surf and lie in the sun and forget that there ever were such things as airplanes and tools and materials."

"And engineers," Shep said.

"Maybe," Mike said magnanimously, "you could forget that you're an engineer and come visit me."

"Maybe," Shep said softly.

THE fog was thick and soft and cool after dinner when they put the car away among three other cars in the old shed that served as a garage. And the thunder of the surf was plain. They stood for a moment at the foot of the front steps, feeling the fog in their faces, hearing the waves, and each thinking his own thoughts of sun and sand and water and rest and freedom from worry. And then Mike touched the girl's elbow and together they climbed the steps and went into the lobby and the door closed behind them and the night was shut out and their thoughts were gone.

"Let's take a look at those drawings," Mike said. "There're a couple of questions I'd like to ask."

Shep said, "Yes."

They went up to Mike's room and opened the door and went inside and closed the door carefully before they turned on the lights. The prints were spread out on the bed where Mike had left them. Shep said, unexpectedly, "You might treat them with some respect."

"I do." He was grinning. "I treat them with reverence. Your name is on them."

The girl wasn't smiling. "I mean it. They aren't public property. There are probably a lot of people who would like to get their hands on them."

"Forget it," Mike said easily. "The design isn't that good."

"It isn't funny! Van told you that these drawings aren't public. And you should have known it without being told." They looked at each other for a long minute without speaking, both of them almost surprised.

Then Mike let his breath out slowly. "Okay. So I'm a bad boy. I didn't hide the drawings under the mattress. Maybe I should have carried them downstairs with me, in a secret belt. All fifty of them."

There was a flush high on Shep's cheeks. She said nothing. She looked at the prints and she looked at Mike.

"Maybe," Mike said, "you'd better take them with you. You can protect them."

"All right." She said it reluctantly, hopefully. But Mike was silent. "All right," Shep said again. "I shall." She pulled the large installation print to the edge of the bed and stood looking at it. "What was it you wanted to ask me?"

"I don't remember."

Shep folded the installation print without a word and she gathered the smaller drawings and stacked them on top and tucked the bundle beneath her arm. Her lips were thin. At the door she paused. "Thank you for your help."

Mike held the door for her. "Don't mention it."

He stood for a time at the door, hearing her footsteps on the porch. Then the sound of her door closing, and silence, with only the dull sound of the surf for company. He lighted a cigarette and went out onto the porch and stood at an open window. He urned away and walked down the porch to Shep's room. But her windows were dark and here was no sound. He turned back and went lown the stairs and had one lone drink at the bar. When he got into his bed he was asleep almost as soon as his eyes closed.

HE AWAKENED hard. It seemed at first that the surf was pounding sharply, insistently. Then he recognized the pounding at his door. He rolled out of bed, reaching for his shirt and trousers. "Coming," he said.

It was Shep. Her eyes were wide. Her hair was rumpled. She wore her slacks and the white blouse and in her hand she held a wad of cleansing tissue. "The prints," she said. "They're gone."

Mike started to grin. And then he saw the anguish in her eyes and he shut the grin off. He took her arm and led her into the room and shut the door. "Tell," he said.

She sat on the edge of the bed with the cleansing tissue clutched in her hand. "I woke up about half an hour ago," she said slowly. "And—and they were gone. That's all. They were just gone."

He wanted to laugh. But her eyes were on his face hopefully, as if she expected him to straighten everything out. He found a cigarette and lighted it and kept his face straight. "You better go wash your face," he said finally. "And comb your hair. And see if anything else is gone. I'll call the police."

Her eyes opened even wider. "But—"

"Don't be an idiot," he said sharply. "The prints are gone. We'll call the police."

She got up from the bed. She went to the door and stood there quietly. "I guess I had it coming."

"Forget it," Mike said. "We were sabotaged." He grinned and some of the tension went out of her face. "Scat!"

He finished his dressing and went down to the pay phone in the lobby and called the police. Then he walked over to the window and stood there scowling at the ocean. "Damn," he said softly. "Damn her!"

Two men came down the stairs. One tall man and one short man, and the short man carried a suitcase. Mike watched them without curiosity. The short man put the suitcase down at the desk and took out his wallet. The tall man walked toward the door, and car keys jangled in his hand. He saw Mike then, and he seemed to pause and then to walk faster.

If I look that bad, Mike thought, I'm in fine shape. Damn her!

The tall man went out of the hotel and down the porch steps two at a time. Mike turned his head and scowled at the short man, the man with the suitcase. The short man had his wallet in his pocket again. He had picked up the suitcase and was starting for the door when he saw Mike. He stopped. He opened his mouth and then shut it again and started for the door almost at a run.

Mike remembered then. The night before, in the bar, in the dining room, the two men who had made him think of his wallet. He shouted, "Just a minute, bud!"

The short man dropped the suitcase. He ran to the door and tore it open and cleared the porch steps in one hop. Mike roared, "Hey!" But the short man was gone.

Mike ran to the door and onto the porch. He cleared the steps in one jump and charged up the gravel path.

But the short man had his lead, and his heart was in the race. He had twenty-five yards at the corner of the hotel. He retained twelve of those yards in the dash for the shed. The tall man was already in the car and the starter was whirring and the door was open. The short man popped himself inside and slammed the door and pushed down the lock and the starter whirred on.

Mike wasted no time on the doors. He grabbed the hood latch and threw up one side of the hood and reached for the distributor head and then he stopped his hand in midair and withdrew it slowly. The starter whirred on. But there was no need for sabotage. The carburetor intake was wide open and plugged tightly with a wad of cleansing tissue.

Mike leaned on the fender and began to grin. He thought of Shep sitting on his bed, wide-eyed and disheveled, with a wad of cleansing tissue in her hand. He moved slowly back to the shed's entrance and lighted a cigarette and leaned against the doorframe and waited, while the starter whirred and whirred in decreasing pitch, and finally stopped.

THE police arrived in time, of course. It was inevitable that they should. They opened the locked car window with a jack handle and removed the tall man and the short man, and they got their notebooks and their pencils and gathered around the suitcase in the lobby and protected the blueprints from idle eyes, as was their duty. And they looked around for Mike, but he was not there.

He was upstairs, on the third floor. And behind him was a door hanging battered on its hinges. He was sitting on the bed and he was breaking the strips of sheeting that bound Shep's hands, and he was removing the gag from her mouth with a tenderness that was surprising. He was holding her head in his two great hands and shaking it gently. And he was smiling.

"You'll do," he said softly. "You'll do."

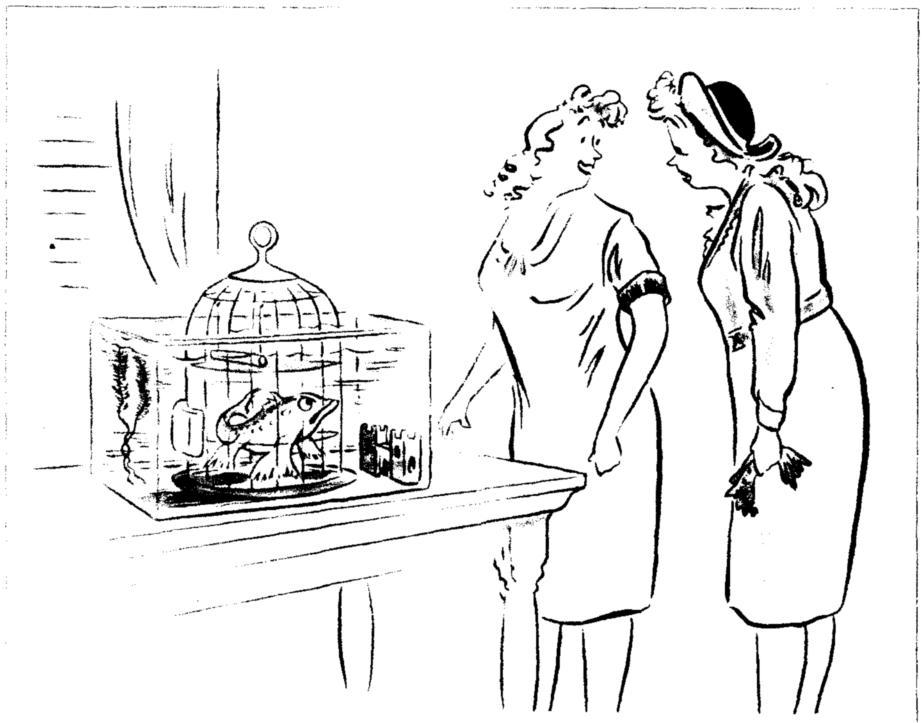
"I—" she began, but the tears were in her eyes and in her throat, and the words would not come for a little time. Mike held her close against his shoulder. "I—they had to be on the third floor or they would never have known the prints were in my room instead of in yours. And—and there were only three cars in the shed and they had to have one of them. And I didn't think that you were going to try to do anything but call the police and it was my fault, so I fixed the carburetors and then came up here and started snooping and they found me and—"

"You'll do," Mike repeated gently.

"I—" she began again, but he covered her mouth with his hand and drew her head against his shoulder.

And she was content in her silence.

THE END



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The Little More

Continued from page 15

Audrey's astuteness that the margin was in her own favor, and that her guest arrived while the food was approaching perfection rather than receding from it. Then, too, she noticed that in spite of Joan's unfailing poise, she was obviously just a shade wary of the motive for this unexpected invitation. Even so, the advantage was slight for she was beautifully turned-out, discouragingly at her ease.

Audrey's temper was ruffled no less for the fact that the situation was of her own making. As she turned to pour the sherry, when they were seated, Joan took out a cigarette and lighted it.

"Do you mind?" she asked sweetly, already drawing deep breaths of smoke.

"Of course not," Audrey answered cordially. "Forgive me for not having offered you one—it never occurred to me that you might like to smoke *before* tasting your sherry."

Joan's slim eyebrows raised a mere trifle, and her charming smile held just a hint of amusement in its kindly indulgence.

"I can't tell you how refreshing it is, these days, when the world is so topsy-turvy, to see someone who still notices all the right conventions. You really are a darling!"

"Oh," said Audrey innocently, "am I? But I had never thought of that as just a convention. I thought it was simply a proper appreciation of good wine. I suppose you are right, though. That kind of culture is old-fashioned—"

"All those hidebound rules are certainly out for the duration," interrupted Miss Meredith, airily. "But that's why it's delicious to see someone who clings to—well—what they're used to."

"There were nice words for that trait—years ago," murmured Audrey, reflectively; "consistency—constancy—even loyalty—" As soon as she'd said it she felt priggish, and Joan gave a ripple of laughter as though she thought so, too.

"And how people enjoyed applying those words to themselves!" she said merrily. "They got a tremendous sense of superiority from it. We can't fool ourselves with words any more—we have to admit that we're just as human as the next fellow, and faults are only a matter of opportunity, or, sometimes, lack of foresight." She ground out her cigarette as if she had disposed of the whole subject, and Audrey, as they went into the dining room, felt that her guest had scored such honors as there were.

Joan's conversation now took an entirely different turn. When they were seated, she looked at Audrey appraisingly.

"How does it feel to be married to a well-known writer?" she asked lightly, and Audrey was not sure whether curiosity or irony prompted the question, but she answered, smiling a little:

"It has its disadvantages."

"Really? I can't imagine them."

"Well, the principal one is that so many people expect you to share him with them," said Audrey evenly. "They think he's a public character."

"But if he really cared for a woman, his relations with the rest of the world would be s different that there would be no question o sharing."

"Naturally—but sometimes the outsider don't understand that and they make demands which can't be entirely avoided unles he's positively brutal."

"I think," said Joan a little scornfully, "tha a man could protect himself from that sort o thing—if he really wanted to." She poured cream attentively on her lemon soufflé, and smiled up at Anna to show that she was enjoying her lunch. "He could insist on being let alone—by anyone he didn't care about."

"Oh, Stuart works until all hours if he has a book on hand," said Audrey carelessly.

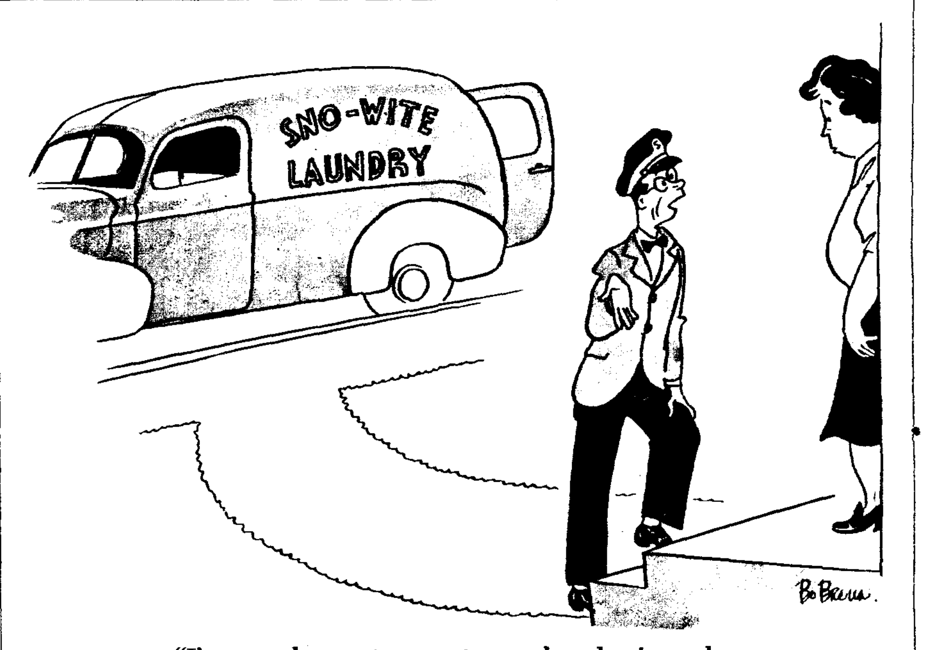
"Yes; in his Sweat Shop," supplemented Joan absent-mindedly, then caught herself up. "I had an uncle who wrote," she changed off swiftly, almost without a break, "so I know a little about how they are; and I once thought of being a painter, myself—" She talked on about her early efforts at painting, and made the stories quite funny, but Audrey was thinking all the time: So she knows about the Sweat Shop—that scrupulously guarded, jealously kept workroom the very existence of which Stuart hid. She'd almost resented the secrecy when he took it, years ago, though she had agreed that he must have absolute privacy, and that the library didn't altogether meet the requirements.

"I must feel secluded," Stuart had said, "not merely on the other side of a door from the household. If I can get a place that suits me, no one will ever know where it is—except you, of course."

WHEN he found the big room, with its high ceilings and fireplace, in an old brownstone house converted into lawyers' offices, he had taken her to see it, and she had helped him furnish it. Since then she had gone there only a few times, and always with him. It was a matter of pride never to invite herself. There was no reason why he shouldn't mention it to Joan—yet she had covered up so quickly—was it really a slip—or was there any intent—? Steady now, said Audrey to herself, don't lose your head and get carried away by ridiculous fancies into doing something you'll regret.

Only half her mind was on what Joan was saying, but at least she was making the right answers, and being polite. She wished Joan would go, but there was still coffee, which they drank in the rose- and lilac-scented living room while they talked about a new play they'd both seen. Then Joan said, gracious! how late it was, and that Audrey'd been a lamb to have her, and that some day she must come and see Joan's apartment—only half as large as this one, but with a heavenly terrace. Then she made up her mouth carefully with a fat lipstick, and took her leave—slim and graceful as a swallow.

Audrey was left blankly alone. All the things she had planned earlier to do seemed utterly distasteful. Tea and trivial conversation at the Burleighs' was the last thing she



COLLIER'S "I'm very happy to report your laundry is ready, ma'am—but, on the other hand, we've lost it!" BO BROWN wanted, and a noisy cocktail party later at Stuart's publisher's would be even worse. She tried reading for a while, and wrote two letters, then decided to go for a long walk. Exercise was definitely what she needed.

She should have come out earlier. The afternoon was on the wane, some of the offices were letting out, and the streets were full of people hurrying, apparently toward some urgent objective—which only emphasized her aimlessness the more. She kept doggedly on, and suddenly noticed that she was within a few blocks of Stuart's workroom. Though she had come by the most indirect way, she had subconsciously been heading toward it all the time. Of course she wasn't going in. Stuart wouldn't like it—but why should Stuart's feelings be always the first consideration? Why couldn't she have *her* way sometimes, for a change? Must everything always depend on keeping him in a good temper? He had begun to think that whatever he did was quite within his rights—as long as she was too dense to see through him.

By the time she had reached the house she had worked herself into a fine, cold rage that gave her courage to mount the scarred, brownstone steps, and cross the black and white paved vestibule. There she paused imperceptibly, but her wave of indignation carried her into the shabby hall and up the long, straight stairs to Stuart's door. Her heart was pounding as she stood there in the quiet, empty corridor; she had not admitted to herself that Stuart might not be alone, but she raised her hand to knock, then changed her mind and boldly turned the knob.

Stuart was sitting at his big desk—the one they had chosen together—there was no one else in the room. Audrey's surge of relief swept away the valor of her anger and left her incapable of attack. She stood still while Stuart's amazement turned to displeasure. He pushed his chair away from the desk and came forward.

"Audrey—for heaven's sake—what's the matter? Has anything happened? What made you come here?"

She rallied what feeble defenses she could muster.

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't come, if I want to see you?" It sounded very inadequate. Stuart evidently thought so, too.

"The same reason, I suppose, that has held good for all these years—that I want to work without interruption, and this is the only place I can count on—or *could* count on up to now."

SHE bore the implication, and the sternness of his voice with comparative calm. After all she had known him a long time.

"Well, I don't see anything very terrible in your being disturbed once in such a great while. You really have been spoiled about that, Stuart."

It was the tone he never liked.

"Now that you're here you may as well tell me what it is you wanted to say," he began coldly.

"I never said I had anything to say. I said I just wanted to see you. Does no one ever come just to see you?"

"Not here." He looked at her more closely. "What are you driving at? Have you got some idea in your head?"

"Am I getting suspicious, do you mean? Oh, no—I have never bothered you that way—you can't say that I have ever reproached you—"

"Because you've never had any reason to. What's all this about, anyhow? It isn't like you. I don't understand it."

Audrey walked over to the fireplace. A small wood fire had burned to embers there, and its lingering heat was grateful, for her hands were unexpectedly cold. On either side of the hearth a big armchair stood invitingly, and she dropped limply into the farther one. It was deep and well-cushioned, and there was a low table beside it, in the shadow of the chimney corner, with convenient cigarettes and ash trays. Stuart had made himself very comfortable, she thought, with a surge of absent-minded tenderness. He was still talking; he had taken the other armchair and was leaning forward earnestly.

"So if you've had any wild notions about other women being here, you can see how mistaken you are," he said with decision.

AUDREY did not meet his eyes, she lowered her gaze to the little table beside her and idly fingered one of the ash trays; she had lost all desire to quarrel now, but Stuart was bent on making her admit her transgression.

"Are you satisfied, after all the stir you've made?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, yes," said Audrey, wearily. She rose. "I think I'll go home."

Stuart reached up as she passed him, and pulled her down onto the arm of his chair; he was good-humored again, now that she was convinced, and was ready to forgive her generously.

"Little idiot," he said, shaking her gently. "When will you ever learn?" and kissed her jubilantly.

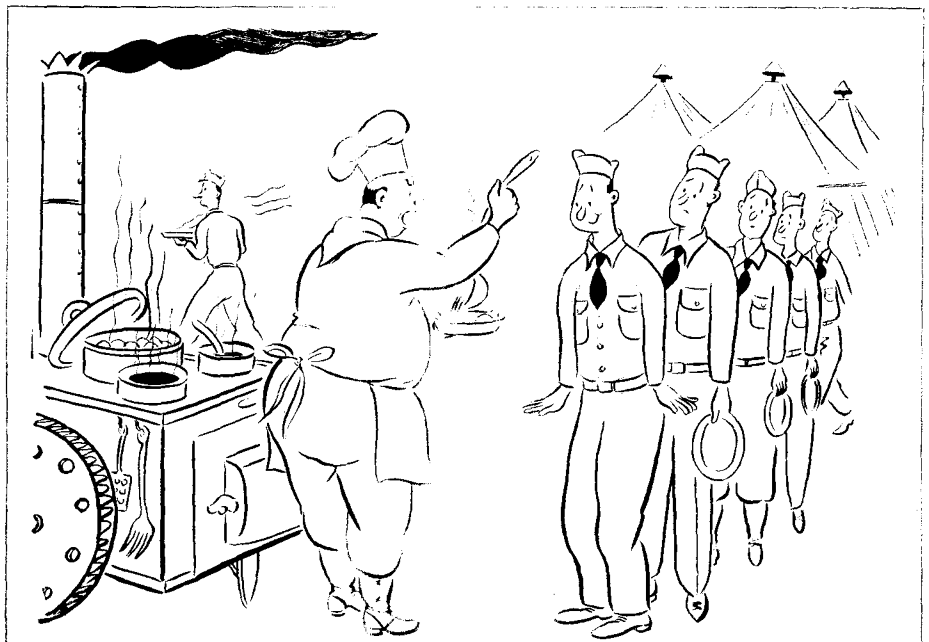
Every bulwark in Audrey's nature crumbled as it always did when Stuart kissed her. All at once she knew that nothing mattered to her except the fact of keeping things as they were between them. She was frightened by the risk she had been almost willing to take just to prove her own acuteness. Supposing she had *said* anything irrevocable? She pressed her cheek against the top of his head and he patted her knee in response.

"Everything is all right now, isn't it?" he asked, brisk with relief. "And I'll take you home—I couldn't write another line anyway." He straightened his collar and tie mechanically, and emptied the ashes from the tray on his desk. "Hand me that other one—"

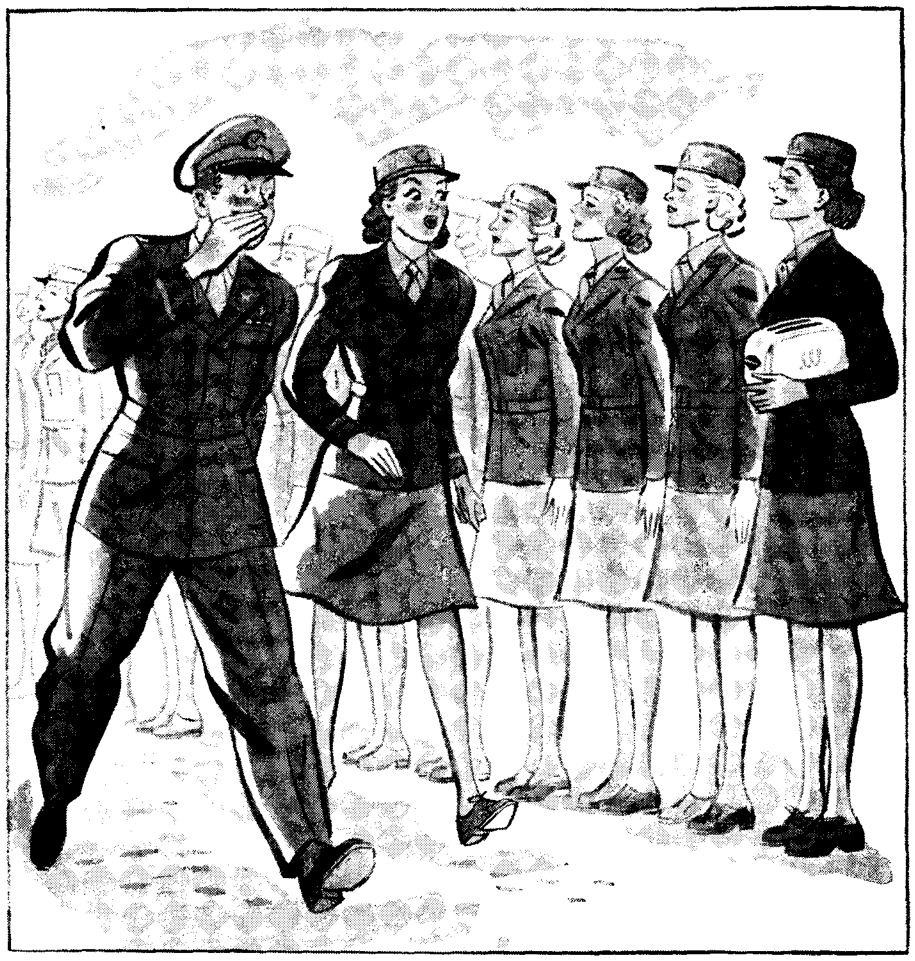
For half an instant Audrey hesitated, then she reached for the tray and held it out to him. The ends of five cigarettes lay in it and each was stained a bright, lipstick red.

They both stood for a moment looking down at them, then Stuart, without a word emptied them into the fire. His eyes met Audrey's. Setting down the tray, he took her silently into his arms, and in that moment, for a brief space, she tasted the heady sweets of a minor, but incontestable victory.

THE END



"When you write home again, quit braggin' about my cooking. I got another threatening letter from your wife today"



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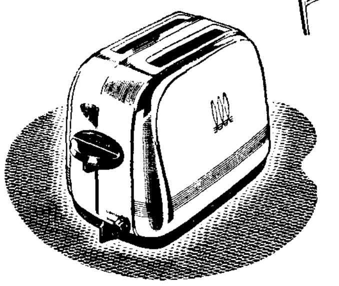

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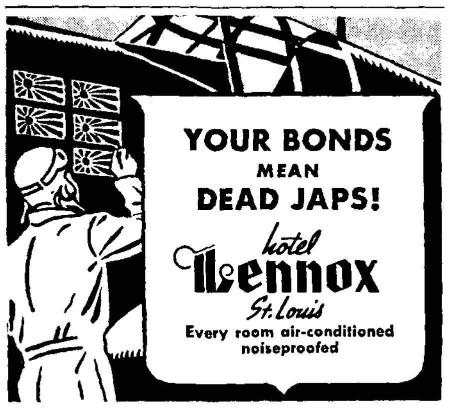

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Doomsday in Hungary

Continued from page 13

"After sipping their coffee with apparent satisfaction they asked for the check, paid in Hungarian pengös and they walked out. I immediately cornered the Pilvax headwaiter, Laszlo, who excitedly gave me a full report on the conversations between the German officers he had served. According to his version, one had stated that on Saturday at midnight not even officers up to the rank of major knew what was going to happen. All they knew was that they had received marching orders and, as they were temporarily stationed outside Vienna, they more than feared they were being ordered back to the Russian front. Almost all were veterans of that front, who had been sent to Austria to recuperate from wounds or illness.

"My impression of Budapest's inhabitants during the first day of occupation was that they were literally soaked with fright. The most fantastic rumors were circulating about town—some claiming Jew massacres in the city and suburbs were in full swing, and others saying that Budapest was to be evacuated to make room for 'Hitler's guests,' the bombed-out families from German cities. One thing quickly proved true: The Gestapo and S.S. troops had been busy arresting 'reds, communists and terrorists,' and other dangerous elements since dawn. Detailed lists for these arrests must have been drawn up months ahead in the Vienna Gestapo headquarters. The name of every prominent Budapest citizen who might have given even the slightest opposition to 'the liberators' was set down, with German efficiency, on information received from fifth columnists inside Hungary. No sooner had Wehrmacht troops reached the city's outskirts than planeload after planeload of inconspicuous civilians landed at Budapest airfields, every one of them a Gestapo agent. In Wehrmacht cars they sped to key positions in the city, arresting so-called troublemakers and, incidentally, all prominent persons suspected of pro-Allied inclinations.

"Among the first arrested were such 'terrorists' as Ludwig Adams, internationally famed surgeon, professor at Budapest's university, personal physician and frequent table guest of Regent Horthy, and Admiral Emil Konek Con Norwall, one of the Horthy's oldest comrades in arms and president of the Hungarian Naval League. Taken into 'protective custody' was General Ludwig Keresztes Fischer, brother of the Minister of the Interior, who was himself jailed the previous night.

"On Monday evening a first, unofficial toll of the Gestapo's activity showed that at least 10,000 Jews had been rounded up. Plans had been made for the arrest of the remainder."

Our friend continued his grim description, pointing out that there are 800,000 Jews in Hungary who face the most savage persecution. A like fate threatens 15,000 Poles who found refuge in Hungary after their country's military resistance ended in 1939. He also told us that the best information available in Budapest before his departure indicated that, among prominent Hungarian personalities shipped to Germany barely forty hours after the invasion, were all the presidents, directors or board chairmen of major Hungarian industries and banks, many of whom are members of the Magyar Parliament. These included Francis Chorin, president of Salgotarjan Mining Corporation, and Baron Maurice Kornfeld, a prominent banker, both of whom are members of parliament, and Count George Apponyi, son of the venerable League of Nations delegate. Count Ivan Csekonits, leader of the Hungarian Legitimists, also was arrested.

According to the best information available all these pro-Allied personalities were taken to Vienna, placed in concentration camps and held as hostages in case serious trouble should occur in Hungary.

Our friend pointed out that after Monday noon when the German divisions had rumbled through Budapest on their way east there were relatively few Nazi uniforms to be seen in the streets, although the Gestapo continued its terrorism. He said:

"Late Monday evening I saw four German plain-clothes men enter the Escompte bank and drag its seventy-year-old president (who was suffering from diabetes and a wounded leg) along the street and into a truck, already overcrowded with terrorized victims. Such scenes became customary during the next few days, especially when the anti-Semitic wave was in full swing. One of Budapest's most fashionable streets, 'Dorottya Utca,' was blocked by Nazi machine guns and all people were asked for identification papers. If they happened to be Jews, they were immediately herded into trucks, driven off to the west station, 'Nyugati Palyaudvar,' and shipped in sealed boxcars to an unknown destination.

"It was evident that Hungarian resentment against Horthy was growing, especially after a number of stores were sacked and robbed. Everyone started saying that the Regent had sold what remained of Hungary's freedom to Germany. Their attitude was so evident that the Germans threw a double cordon of soldiers around the quarter where the Ofen Fortress and the Royal Castle are situated. They stated that this measure was taken to 'protect Regent Horthy.' But this was never necessary before the invasion."

There has been considerable speculation that Germany seized Hungary to replenish its dwindling food and raw-material supplies. For next to Russia, Hungary is the biggest exporter of wheat in Europe.

This is not entirely true for numerous reasons. The principal one is that even before the occupation, Hungary had subjected itself to Germany so completely that successful resistance to any further demands was virtually impossible. Also, Germany already had all the surplus wheat Hungary was capable of producing. As for Hungarian oil production, it represents but a drop in the bucket for the Wehrmacht's and Luftwaffe's needs.

Transport experts are instead convinced that the German occupation—which took three divisions from Yugoslavia where they could not easily be spared—was principally, perhaps solely, due to strategic necessities.

Gateway for German Supply

The principal worry for the German High Command was transport. Their entire supply organization for southeastern Europe would hang in mid-air unless they got immediate and firm control of Hungarian railways. It is common knowledge that the Nazis' chief strategic supply line, running from Warsaw to Kiev, was cut long ago by the advancing Russians. The same fate recently befell two other vital arteries in southern Poland. These were the only two lines left for rushing artillery, ammunition, food and other military necessities to the hard-pressed German Sixth Army, and the badly menaced Panzer army of General von Hoth, operating around north of Odessa. The only way efficiently to supply these armies was by means of the Hungarian rail system. It is from Vienna to Budapest and then to Rumania that all supplies are forced to travel, and unimpeachable information is that today they are doing just this.

Of course, there was still the Danube River, which is by far the most reliable, but also the slowest way of transportation. Under the most favorable conditions a Danube convoy from Vienna to the Rumanian port of Galatz takes from three to four weeks. At the pace with which the Russians are now pushing forward, no Nazi general could afford to wait so long for supplies. By occupying Hungary, Germany got control of two first-class railways: one running from Arad through Brasov to Predeal, and one from Szeged to Timisoara. Both of these lines can handle daily from 110 to 120 trains to Rumania. The Russian onslaught in Poland deprived the Wehrmacht of a daily capacity of 95 trains of supplies. The Hungarian railways have more than filled that gap.

Despite the fact that the German occupation proceeded along familiar lines in the mobilization of Hungarian pro-Nazi forces, accompanied by a campaign of persecution and terror, the "proud" Magyar blood showed signs of thinness as the people apathetically sat back and accepted the puppet government imposed upon them by German elements in Kallay's discredited administration. Many neutral observers point out that no sympathy need be wasted on Hungary's fate, as the country is now receiving retributive justice for the opportunism and greed which characterized its policy even before the outbreak of this war. When Czechoslovakia was chopped to bits in 1938 and 1939, Hungarian politicians eagerly devoured the slice of Slovak territory which was tossed to them by the Nazis. The pro-Nazi Budapest government informed the world at large that this aggrandizement permitted them to acquire a common frontier with their Polish friends. But not a single move was made by Hungary to save Poland from Nazi rapine in 1939. After the fall of France, Hungary immediately joined Germany against Rumania and received Transylvania as a reward. Despite a friendship pact barely four months old with Yugoslavia, Horthy did not hesitate to order his army into Yugoslav territory to assist the German invasion of April, 1941. For this betrayal Hungary received the Banat region.

But Hitler never forgot the long list of "bloodless" cessions made to Hungary, and on the Ides of March the bill was presented. The Hungarian government turned over all military communications to Germany, and the nation has become a vanguard base for approaching operations. With thunderclouds of misfortune hovering over the southeastern Balkans there can be no doubt that immediately after Rumania, Hungary itself will become the battlefield for the defense of "Fortress Germania."

While there is no concrete evidence available that the German occupation was undertaken at Horthy's specific request, there are numerous factors strongly indicating that it was carried out with the full consent of the Regent and the Hungarian ruling class—980 members of a medieval aristocracy who have divided among themselves one third of the nation's total arable land. These titled landowners, who rule over 10,000 peasants in feudal might, have their only equivalent today in their archreactionary Spanish colleagues. Suspicion of Horthy's sellout is based on numerous factors which, according to neutral sources, point directly to Horthy. For instance, a belated official communiqué, issued March 21st, explicitly states that German Panzer divisions rolled into Hungarian territory on "a basis of mutual agreement" between Hitler and Horthy. Reports reaching here reveal that Horthy had already returned to Budapest by airplane Saturday night, March 18th, after a series of preliminary discussions with Hitler and Goering. That means that when the Wehrmacht columns poured into Hungary, Horthy and his accomplices were already back in Budapest. Knowing what was in the air, had they wanted, they could have sounded the tocsin throughout the country and called the people to arms against the invaders. But they remained silent and left the people guessing.

Another indicative fact is that up to the time this was written, no protest against the occupation has been made by Horthy. The impossibility of communications cannot be used as an excuse, for Marshal Pétain, in a similar position in 1941, found ways to let the world know he strongly disapproved of the German total occupation of France.

Victim of Nazi Policy?

It has also been proved that Horthy returned to Vienna on March 20th, for a second meeting with Hitler and Goering after the Germans had established themselves in Hungary. It has been said that during this second meeting, the Regent was forced to accept a "fait accompli," but no such excuse can be valid because Horthy knew two days earlier what was being prepared in the Nazi camp. This excuse was circulated, there can be no doubt, by Budapest itself, ably aided and abetted by its "resigned" legations which withheld any intention to "demonstrate" for Allied nations that the seventy-eight-year-old Regent had fallen victim to the conniving Nazi policy. When the tempest bursts over Hungary you can be sure that Budapest will spring this excuse on the Allies and will add that Horthy was a virtual prisoner without any freedom of action whatsoever.

Dispatches, whose sources can be traced back to Budapest, appeared throughout the world press asserting that Horthy had succumbed to German demands to "spare his country a worse fate."

Just what Horthy and his 980 magnates may have considered a "worse fate" still remains to be seen. There seems to be little doubt that in their opinion such an undesirable fate might well have been the overthrow of their government by an anti-Nazi peasant opposition, backed by the war-weary people. They may have thought it wiser to hold on to newly acquired territories, to throw in their lot with the Germans and have this ally attempt to defend their land against the daily-growing menace from Rumania and, above all, from Russia.

Before long Horthy himself will be able to judge how wise he was in putting all his nationalistic eggs in Hitler's basket.

THE END

Report No. 5 on

HONESTY ENGINEERING

— a new idea in

Personnel Relations

PERSONNEL
MANAGER

"and it's a big help in cutting down employee turnover"

STATEMENTS like that are typical of what personnel managers say about Honesty Engineering. Because by helping employees resist the temptation to turn dishonest, it prevents loss of hard-to-replace employees. One food processing concern, for example, found that this new Personnel-Protection Plan cut manpower losses due to dishonesty by more than 75%.

Based on experience, the U. S. F. & G. Personnel-Protection Plan not only insures you against financial loss through employee dishonesty but: (1) discloses undesirable personnel and prevents waste in training; (2) applies tested methods that keep good employees from going wrong; (3) helps employers eliminate leaks, pitfalls and careless acts that may lead to employee dishonesty.

Whether you employ 10 people or 10,000, your U. S. F. & G. agent will be glad to show you how the Personnel-Protection Plan helps you keep your employees by keeping them honest. Consult him today.

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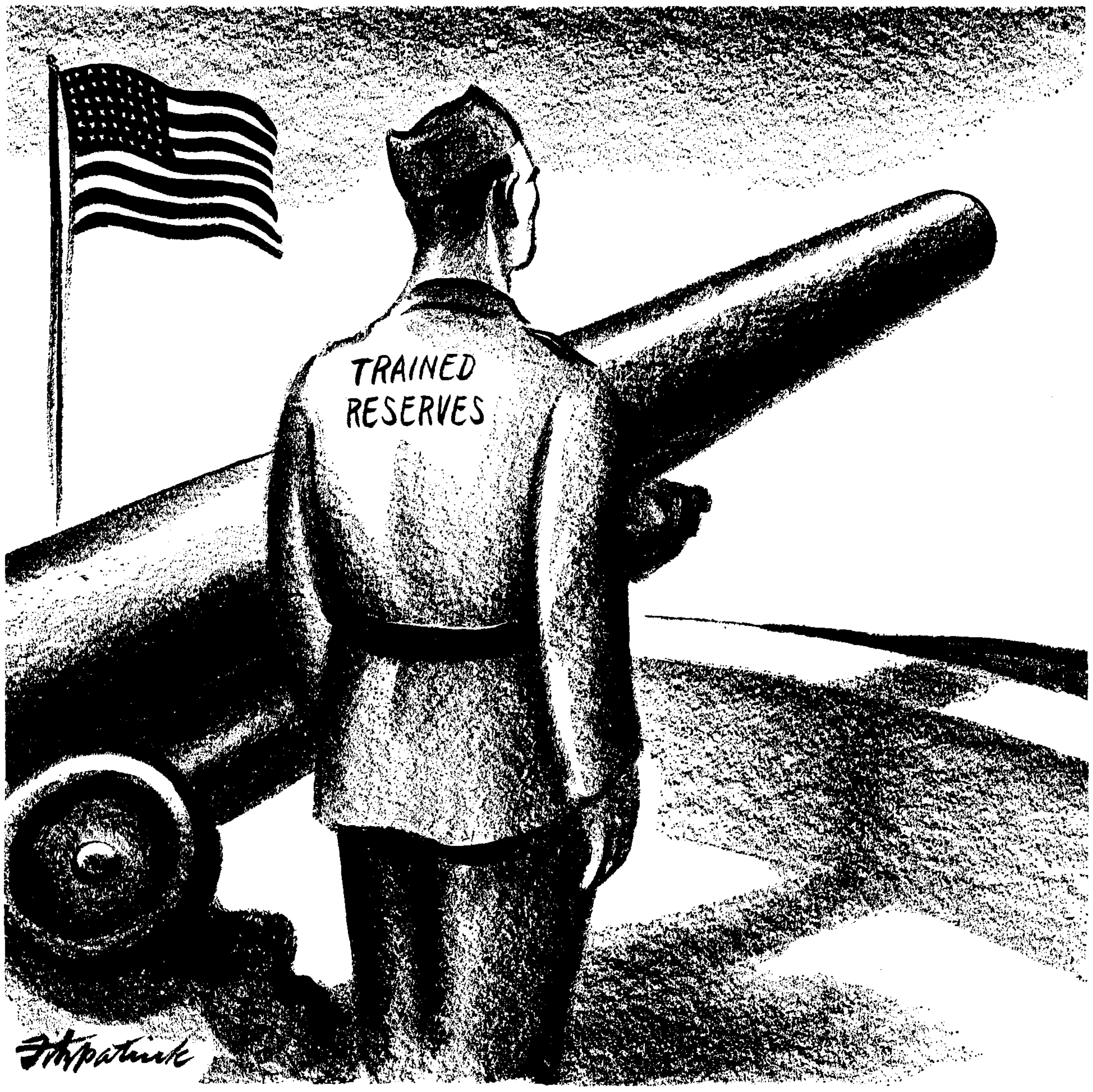


CORE OF OUR DEFENSE

REVERBERATIONS are still batting around from the recent Collier's article, Let's Train Our Youth *Now,* by the late Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox.

You most likely remember the piece—one of the last and, we think, one of the best Mr. Knox ever wrote. It was a vigorous plea for a system of universal compulsory military training, to be set up now, to apply to all able-bodied American males 17-18, and to be kept indefinitely.

The need of such a system seems clear to us. We'd just like to add one argument now.

Many earnest, well-meaning people fear that universal training somehow will Prussianize Americans; make us militaristic and conquest-minded. We think such thinkers reason backward. Germany is an aggressive, conquest-minded nation; but not because it has had universal training since Frederick the Great's time. Universal training in Germany is a result of the fact that the Germans, by and large, have been an aggressive and a martial people for at least 2,000 years. The same is true of the Japs.

France had universal training for many years. It had to, being cheek by jowl with Germany on the map of Europe. Yet France never became Prussianized—even enough so for its own national safety.

We are not a martial people, though we fight fiercely when we must. To argue that universal training would Prussianize us is much like arguing that a peaceable homeowner living in a tough neighborhood will turn into a thug if he buys a gun to keep handy in the dresser drawer.

The world is a very tough neighborhood in the twentieth century, as we have now discovered twice in twenty-five years, to our great surprise both times. We'd better buy that gun and keep it ready to shoot, unless we want to invite a third and perhaps more deadly surprise a few years hence.

The core of national defense is a skeleton Army backed by an ever-young reserve of men trained in the essentials of modern warfare. *Only universal military training can create and maintain such a reserve.*

JUNIOR ACHIEVEMENT, INC.

WE'D like to call emphatic public attention to a youth movement which looks extremely good—Junior Achievement, Inc., main office at 16 E. 48th St., New York, N. Y. It's a sort of confederation of some 200 small business concerns run by youngsters aged 14 to 21; and we mean business concerns in every sense of the term.

The boys and girls buy stock in these little companies at 25¢ to 50¢ a share. Stockholdings are limited to five shares per member; memberships to fifteen per company. The members run the company as a business, with regular bookkeeping, dividends, and so on. They turn out all manner of articles—mainly handicraft goods in peacetime, but now a lot of war goods on subcontracts with assorted adult firms.

Junior Achievement doesn't conflict with school hours, it isn't a device to dodge child-labor laws, and it does command the intense interest and enthusiasm of a growing number of youngsters. It was started twenty-five years ago by Horace A. Moses, head of the Strathmore Paper Co., and the late Theodore N. V of A. T. & T. It took a big spurt forward with t establishment of New York headquarters in 19 Now, under the aegis of S. Bayard Colgate of Colgat Palmolive-Peet and Charles R. Hook of Americ Rolling Mill Co., the organization is training more a more boys in all the aspects of adult business.

The value of the whole enterprise is obvious— the youngsters themselves, for the future of Americ business, for our present war production. Anyone i terested is urged to write for full information to Juni Achievement, Inc., at the address given above.

REFORM FOR A UNIFORM

WE'LL endorse various loud hints by Represent tive Emanuel Celler (D-N. Y.) and others, th something radical ought to be done about the W uniform. It ought to be redone, indeed, from skirt he to cap.

War is a sad and beastly business. But you don recruit plenty of smart, style-conscious young Ameri can women volunteers into an organization which offe them a sad and sackish-looking rig to wear.

Your reporter, like the rest of us, has seen thou sands and thousands of Wacs. He has seen only on who managed to look smart, trim and attractive in th Wac uniform—and this lady was an acquaintance wh in peacetime had been eminently able, as the sayin is, to wear any old rag and make it look like Fift Avenue. God in His wisdom does not deal this gif around very lavishly, even among American women To handicap the Wacs with a uniform which only born genius at clothes-wearing can wear with distinction is to handicap them much too drastically.

Really, how about—and without further delay— Wac uniform that compares favorably in swank and snap with the WAVE, SPAR and lady Marine getups?

SEIBERLING SAYS IT

PARTS of a letter written recently by J. Penfield Seiberling, president of the Seiberling Rubber Company, to the concern's more than two thousand employees at Akron, Ohio:

> The past eight days have been among the saddest in the memory of all of us here at Seiberling who possess human kindness, pride and a sense of responsibility.
>
> On April 6th our fellow worker, Mrs. Bernice Lowry of the fuel cell department, was notified that her husband, Sgt. *Richard Lowry, turret gunner in a United States Army* Air Forces bomber, had been killed in action.
>
> This morning word was received that one of our own fellow workers, First Lieutenant Richard E. Wotring, who worked in our timekeeping department and was the son of John Wotring of our traffic department, had been killed in action.
>
> On the same day that Mrs. Lowry received her telegram from the Adjutant General, and only a day or two after the reported death of Dick Wotring, most of the truck-tire builders here at Seiberling Rubber Co. went out on strike and thereby stopped vital production, to the great shame of the more than 2,000 who are employed here . . . a blow was struck in behalf of our enemies. . . .
>
> For truck tires are desperately needed for the prosecution of the war, and the overwhelming majority of the production of these men is being rushed direct to United Nations fronts.
>
> What bitter irony that within a few days of the death of two of our own, 82 of their neighbors and fellow workers should place their own interests first and lay down their tools of war because of a comparatively minor annoyance caused by the inability of the United States Department of Labor to perform precisely on schedule!
>
> So long as the war lasts, if another strike occurs in this plant, the Army-Navy "E" flag with its white star will be taken down from its staff and returned to the Undersecretary of War, from whom it came, with abject apologies.
>
> So long as the war lasts, any Seiberling employee who leads a strike, or incites others to strike in our plant, will not be permitted to re-enter or resume work for Seiberling. . . .

We can't think of anything to add to that. Mr. Seiberling seems to us to have covered some extremely important ground with great force and effect.

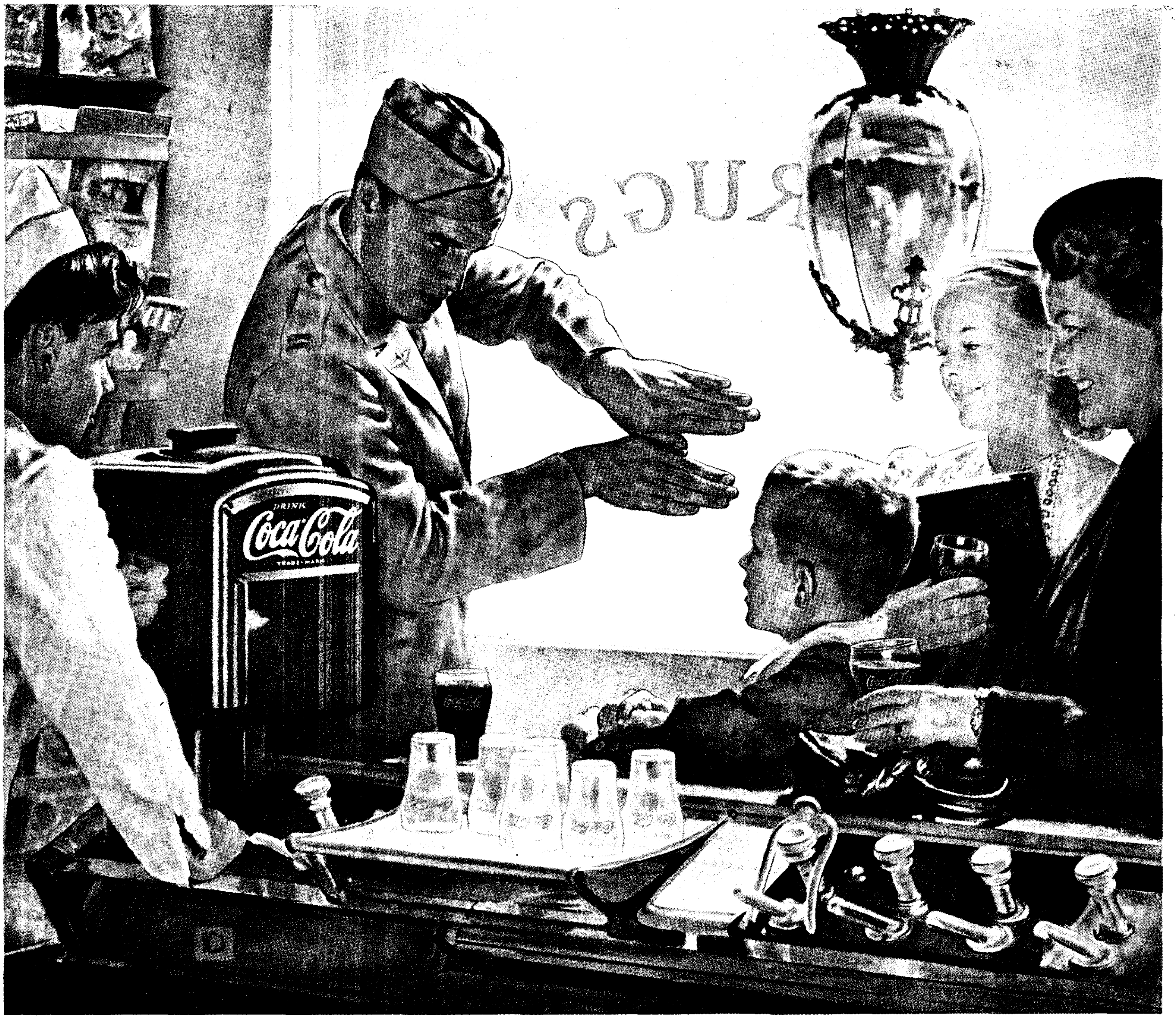
THE POWER CENTER about which the world-wide service record of the Jeep fighting car revolves . . . the *reason* for every motorized miracle it performs for the Allied forces . . . and the *sole source* of Jeep power, Jeep speed, Jeep flexibility, dependability, and fuel economy, is the Willys "Go-Devil" Jeep Engine, designed and perfected by Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., "Builders of the Mighty Jeep".

The power and stamina of the versatile Jeep will serve many needs in the years of reconstruction ahead.

THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
MIGHTY JEEP

WILLYS *Builds the Mighty* **JEEP**

Have a Coca-Cola = Howdy, Neighbor



. . . or greeting friends at home and abroad

One of the first places they head for, when they get back, is the neighborhood soda fountain and all its old associations . . . among them, Coca-Cola. Many places overseas, too, your American fighting man meets up with that old friend . . . ice-cold Coca-Cola. It's always like word from home to hear the friendly greeting *Have a "Coke"* in a strange land.

Yes, around the globe, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes,*—has become a symbol of our way of living.

* * *

In news stories, books and magazines, you read how much our fighting men cherish Coca-Cola whenever they get it. Luckily, they find Coca-Cola available in over 35 allied and neutral countries 'round the globe.

Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK
Coca-Cola
-the global high-sign

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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